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WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE WORLD

THERE was an election a few weeks ago, and among other things the voters of the Republic chose 32 Senators and 435 Representatives for the Seventy-third Congress. But these ladies and gentlemen, some of them intelligent and rather fewer of them honest, will not begin to serve us until next December; the Congress scheduled to assemble on the fifth of the present glorious month was elected more than two years ago. Thus the impending orgy in Washington will be carried on by persons who, in perhaps a majority of cases, are lame ducks, and will go out of office, and, let us hope and pray to God, out of public life, next March. Not many of them will be missed, save in the sense that sea-sickness is missed on coming ashore. The Seventy-second Congress, in truth, has been one of the worst ever heard of. One may get a good measure of it by recalling that the leader of its majority, in the House, was the Texas

Bearcat, the Hon. John Nance Garner, LL.D., and that the person holding the like dignity in the Senate was the Hon. Jim Watson of Indiana. The best that one may say of either of them, stretching charity to its limits, is that he is a harmless comic character, and then only in his more sober and constructive moments.

Why anyone should want to belong to so stupid and disreputable a body as the House of Representatives is more than I can make out. Maybe the answer is that people of any sense seldom do. The average member is a lowly party hack, and nothing more. Behind him lies a long record of incompetent service in minor offices, not infrequently starting with that of court bailiff, town constable, or principal of the village high-school. Many Congressmen, at one time or other, have been prosecuting attorneys, usually in country towns, which is only another way of saying, commonly, that they have learned

how to draw out and sophisticate the law to their own advantage. At Washington they continue their education in that science. They vote aye when it will profit them with their constituents, or with the political manipulators who run and own their constituents; they vote nay when it seems likely to do them hurt. Beyond those simple alternatives they have little if any interest in the art of government. When they hesitate it is only because they can't see clearly which side of their bread is buttered. Their one and only concern as statesmen is to hold their jobs. In romantic moments they dream of getting better ones, but taking one day with another they are content to keep what they have got.



The normal and typical Congressman, up to the recent upheavals of Nature, was a boozing dry. That is to say, he voted dry in the House, but guzzled whatever he could come by outside. Four times out of five he preferred to let some one else pay the check. For Congressmen, as a class, are not well heeled. Professional politicians, in fact, seldom are. They get much better salaries in office than they could earn at any honest trade, but it costs them a good deal to live, especially when they go to Washington, and so they are bankrupt the instant they lose their jobs. After every Congress adjourns Washington is full of lame ducks whose necessities touch the Christian heart. Sometimes one may wonder, on hearing of a particularly dismal wreck getting a job by appointment, why it seemed worth while to give it to him. It seemed worth while because the appointing authority hated to see the poor fellow starve, and was tired of lending him money.

A favorite way of providing for lame ducks is by making judges of them. There

are a large number of judicial and quasi-judicial offices on the Federal list. In theory they demand a profound knowledge of the law and some ponderable showing of the judicial temperament, but actually they often go to men whose only qualifications are that they read the easier chapters of Blackstone in some backwoods law-office thirty years ago, and were dutiful party hacks in four or five Congresses, and are now so hard up that if something is not done about it their wives will have to take in washing. Of such sort are a large number of the fellows who make and interpret the laws of the Republic. I often marvel when I hear people talking about how idiotic and oppressive those laws are. What everyone who knows anything of Washington wonders at is that they are not five times more so.



The Senate, thirty years ago, used to be appreciably superior to the House. It was then full of high-toned magnates (or the attorneys thereof) in plug hats, and the saying was that it was the best club in the United States. But it would take a lot of arguing to convince any fastidious man that it is a good club today. The direct primary has got rid of most of the magnates, with their educated taste in wines and liquors, and substituted for them a gang of needy quacks burning white mule. I name no names on advice of counsel, but pass on to the superior minority. When I mention the fact that it consists in large part of such persons as Smoot the Mormon, who is an archbishop in private life and only one step removed from direct conversation with God; Borah the Idaho wind-machine, who has spent thirty years galloping up the hills of idealism and then sliding down again; Fess the reformed college president, who once confessed openly,

on the Senate floor, that he had lied; and the aforesaid Jim Watson, who started out in life by fighting for office in the Knights of Pythias as his colleague, Puddler Jim Davis, fought in the Moose—when so much has been said it is perhaps unnecessary to argue that the Senate, as a club, is scarcely attractive today.



It has, of course, a few really civilized members: so, indeed, has the House. But they tend to diminish in number as year chases year. The visitor to the gallery misses sorely today the Rabelaisian mien and humor of Boies Penrose and the colossal forensic skill of James A. Reed. When Dr. Reed retired he left a hole in the Senate as large as the crater of Vesuvius. He not only has no successor; he hasn't even an imitator. In the late campaign he did some horrible execution upon poor Hoover on the stump, but his right place is not the stump but the Senate floor. There, with the flower of American imbecility directly under his guns, he used to perform such prodigies that the archangels in Heaven must have rocked with delight. On one occasion he actually sent a fellow Senator from the floor in tears. The victims of this bombardment were wont to complain bitterly that he was only a killer, and hence somehow immoral, but I can recall no occasion when he shelled anyone who was neither a fraud or a jack-ass, and nine times out of ten his butts were both.

It must be lonesome in the Senate today for the lively and intelligent fellows who survive—Bingham of Connecticut, Moses of New Hampshire, Tydings of Maryland, Cutting of New Mexico, and so on. Being intelligent, they are unable to form a *bloc*, and in consequence they have to do their stuff *a cappella*, and in the face of the

numskull and hostile majority. On most occasions, this is a dreary and ungrateful business. Try to imagine yourself all primed for a speech full of wit and wisdom, and then getting up to make it with Smoot the Mormon sitting in front of you. That face would stop even Will Rogers, let alone a poor dog of a United States Senator. Nor is His Grace the worst. There are other Senators so stupid that they can fathom nothing beyond Third Reader English. The South and West vomit them upon Washington at every election, and every newcomer helps to drag the general level of the Senate lower. I am not admitted to the cloakrooms, and hence do not know what goes on in them, but if the normal conversation there is much above what one hears in country barber-shops then something is wrong with the probabilities. Debates on the floor have long ceased to have any sense whatever. When they charm, it is only by their stupendous idiocy.



The so-called Progressives of the Senate, with few exceptions, are hollow demagogues, and not worth a quarter of the space they get in the newspapers. They get that space mainly because they are always ready to talk, but what they say is seldom worth hearing. The most meritorious of them, by common consent, is the Hon. George W. Norris of Nebraska. The Liberals of the country admire him extravagantly: in fact, he is the only man left in American public life that they can admire at all. The rest of their heroes have betrayed and flabbergasted them, one by one.

I have no sort of acquaintance with Dr. Norris, and in fact have never seen him, so I do not venture to hint that there is anything bogus about him. Nevertheless,

it would not surprise me to hear tomorrow that he had pulled something which caused every Liberal heart to break once more. My reasons are two in number. The first is that the Liberals are plainly doomed by God to be fooled every time, absolutely without exception. The second is that, until recently, when a light seems to have struck him on the road to Damascus, Dr. Norris managed to be both a Liberal and a Prohibitionist. This feat always struck me as downright fantastic, and even fourth-dimensional. It somehow suggested an orphan asylum superintendent who was also a convinced and conscientious cannibal. But the Liberal mind, I should add, does not function in the ordinary ways. It has an epistemology and a logic all its own.



As I have said, the Progressives of the Senate are mainly fourth-raters. But even fourth-raters have their uses in this world, and the gentlemen we are discussing have proved it over and over again in one certain field. That is the field of legislative smelling. They have launched more investigations than all the other Senators taken together, and not infrequently they have unearthed some pretty stuff. Whenever they project a new inquiry the newspapers denounce it roundly and accuse them of being mere idle scandal-mongers, but the truth is that periodical investigations of the government are necessary to the public safety, and that the only way they can be made in the United States, practically speaking, is by legislative action. In theory, the executive branch ought to rid itself of its Falls and Daughertys whenever they appear, and if it fails the courts ought to press the business, but everyone knows that no move in that direction ever comes from the White

House and that the courts are far too lazy and incompetent to do their duty without prodding. Thus the job falls to Congress, and especially to the Senate, and usually it is the Progressives who actually undertake it.

In most of the countries of Europe the administration operates directly under the eye of the national legislature, and may be brought to book very quickly whenever it strays from the path of virtue. In England, as everyone knows, any member of Parliament is free to demand information from the Cabinet about any matter that happens to interest him, and the Cabinet must either make a frank answer or offer sound reasons for withholding it. If it shows a defiant spirit it may confront a vote of censure and so have to resign office—an act as painful to professional politicians as being disemboweled would be to an ordinary man. But in the United States the administration, constitutionally speaking, is a sort of chartered libertine. It is under no need to tell Congress what it is up to, and there is no machinery for examining its acts continuously. Thus the only way to get at it is to hale it into court, so to speak, at more or less regular intervals, and to subject it to a sort of third degree.



This ferreting is performed, as a common thing, by committees of the Senate, and even when they are headed by fantodish Progressives they sometimes bring forth very interesting and instructive facts. Read any documented history of the United States, and you will be surprised to see how much of the material entering into it is based upon the reports of Senate committees. If it had not been for such committees we'd never have heard a word about the *Crédit Mobilier*, or the *Star*

Route frauds, or the embalmed beef of the Spanish-American War, or Hog Island, or Teapot Dome. It was a Senate committee, headed by the aforesaid Senator Reed, that first investigated the Anti-Saloon League, and so opened the way for its downfall. It was Senate committees that, in days long gone, put John D. Rockefeller, J. Pierpont Morgan and other such eminent men on the stand, and forced them to answer questions. The courts were helpless to deal with them. A judge facing Mr. Morgan would have been too paralyzed by stage-fright to ask him anything. But the more barbaric Senators had at him vigorously, and got some instructive answers out of him.

At the moment there seems to be nothing left to investigate. In the late campaign both parties were so short of money that it was impossible for them to practise their usual wholesale corruption. Most of the trusts are bankrupt, and those that are not seem to be harmless. The railroads, which used to be good for an investigation every six or eight years, are now out of the running: it is impossible to get blood from a turnip. The Anti-Saloon League is down and out, and the Ku Klux Klan seems to have disbanded. If there were a Fall in the Cabinet today he couldn't get \$5 for Teapot Dome, or whatever it was that Fall sold. Even the White Slave Trade appears to be done for.

Nevertheless, I remain optimistic. When the Senate reassembles it will be full of sore Senators, some of them Progressive lame ducks. I predict formally that, if they do nothing else, they will at least take a sniff at the R.F.C.'s highly suspicious operations in California. And at what is going on at Hoover Dam. Moreover, there is always lynching in the South. And pretty soon the brewers will be back on the mat.

The Prohibition business, like the theatrical business, is apparently in a low and hopeless state among us. Not many of its master-minds bothered to take the stump in the late campaign, and even fewer of them seem to have made their expenses. The days when any Methodist pastor whose eyes wearied of his parish knot-holes could set himself up as a defender of the Constitution, and get himself on the Rockefeller payroll, and come to back-slapping terms with Senators and Governors, and see something of the country while he howled against the city antinomians—those happy days seem to be gone forever. There survive, of course, a good many true believers in Prohibition, but they appear to be confined to the cow country, and most of them are so bedevilled by overdue mortgages and busted banks that they can give little thought to the holy cause, and no money. The fat cats of yesteryear are all off the reservation now. Some of them have come out openly against the Eighteenth Amendment, and the rest refuse to cough up any more. It may be that the two sanctified chain-store magnates, Brothers Kresge and Penney, are exceptions, but if so they are not sufficient to dissipate the encircling gloom. Back to the mines, brethren! Despite the hard times, there are still plenty of opportunities in moral endeavor. The city Sir Toby Belches have got away from you, but there is good hunting left in the village Hatracks.



As an ancient antagonist of all these consecrated men—I claim, in fact, to be the oldest wet of my years extant, and the wettest wet at any age or weight—I naturally rejoice that Satan has ruined their racket, but I must add in equity that they carried it on while it lasted in a very com-

petent and exhilarating manner. No better show has ever been seen in America, not even the show of the Abolitionists. It turned democracy inside out, and showed us precisely how the wheels go round. It demonstrated with horrible clarity and a richness of instructive detail how a small pressure group, operating with competent leaders and a sufficient war-chest, may force its ideas, however idiotic, upon the witless and helpless bulk of the people. And it demonstrated quite as brilliantly what dreadful rogues and scoundrels, what incredible sneaks and poltroons, nearly all our professional politicians are, regardless of rank or party. No longer will anyone be able to argue that the men who make our laws are generally honest men, or that the folks who vote them into office have any trace of common sense. Prohibition, in brief, reduced democratic government to the last decimal of absurdity, and that is surely something.



Unfortunately, the chances are very good that the dry grand goblins will be cried down in the history-books of tomorrow, and maybe left out altogether. The professors who write such works will remember Volstead and Wickersham and forget the greatly superior men who stood behind them, just as they now remember William Jennings Bryan and forget the mining magnates who really invented Free Silver, and came so close to inflicting it upon us. Volstead, in fact, was never more than a falseface, and the rest of the dry politicians were only counters in a game. The man who principally wore that falseface and played that game was Wayne B. Wheeler, and it is a pity that he seems so likely to be forgotten. In fifty years the United States has seen no more adept political manipulator. He was worth a whole

herd of United States Senators, with all the sachems of Tammany thrown in. He was as good as three Presidents in a row. Yet he will probably get less space in the books than even Harding. It is almost as if Goethe should get less space than Karl August von Wettin, Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar.



My personal contacts with the Hon. Mr. Wheeler were of the slightest, and so I can praise him with a clear conscience. The only time we ever actually exchanged views was during the last year or two of his life, when the *cacoethes scribendi* somehow seized him, and he began writing articles designed—of all things!—for THE AMERICAN MERCURY. When I opened the envelope containing the first of his manuscripts I confess that it gave me a bad two minutes. We had printed articles by assassins, by investment bankers, and even by labor leaders, but it seemed almost indecent to think of doing one by a Prohibitionist. Fortunately, the manuscript itself relieved me, for it turned out to be very poor stuff—the subject of it, by the way, was not Prohibition—and so I returned it with a clear conscience and some lying excuse. Others followed, but my lies held out. The hon. gentleman, like most men of action, had no noticeable literary gift. He knew correct English, but his style was as soapy as that of the common run of justices of the Supreme Court. So far as I can recall, I never wrote of him myself during his lifetime without comparing him to Caligula, Nietzsche, Czolgosz and Kaiser Wilhelm II, and proposing that he be hanged forthwith. Thus there was no sentiment between us, and I owe his *manes* neither rosemary nor rue.

But he was a grand fellow all the same, and it is a pleasure thus belatedly to pay

a small tribute to his worth. In his own field of endeavor no imaginable feat of derring-do lay beyond his virtuosity. He knew American politicians for the Gadarene swine that they were and are, and he treated them accordingly. If he had any genuine respect for any of them, it must have been for the rare ones who held out against him, and paid for it, almost always, with their hides. I believe that he could understand and appreciate such a sturdy buck as Oscar W. Underwood of Alabama, perhaps the best man that he ever drove out of public life. But for the Hardings he had only contempt, and if he had lived into the last campaign I am sure that he would have found some way to show his loathing of Hoover. I believe he was the least fanatical of all the dries; in fact, it would not surprise me to hear that he actually harbored considerable doubts about Prohibition. But he had been hired for what, by his lights, was an interesting job, and he performed it with superb skill and enthusiasm, at the same time causing ten thousand politicians to sweat in terror, and, sweating, to fill the air with a stench that will not be dissipated for fifty years.



The collapse of Prohibition is accounted for variously, but no one, so far as I know, has suggested that Wheeler's ascension was really the main cause of it. I make that suggestion herewith. His successors, compared to him, were as peewees to the Matterhorn. No sooner was he dead than the holy evangel ceased to be politics in the grand manner, and became simply a branch of dunghill Methodism. Scared politicians began to emerge from the sewers, and to make faces. Federal judges ceased to tremble in their ermine. There was a universal hiccup of relief, cautious but audible. I had a chance at Chicago

to study the corps of *Ersatz* Wheelers, for all of them were in attendance upon the two national conventions. There was only one man of any genuine sense among them, and that one was Monsignor James Cannon, Jr., metropolitan of the State Church, then already ruined by Hoover's recusancy and in process of disestablishment.

This Monsignor Cannon undoubtedly has his fine points, and at some time in the future I hope to describe and praise them in this place. But he is primarily a theologian, not a politician, though no one seems to know it, and he would probably deny it himself. His interest in Prohibition is (or was, for he is too intelligent to carry liver pills to the morgue) only one of his interests. He has a great many irons in the fire, and some of them are always red hot. I believe he would shelve the dry cause tomorrow if he could do it without ruining the whole Wesleyan demonology.

But Wheeler never showed any interest in ghostly matters: he was a politician pure and simple, and hence a man of this earth. If, on his departure from it, he found himself arrayed with Paul of Tarsus, Savonarola, Torquemada, John Calvin, Jonathan Edwards and other such supernatural characters, it must have surprised him vastly, and disgusted him no little. He had the innocent delight in politicians that foxhunters have in horses and dogs. It was his joy to arise of a bright and frosty morning, and set them to leaping and yowling over the landscape. He knew how to talk to them, and he taught them many painful tricks. Nine-tenths of those who flourished in his time bear his brand to this day. If he could come back from bliss eternal and see them going over the fence it would only make him laugh. Wheeler, as the phrase goes, had their number.

Down on Long Island, a few months ago, a squad of cops gave a gunman a stiff working out with brass knuckles, shillelahs, and lengths of hose filled with buckshot, and when the *valet de chambre* at the jail took him his coffee the next morning it turned out that he was dead. There ensued a moral uproar, chiefly pumped up by the newspapers and public divines of New York City, and several of the cops were duly arrested, indicted and brought to trial. The first jury delicately disagreed, but the second boldly acquitted all of the defendants. At once it appeared that the general opinion of the community was strongly in favor of this verdict. The townsfolk not only applauded it in a hearty and undisguised manner, but also contributed to the costs of the defense. And when the cops, skipping like lambs at play, returned to their labors for law and order, they were pursued with the sort of adulation that is commonly reserved, on Long Island, for radio crooners and golf champions.

What is the answer? It seems to me that it is really quite simple. In brief, it is that on Long Island, as elsewhere in the United States, public opinion is a great deal more realistic, and hence probably a great deal more sound and enlightened, than the law of the land. The law says that murder is not a crime against an individual but against the community as a whole, and that in consequence the character and deserts of the man killed cannot affect its gravity, and one murder is precisely like another. But public opinion, appealing from the legal theory to common sense, replies that all this is tosh. It replies that a murder is actually a crime against the community only in proportion as the man murdered may be identified and amalgamated with every peaceful and reputable citizen. It replies that when he is *not* so

identifiable, then killing him is no more, socially speaking, than an exaggerated kind of disorderly conduct, and that any attempt to deal with it as something that it is not can only make the law futile and ridiculous.



How long it will take the law to catch up with public opinion in this department I do not know, and neither does anyone else. It may be a century and it may be half a millennium. In the meantime, it must be manifest that public opinion, on its side, is not going to yield anything. When a gunman is knocked off by one of his colleagues there is never any sign of general indignation. A few specialists in ethical science may protest, but not the great body of the people. They view the butchery calmly, and even with a certain undisguised satisfaction. A murder has been done, but they do not regard it as an *attentat* against society. On the contrary, they regard it as, on the whole, a useful piece of sanitation, and so they refuse absolutely to get into a lather about it. If the assassin is taken and the cops manage to steer him to the chair, well and good. But if, as more often happens, he eludes the cops and his punishment has to be taken over by his victim's friends, then there is surely no general howl, and no general feeling that the foundations of society have been shaken.

What is to be observed here is a recrudescence of the old concept of outlawry. That concept was once a part of the law itself, but increasing formalism eventually got rid of it. Its essence is the notion that, once a man sets himself up as a criminal, it becomes completely absurd to allow him any of the rights and immunities of an honest man. He has declared war upon society, and the just and rational thing for

society to do is to declare war on him. There was a time when such a man might be put to death by anyone who encountered him, at sight and without process. We are not likely to go that far hereafter, but we have already gone at least part of the way. That is to say, we have begun to accept the doctrine that killing such a man is really not murder in the full sense—that it is preposterous to put it on all fours with the deliberate and inexcusable assassination of a peaceful citizen. If a policeman does it almost everyone applauds, especially if the criminal happens to resist. And if it is done by another criminal then there is certainly no public indignation.



It seems to me that the law might increase in dignity and plausibility if the old concept of outlawry were taken back. As things stand, it discovers endless difficulties in its dealings with the more enterprising and dangerous varieties of criminals. It can handle a petty thief effectively enough, but when it encounters fellows who are anti-social on a really large scale it is almost helpless. The case of the celebrated Capone will be recalled. For years he was in practise in Chicago as a criminal of the most hardened and ruthless sort. He was accused of every felony on the books, including wholesale murder. Nor were these charges made in whispers; on the contrary, they were uttered publicly and loudly and by reputable persons, and so far as I know there was never any denial of their essential truth. Yet Capone walked about Chicago unmolested, and the only danger he ran was from his fellow criminals. When he was arrested at last it was for a petty swindle against the government—the kind of thing that almost every business man is more or less guilty of—and it is for that puerile mis-

demeanor that he is now sitting in prison.

All the while, there was an easy way to get rid of Capone, and with him of his associates. If, at the time they were proclaimed public enemies by a private committee there had been some way to proclaim them outlaws, with no rights that anyone was bound to respect, then their careers of infamy would have been cut short instant. Thousands of ambitious young men would have leaped forward to butcher them, and the very cops themselves would have come out of hiding to venture a shot or two. The resultant gunplay, to be sure, might have broken a few windows and maybe sent a few widows and orphans to hospital, but there is no reason to believe that it would have done any more damage, first and last, than the everyday gunplay of Capone's friends. Moreover, it would have differed from that gunplay in a very important particular, for its issue would have been the complete extinction of the whole Capone outfit, at one colossal crack. When the smoke cleared away Chicago would have been rid of half its Sicilians (as they call Italians out there, in tender consideration for the feelings of the high-toned Piedmontese), and of virtually all its gunmen. But by the system that was actually followed Capone had the arms of the law thrown about him, and lived to laugh at both the law and the community.



If half that has been said against Dr. Capone is true he deserves to be hanged as high as Haman. But it must be plain that hanging him, the state of the law being what it is, would be almost as difficult as hanging John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, Babe Ruth or any other notoriously virtuous and valuable man. If those who have the evidence against him

got a rope and proceeded to finish him off they would collide at once with the law, and the upshot would be that they would go to jail and Capone himself, on that count at least, would go free. But if he were proclaimed an outlaw, then it would be competent for any reputable citizen to dispatch him, and if the great majority refrained in prudence there would still be plenty of bold spirits to tackle the business. His life would not be worth two days' purchase, which is precisely the limit of value that ought to be set upon it. He would be gone and forgotten before Sunday's church-bells began to ring. But now he seems likely to go on forever, and if he gets out of prison, which is probable, there is every reason to believe that he will resume his felonies.

I hope my argument for outlawry as a weapon against professional criminals will not be mistaken for an apology for lynching. The two things differ almost immeasurably. Lynching is intrinsically and incurably a cowardly and shameful proceeding. It is practised by mobs against lone and helpless individuals, and is thus confined to the miasmatic reaches of the Bible country, where all the common decencies have been obliterated by a hog-wallow theology. As Mr. Walter White has so instructively demonstrated in "Rope and Faggot," the typical lyncher is a hind who has been baptized by either the Methodist or the Baptist rite, and is firmly convinced that Jonah swallowed the whale. Scotching such outlaws as Capone and company would certainly not appeal to vermin of that sort. It would enlist, on the contrary, only the more gallant and

venturesome kind of young men—the doughty fellows who, when there is a war, take to it voluntarily, and do not wait for the catchpolls of democracy to track them down. In times of peace the spirit of such lovers of danger goes to waste. Some of them become policemen, and take to such ignominious weapons as the bastinado and the rubber hose. Others become gunmen, and work for lawyers. The rest hang about the poolrooms and barber-shops, lamenting that Sitting Bull is dead. I believe it would be socially useful to tap their talent, and I can imagine no more profitable way of tapping it than by turning them loose against the sworn enemies of society. They would, of course, suffer some losses, but their quarry would suffer a great deal more. In six months the last surviving gunmen would be vaulting over the Mexican border.



A VOICE: But how in hell are you going to decide who is an outlaw? The answer is easy. Any man is an outlaw who is accused publicly, by reputable and responsible persons, of engaging in felony in a wholesale and professional manner, and who takes no steps to bring his accusers to book. Any man is an outlaw who *is* an outlaw, notoriously, flagrantly and undeniably. Any man is an outlaw who lives openly by blackmail, robbery and murder. Let us appeal from the theory to the facts. If he is actually a racketeer there is never any doubt about it. And neither, for that matter, is there any doubt if he is a Prohibition agent.

H. L. M.

ONE WAY TO SECURITY IN OLD AGE

BY G. W. FITCH

A STATEMENT widely circulated is to the effect that of every hundred Americans reaching the age of sixty, one is wealthy, two are in comfortable circumstances, fifteen have estates of from \$2000 to \$15,000, and eighty-two have no estates at all. This statement, though it may be of somewhat doubtful accuracy, is often used by life insurance men as an argument for the sale of their policies. Whether it be true or false, its use and acceptance at least show the prevalence of the belief that most people do not reach old age with any very considerable means. Even the optimists of the business journals are no longer certain that diligence and thrift alone will assure a man security in his declining years.

The present crisis has demonstrated abundantly that the customary investments of business do not provide such assurance. Men who once seemed to have impregnable financial strength have suddenly found themselves facing old age with their incomes from invested funds so diminished that even necessary expenses are met with difficulty. Workmen employed by great corporations who had depended on company pension systems to protect them have lost their jobs or found their companies insolvent and their pensions dissipated. Farmers have lost their farms and homeowners their homes. Accumulations carefully conserved as a provision for old age have ceased to pay adequate returns or have vanished entirely.

But in spite of all these proofs of its limitations, the capitalistic system is still not a complete failure as a defense against old age insecurity. There yet remains a road to safety, not very well known it is true, which offers relief from dependence to all who can set aside at least a few dollars annually during their earning years. That road is provided by the annuity contracts of the life insurance companies. They offer a sure income for the years of retirement. They furnish a degree of protection that is not equalled by any other form of investment. And taken early in life, the cost is very low.

Annuities may be bought by anyone, regardless of age, race, health, occupation or sex. A cripple who is not able to get life insurance, yet who may live as long as anyone, may make his old age secure on the same terms as the rest of us. The proceeds are exempt from income tax until the total drawn exceeds the original investment. They are not subject to liens, attachments, or the perils of bankruptcy. They are little affected by panics, failures, new inventions, or the mistakes of investment. There are no coupons to clip, no collections to make, no re-investments, no markets to follow, no worry. All one has to do is to take the cash in monthly instalments. That annuities, despite these large and numerous advantages, are not more widely purchased is mainly due to lack of information on the part of the public and of effective presentation on the

part of insurance salesmen. Said a banker recently:

The annuity principle is a great and unique contribution to our financial structure, and one which, in my judgment, is not being advocated sufficiently by either the life insurance companies or the trust companies. The possibilities of its application seem to me to be tremendous.

The United States is preëminent in the development of life insurance, and has more in force than all the rest of the world put together, but it has lagged in the matter of annuities. It is rather among the more careful and conservative people of the Old World that they have found their greatest popularity. There are two reasons for their lack of it on this side. The first is the attitude of the companies themselves. They have thought of insurance almost entirely in terms of death benefits, the possibility of benefits for the living policyholder has been given little consideration. Many companies have even been reluctant to accept trust funds to be paid back in instalments to the contributors, without any death contingency being involved. They seemed to feel that to accept such money and then pay it back to the original owner was an unwarranted departure from their sacred calling of protecting dependents. Insurance, as they saw it, was for living people in good health, to be paid for as long as they lived, with the principal, at death, to be delivered to the beneficiaries. At somewhat rare intervals policies have been written providing for payment in the form of an annuity instead of a lump sum. But generally the beneficiary has received the face amount, to keep or lose it according to his or her fortune. Many a man who would not know what to do with \$10,000 if he were suddenly presented with it has left such an amount to his widow with never a

doubt that it would be handled wisely. This was the point of view of the companies, and their salesmen presented it to their policyholders.

The second reason why annuities have made small headway in the United States is that Americans generally have been but little interested in steady and sure investments. They have been engaged, instead, in a scramble for the rapid amassing of riches. The fact that so few actually gained even a competence did little to deter them. Each was sure that he would be the exceptional one who would gain and keep wealth. Old age was far away. Why bother about it while it was so easy to make money? The money put back into business might make one, three, or five hundred per cent before the age of sixty was reached. It has taken the sobering realities of the past two years to bring home to the American that quick profits can also be quick losses, and that an annuity anchor of sure, if moderate, gains may be the only really dependable reliance for old age. Today, almost without solicitation, large numbers of people are asking for and buying annuities.

II

But what is this annuity plan that is so little known and furnishes so much safety at so low a cost? In its usual form, it is simply an income that continues from a given date until death. It is generally furnished by a life insurance company. The purchase price may be paid to the company in a single sum or spread annually over a term of years. When there is but one payment the income nearly always begins immediately, though it may be deferred to some later time if desired. When it is to be paid for annually, the annuity does not start until the payments for it are com-

pleted. The longer the time intervening before it commences the lower the cost will be—this on account of the interest earned during the waiting period. An annuity may include two or more lives, in which case the payments are continued till the death of the last member. A deferred annuity may be surrendered for its cash value at any time before the payments commence.

Annuities include practically no life insurance features, which is an important factor in their low cost. Also, the longer the time intervening before they start to run, the lower the cost will be. When deferred, they usually commence at the age of fifty-five, sixty or sixty-five. If the death of the holder should occur during the premium-paying period, the sum of the payments, with compound interest, is returned to his estate. It is a very elastic contract and may be varied freely to suit individual needs.

The original form of annuity is that which is paid for in a single sum. It is a perfect investment for one who has accumulated money and wishes to set aside a portion of it to guarantee the safety of his declining years. There are hundreds, if not thousands, of Americans actually in want today who formerly had large incomes and seemed quite beyond the dangers of financial stress. Only a small portion of the money they spent needlessly, or gave away, during the times of their prosperity would, if put into an annuity at that time, have made life happy and comfortable for themselves and their families today.

A spectacular operator on the New York Stock Exchange, at the peak of his prosperity, took a portion of his money and bought a life annuity of \$10,000 a year. Within five years he was broke. Yet he is living comfortably today and

can still continue operating on the exchange in a small way. A man seventy-five years of age lost all his wealth but \$7,000. This sum he had invested where it earned him 4%, making about \$23 a month. He was unable to live on this, so he put the entire amount into an annuity and now has an income of \$95 a month. Another man aged seventy was found dead from starvation in a shabby rooming-house. He had \$5,000 in the savings bank that paid him 3½%, or \$14 a month. He had tried to live on this income, for he was in terror at the thought of losing his principal. If he had only known it, his \$5,000 would have brought him an annuity of \$53 a month, a sum quite ample for his simple needs. A retired business man aged sixty had \$20,000 invested where it earned him 4½%, which meant an income of \$900 a year. He was unable to live on less, yet he wished to help his son, who was in business. He solved the problem by giving the son half of the money, \$10,000, and putting the remaining half into an annuity, thus increasing his own income to \$925.

So much for the single payment. But most people do not have the cash to buy an annuity in one payment. For them the best plan is the deferred annuity, paid for in annual instalments over a term of years, the income to start when the payments are completed. The minimum income is \$10 a month. That income, with payments starting at the age of sixty or sixty-five, is within the reach of even those of very small earning power if the annuity is purchased early enough. Ten dollars a month, of course, is not a large income, but it is surely better than nothing. Every community has its dependent old men and women for whom life would be far easier if they had even so small an income each month until death. Many

of them, in their earning years, could have bought it. For a man thirty years old the cost is only \$12.50 a year, and if he had had the foresight to buy it at twenty-five the cost would have been only a trifle over \$8.

These are costs within the reach of even the ordinary wage-earner. If the policyholder's income increases additional units may be taken later. As for those enjoying more substantial incomes, they can buy annuity contracts of sufficient size to make complete provision for all the needs of their old age. Even the minimum amount protects from dependency when the working days are past. One can take the same pride in such an estate as in any other form of property.

The only practicable form of investment for most people is that which may be paid for in small sums annually. The great advantage for such persons in an annuity contract lies in the enforced saving of sums that would otherwise be spent, and are so small in amount that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to find any other safe way to invest them. Here, in brief, is safety for small sums, coupled with good interest earnings.

The actual interest return on such contracts during the paying years is better than in other forms of investment, even with higher rates, because it is compounded year after year with no interruption of earnings. In other forms of investment there are delays in payment of interest, expenses of collection, loss of interest during reinvestment, and other unavoidable expenses and losses that inexorably cut down the actual return below the rate seemingly earned. Four to five per cent with an insurance company gives a higher net return than better rates in ordinary business ventures. Now for a few examples.

III

Two sisters, school-teachers, who had saved enough to buy the home in which they lived but who had made no other saving for old age, each bought, at forty, an annuity of \$50 a month to start at sixty. The investment for each was a trifle less than \$250 a year. It was an amount within their means and gave them a combined income of \$100 a month at retirement. Had they set the age at sixty-five instead of sixty the cost would have been less than \$145 each.

A single man thirty-five years old wished to make some provision for his mother, aged sixty. At a cost of \$75 a year he bought a contract that would, in the event of his death, pay his mother more than \$215 a year. And if he outlived her it would pay him, beginning at sixty-five, a life income of \$22.50 a month.

A prosperous farmer of forty bought at \$125 a year an annuity of \$50 a month to start at sixty-five. It matured three years ago and he is now getting along very nicely, although the rent he receives at present from his farm is little more than enough to pay the taxes.

A dentist who put his earnings into an annuity during the days when his income was the largest will begin next year at sixty to receive \$200 a month for the rest of his life.

The superiority of annuity contracts to ordinary investments was never better illustrated than in an analysis of "Investment for a Widow" by Sherwin C. Badger, in a recent issue of *Barron's Financial Weekly*. In 1925 *Barron's* invited its readers to participate in a prize contest to determine the best way in which a widow with two children might invest an estate of \$100,000. The primary emphasis was upon income, but it was required that

"every investment plan be so drawn as to minimize, as far as possible, the hazards of individual judgment." Seven years of business extremes have intervened since the contest, and Mr. Badger now reviews the winning lists in the light of present conditions. As a whole, he concludes that the lists have stood up very well, but adds:

None of the fourteen winning lists was the best solution for the widow—that is, to date. As a practical matter, she would have fared better if she had placed her \$100,000 in a savings bank and made up the deficiency in her income by withdrawing some principal each year. For there is no group of investments which would have protected her principal intact. United States government securities, and the highest grade rail and utility bonds, would have come nearest to so doing, but none of these would have provided sufficient income. [To have reached the needed income of \$5,000 by bonds alone] it would have been necessary to include some issues of doubtful merit.

This careful study of investment plans submitted to a leading financial magazine by over 1100 readers confirms the belief that the prevailing business methods in the United States do not promise assured financial security either to the widow, the retired business man, or the frugal wage earner. If security is to be had it must be sought elsewhere. In Mr. Badger's article no suggestion is made that annuities might offer the best solution of the widow's problem, but it will be worth while to compare an annuity contract with the plan which won first prize.

By this plan the widow's money was placed three-fifths in bonds and two-fifths in common stocks, with a resulting income of \$5,004. If we assume her to have been thirty-five years old an equivalent annuity would have brought her \$5,448, a gain in income of \$444. Objection might properly be made to this on the ground that it would leave the children without

income in the event of the death of their mother. But there is an easy way around this difficulty. We can use the \$100,000 for the purchase of three annuities, one for the mother at a cost of \$50,000 and two for the children at a cost of \$25,000 each. Such an arrangement will provide \$2,724 annually for the mother, \$1,163 for the boy, and \$1,134 for the girl, if we assume the boy to be ten and the girl eight years old. The combined family income will now be \$5,021, which is less than the income for the mother alone but it is still \$17 more than the returns from the investment plan that won *Barron's* contest.

The first advantage of these three annuities over the stock and bond investment is the guarantee that the mother will receive slightly more than \$225 a month, and each of the children nearly \$100 a month, for the duration of their lives, regardless of changing financial conditions. Also, their incomes will be net, as there is no expense connected with their payment. They are not even subject to income tax until the total drawn exceeds the original investment, which will not happen in less than twenty years.

If the comparison is now brought down to the present, the annuity income will still be intact at the original amount of \$5,021 a year. The investment plan does not fare nearly so well. The market value of the securities has decreased to \$62,000 and the dividends on the common stocks have ceased. Though interest on the bonds continues, the widow's income is now but \$3,741 a year, a decrease of \$1,263, and there is no immediate prospect of the resumption of her stock dividends. The desired stability of income and the necessary 5% have been achieved only by the annuity. Mr. Badger's suggestion that the best plan might have been to put

all the money in a savings bank and increase the income by using a portion of the principal each year is virtually an annuity proposition, but with the very great disadvantage that when the principal was finally exhausted there would be nothing further for either widow or children, while an annuity would leave each one with a fixed income for life.

IV

But what if the insurance company defaults? The answer is that it won't. It may not be obvious to everyone that such companies can really escape the instability that threatens other business undertakings, yet the experience of the past few years has strikingly demonstrated their ability to do so. There are several reasons for this. One lies in the nature of the life insurance business itself. Its liability is limited to a single hazard, life, which is the least variable of any insurance hazard. With mathematical precision the mortality tables show, years in advance, the exact amounts that will be needed each year to meet the accruing obligations. This enables the companies to invest in the most stable of long-time securities, which are bought for income and not for sale and are held to maturity. These securities are ordinarily valued on the amortized plan and thus do not fluctuate appreciably in either booms or panics.

Then there is no other institution that has so wide a range of investments as the life companies. Territorially they cover the entire country and include every important economic interest. Investment in foreign securities other than Canadian has been almost completely avoided. Individual holdings are very numerous, running into many thousands of items, and the maturities are so arranged that a regular

proportion comes due each year. Careful and experienced officers watch the security market for desirable offerings, and as closely watch those already held in order to protect the companies should any sign of weakness appear. Constant, vigilant and perpetual management of a great diversity of investments is at the service of every member of the company.

Life insurance companies are not subject to runs. When money is placed with one of them the intention is to leave it there, and members surrender their policies for their cash values only with the greatest reluctance. Money deposited in a bank is put there in order to have it ready for immediate use, and it is drawn out as soon as needed. Heavy and persistent withdrawals can destroy in a few days the most solvent bank in the world. The position of a life company is very different. Money can be withdrawn only after certain formalities, the members are widely scattered, and most of them are far from the home office.

In times of depression demands for surrender values and policy loans greatly increase, but they come steadily, without rush or excitement, and represent individual needs rather than the mob psychology that is manifested in a run on a bank. Such withdrawals in 1931 reached a peak of more than a billion dollars, yet they were met from current income without difficulty. During the same year the companies invested more than \$200,000,000 of surplus funds in new bond purchases. The collapse in prices on the bond market has in fact brought them unusual opportunity for the purchase of good securities yielding better than ordinary interest.

The laws governing life insurance investments are exceedingly strict. The companies are not allowed to own common stocks or even real estate except for office

purposes or to protect themselves on loans. Real estate equities held by them run to less than 1% of their assets, but first lien real estate mortgages and approved bonds are permitted for investment. The character of their bonds is attested by the fact that in 1931 they averaged better than 4.7%, in spite of some defaults.

The income of a life insurance company is thus more steady than that of any other financial institution. This is due in a large measure to the persistence of the income from policy premiums. The average policy is for only about \$3,000, and in consequence millions of small premium payments flow into the company treasuries from cities, villages and farms all over the land. They come in a steady stream regardless of prosperity or depression and in their total volume furnish a vast income of great stability. Similarly, the companies' loan investments, widely diversified and bearing moderate interest with ample security, have stood up satisfactorily despite the Depression.

During the past two years life insurance has been assailed by almost every

possible peril, yet during 1931 the combined incomes of the American companies exceeded their disbursements by more than \$1,396,000,000, and new business was written of over \$14,000,000,000. The total assets of all the companies are in excess of twenty billion dollars. No human institution is infallible, but the position of the leading life companies is so impregnable that nothing would seem able to threaten them save only a universal catastrophe that would endanger the very government itself.

The safety of a life annuity is thus nearly absolute. It offers the easiest way to obtain old age security. It lasts until death without diminution. It protects the rich from the perils of their own recklessness and the poor from the perils of their poverty. Thousands are in want today who once had plenty. Other thousands are in want who never had property. All of them would find old age fuller and happier if they had purchased annuities, according to their means, in the days when earnings were best and want had not yet begun to threaten them.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF SEATTLE

BY JAMES STEVENS

ON A Summer day in 1861 John Pennell debarked from a San Francisco lumber-schooner, landing on the Seattle sandspit. Tall, saturnine, and suave, wearing a flowered waistcoat and a plug hat, he was a character straight out of Bret Harte. By profession he was a minister of evil, a trafficker in human flesh. San Francisco was in the doldrums, so he was trying his luck in a raw country. No one ever knew why he picked out Seattle instead of some other Puget Sound settlement. It could offer little more promise to his hopes than the others, save that it had Yesler's sawmill, the largest industry in the region.

The population was overwhelmingly male, with sawmill laborers and bull-team loggers predominant. Very few of the village's men were married. Back in the bush occasional holders of donation claims had families in primitive homes, but the major element was made up of rovers: miners who had joined in the gold rush of '57 to the Frazer river in British Columbia, runaway sailors and soldiers, woodsmen, freighters and bull-whackers. Steadier men preferred the security and piety of the Willamette Valley settlements over in Oregon. To this day, in fact, the contrast between Portland and Seattle is striking. The former is in the sedate New England tradition, but Seattle, despite all the efforts made to polish it, remains at heart a blustering and bawdy town of the frontier.

At the time of John Pennell's descent upon the sandspit the scarcity of women there was so dire that it was the chief public problem in the settlement. Loggers and young squatters along the shores of the Sound were actually, in despair, mating with the Siwash girls. Indeed, the Federal officers and soldiers in the pioneer army posts had almost made the custom genteel, and there are still Puget Sound people of such descent who bear names that are honored in history. But in the main the young bachelors of the settlements were repelled by the actualities of Siwash family life, which only dull nostrils and heroic stomachs could tolerate. These more delicate gallants engaged in dalliance with the ponderous and grubby damsels of the Sound tribes only on desperate occasions. Meanwhile, more and more footloose men were deserting stagnant California for the growing lumber trade on Puget Sound. And so, day by day, the woman problem became more acute there.

The times were ripe for John Pennell, and soon after his landing he began the building of Ill-a-hee (a Chinook term meaning home) on the sandspit, near Yesler's sawmill. With cheap lumber at hand, he was able to erect a rough but commodious dance-hall. He then employed scouts who knew the Sound trails and could speak the Chinook jargon to the Indian chiefs. Pennell was a generous trader, amazingly so to the Siwashes, who

were accustomed to being rooked by Scotch, French and Yankee fur-buyers. For one sound copper-skinned maiden he would give two, and sometimes three, of the best Hudson's Bay blankets. Soon he had his emporium stocked with the comeliest ladies the land could offer.

He did a brisk trade from the start. Redeye, as the bull-team loggers called bar whiskey, brought fifty cents a drink. French wines, ravaged from some San Francisco saloon after the collapse of the California boom, lay in dusty bottles on the back-bar shelves, but his rugged patrons seldom sampled them. They craved only hard liquor, and they liked it strong. Ill-a-hee provided it. Also, a fiddle and an accordion made music for the calk-booted males, and a drum beat time for the Siwash damsels. The entertainment was not much, but it was a life-saver to womanless men. A really warming illusion might be captured after a dozen drinks, with music sounding through the smoky light from candle and whale-oil flames. The girls were washed and prettied up. Away from the comforts of their native homes, they smelled appreciably better. So the bachelors of the settlement felt a new glow, and John Pennell's custom increased rapidly.

Back in the timber the story of Ill-a-hee and its charms was borne along the skid-roads where bull-teams labored logs down to tidewater. It was carried by the settler as his chik-chik wagon creaked over the muddy trails, homeward bound from a trading trip. Placer miners, trappers and cowherds in the mountains dreamed of Ill-a-hee in the night watches, and resolved to make their next journey for supplies to Seattle.

The settlement had taken the first step toward becoming a wide-open and celebrated town. And with that step, hell-

bound though it was, it also made its start as the trading center of the Pacific Northwest. The solid citizens who owned the shanty stores huddled about Yesler's saw-mill were not long in grasping their opportunity. Until the advent of Pennell, Seattle, in common with Bellingham, Tacoma, Steilacoom, Olympia and Tumwater, had dreamed of a Northern trans-continental railroad as the royal means of metropolitan development, and there was violent rivalry between the settlements for the terminus. But now, while her sisters fought on furiously over a dream project, Seattle took a realistic hold on the present.

It had Ill-a-hee, and the name shone before a host of lonely men with the glamour of wine, women and song. In other words, it had the best mousetrap in the woods. Hobnails and calks were deepening all the paths to its door.

II

The success of Ill-a-hee soon inspired one of the most amazing ventures in American pioneer history. It was projected by two iron-bound Puritans, Asa and Thomas Mercer, who had been members of one of the first overland parties to reach Puget Sound. The Mercer brothers were of the New England breed of pioneers, and to them John Pennell was the personification of evil—Satan in a flowered vest and plug hat and smoking a Spanish cigar. They conspired valiantly against him.

It was useless, they saw, merely to rant against the moral corruption that he had brought to the sandspit. For one thing, his regular customers were too tough to be susceptible to any such appeal. For another, even the most pious tradesmen would not tolerate any offensive that might destroy Seattle's increasing trade.

So the Mercers simply borrowed Pennell's idea—and reformed it. Did the men of the region want women, and would they have them against all odds? Very well, decided the Mercers, we shall get them decent and godly women for wives.

This decision led Asa into a trip back to the States and Christian civilization. There he discovered that the Union was sundered and at war. But even when he reached the scenes of conflict, he kept resolutely to his high purpose. He visited Washington and harried Lincoln with sinister accounts of the wifeless condition of the Puget Sound settlers, and begged for Federal aid in transporting Christian virgins to them. That aid was not granted, but private philanthropy was presently generous enough to send eleven young women of the strictest virtue to the raw land. They arrived safely in Seattle, and every girl was married off in jigtime.

The ribald imagination of the settlers was fired by Asa Mercer's journey and its promise of greater success in the future. Upon his return he discovered that an appreciative citizenry had elected him as a representative in the Legislature. He served one term. Then, with the war over, he again journeyed to the East. This time he planned to charter a ship and carry an entire cargo of females, as women were then called by the elegant, around the Horn and up to the eager he-men of the big-timber country.

Again he wrested the needed funds from the wealthy moralists of New York and Boston. By the Spring of '67 he had a sum sufficient for the chartering of a schooner, the *Continental*, for the long voyage. With a great post-war surplus of women in all the Eastern cities, it was a simple matter to recruit a large and beauteous company. The integrity and loyalty of its members were put to a

harsh test when the *Continental* was held at San Francisco.

Mercer by this time had run out of money and could not meet the demands of the *Continental's* owners. The schooner was tied up. Instantly hundreds of California miners, flush with gold from a new rush, swarmed to the dock and offered the girls powerful material inducements to desert. No doubt some of them, seasick and travel-worn, were tempted sorely, but Asa unloosed his eloquence on them, and when he was done every damsel promised to keep the faith.

His next move was to send an urgent appeal to Governor Pickering of Washington Territory for a sum which would satisfy the *Continental's* owners. But the Governor was not a Seattle man, and the appeal was ignored. Mercer, however, was undaunted. By eloquence and strategy he kept his company loyal, and in sixes and dozens the girls were shipped north on lumber boats, as opportunity offered. Eventually all of them were landed on the sandspit dock.

The exact number is unrecorded. But it was large enough to add greatly to the fame of Seattle enterprise in romantic matters, and it inspired the first talk of the Seattle Spirit. All the girls were rapidly established as wives, and a new moral force flourished in the booming settlement. Mercer's selections nearly all turned out to be sound. Judge C. S. Hanford, Seattle's historian, and himself a pioneer, declares that "most of the marriages were very happy and only two divorces resulted."

Thus a vigorous righteous element was set up in the infant life of Seattle. Yet the host of bachelors in the region kept on growing. All the pioneer industries between the snow peaks and tidewater—mining, lumbering, fishing, shipping—were manned in the main by migratory

workers. Such rovers did not want wives. They wanted only women to share their sprees on their holidays in town. Seattle continued to cater to these camp-men, and gradually its open-hearted hospitality became a Northwestern tradition. To all the lonely camp-men the name of the town evoked an image of a girl in red stockings and a short skirt, with a sparkling glass in her hand, paint on her cheeks, and the devil in her eyes.

The Mercer girls and their solid men toiled sturdily to build up a Christian civilization in Seattle, but the solid men never quite lost sight of the commercial values of Ill-a-hee, and despite all the new rigors of opposition, scarlet sin continued to flourish on the sandspit.

III

The Barnum of Puget Sound's biggest show offered no direct resistance to the moral movement. John Pennell simply went scouting for more dazzling attractions for Ill-a-hee. Even the pick of the canoe-Indian girls of Puget Sound had never quite measured up to a bull-team logger's standard of feminine beauty. Squatting and paddling in canoes from infancy on gave them ponderous torsos and muscular arms, while their legs remained spindling. Hot for improvement, Pennell sent his scouts over the Cascades for a stock of horse-Indian girls. With these lithe and supple charmers on parade, Ill-a-hee was again packed with mackinawed men, and the traders of Seattle sent new and larger orders to the San Francisco wholesalers.

When Tacoma won the terminus of the newly chartered Northern Pacific, many of Seattle's best citizens moved down the Sound to the certified metropolis of the future, and for a time Seattle joined

the other rejected settlements in reviling the victor in impotent despair. But then the realistic entrepreneurs of the town resumed the more profitable business of capturing all the bachelor customers of the region. The tried and proven Pennell formula did not fail them. Tacoma languished, the crash of Jay Cooke & Co. delaying the construction of the Northern Pacific until the late 70's. The ensuing panic also struck Seattle's lumber trade a hard blow, but through the bitterest years her merchants made hay among the roaring customers of the dance-halls.

Pennell continued to buy Indian girls from complaisant mammas and greedy chiefs, and to resell them to all comers. Holidays on the Sound became Seattle Days to all workers. The most delicate flowers of American commerce began to bloom in the town. A jeweler landed on the sandspit, set up shop in a frame shanty near Ill-a-hee, and immediately grew rich. His example was followed by a druggist, with all the curious conveniences of civilization. The dry-goods merchants stocked up with satins and silks. The barber heard blushing requests for bay rum and pomades from his brawny patrons. Redeye was still the main guzzle of Seattle's citizens, but a yearning for better things was astir.

John Pennell moved from triumph to triumph over the Mercer faction. At last he achieved the dignity of official approbation from the sole peace officer of the place, Sheriff Wyckoff.

"Notwithstanding this immoral institution," said the sheriff diplomatically, "there is very little business for a police court."

After Asa Mercer's second cruise Pennell launched a counter-offensive. One fine day a lumber schooner from San Francisco tied up at the sandspit dock, and there appeared before the incredulous

eyes of the hangers-on a marvelous parade. Down the gangplank tripped a dozen *white* damsels, all dazzling in form-fitting bombazine frocks, French-heeled shoes, silk stockings, and the war paint of their profession. The parade, escorted by Pennell, marched daintily on to Ill-a-hee.

Recovering from its first surprise and enchantment, Seattle whooped in jubilation, shook hands all 'round, and bellowed a new defiance at Tacoma. Again stirring news grapevined up the skidroads into the deep timber, and followed the chik-chik wagons into the wilds. An overwhelming tide of trade rolled for Seattle, and John Pennell could display his sinister smile of satisfaction once more. Despite the Mercer onslaught, he was now more strongly entrenched than ever.

The presence of white girls at Ill-a-hee had had a powerful imaginative effect on the whole male population of the Puget Sound country, and old-timers still relate fabulous legends from those happy days. One hears, for example, of Sweet Alice Duval, who owned at once the face of an angel and a spider's heart. Luring men to her boudoir with seraphic smiles, she poisoned and robbed them, and dropped their lifeless bodies through a trapdoor to the Sound. But at last Sweet Alice actually fell in love. In some accounts the hero is a miner from British Columbia who was really an English earl; in others he is a gallant logger whose people were a rich old family of Boston; again, he is a frontier parson. But in all the stories Alice drowns herself in shame and remorse, and the tide bears her beautiful body out to sea, as it had borne those of her many victims.

Few of the other legends of the white girls of Ill-a-hee are so romantic as this one, but there are many which picture the courtship of the girls by budding timber

barons and mining kings. All have this point in common: every future baron or king was a worthless rascal until the Ill-a-hee girl fell in love with him, reformed herself, married him, and made a good man out of him. This is a folk-tale now common to all parts of the Northwest.

A number of Seattle's first families had their beginnings in such unions of loggers and miners with dance-hall queens, but far more descend from Asa Mercer's pious maidens. The *Continental*, indeed, was the *Mayflower* of Puget Sound. Most of the Pennell importations from San Francisco were probably considerably shopworn. The best beauties of the San Francisco halls would hardly have been tempted to venture into what was then the howling wilderness of the North, even by the most liberal offers. Certainly the girls who did tackle Ill-a-hee made many complaints of the hardships they found there. They even growl through the legends.

There is, for example, the story of Mademoiselle Marie. Soon after her appearance in Ill-a-hee she made it known to all comers that in the San Francisco halls there was a chivalrous custom which Puget Sound would do well to emulate. Down there, she said, a well-heeled miner, coming in for an evening of social relaxation, would seat himself in the dance-hall gallery, and then bellow for the lady of his choice. Arrived beneath the lovelorn miner's place, the chosen one merely stood still, casting not even a glance upward. Her bearded knight would thereupon display his appreciation of her charms by sprinkling gold dust liberally from his poke upon her fair head beneath him. Hair was long in those days. Generally it was done up in broad coils. Thus it was a poor shampoo which would not assay twenty dollars.

Such chivalry, complained Mademoiselle Marie, was lacking among the rugged patrons of Ill-a-hee. The bull-team loggers admitted the justice of her complaint. Their hearts were in the right place, they declared, but they lacked gold dust up there in the woods. Finally, a gallant bull-puncher had an idea. He changed a ten-dollar greenback into a fistful of dimes, went to Ill-a-hee, took up a post in the gallery, and bawled for Mademoiselle Marie.

The lady drew coyly nigh, and stood with bowed head, sure that proper chivalry was at last abloom in the big timber. The bull-puncher, exuberant from several slugs of red-eye, heaved his fistful of dimes at the lady's head as though he were tossing a rock at a yoke of pointers. The silver struck with a jingling thud. Mademoiselle Marie went down, and she stayed down until a bouncer packed her out. And that was the last experiment in California chivalry within the doors of Ill-a-hee.

IV

So Seattle made progress. The settlement grew swiftly around the dance-hall and Yesler's sawmill. The other communities on the Sound gave up the struggle and watched Tacoma, with her railroad terminus, and Seattle, with Ill-a-hee, fight it out.

Even in the panic years of the 70's Seattle continued to flourish: the boom, in fact, was on again by '78. For three years she forged ahead of Tacoma, and her crude pioneer enterprises began to assume the character of big business. By and by John Pennell saw that his day was passing. Madam Damnable, a rival, was better equipped for his trade in the new era. Notorious in San Francisco, and too brazen and rowdy for the refined Cali-

fornians, Madam Damnable succeeded hugely from the first in Seattle. Her hall, elegant in red and gold paint and plush, shone above Ill-a-hee as a Sound side-wheeler surpassed a Siwash canoe, as the glittering new square fronts rising in rows from the sandspit overwhelmed the log shanties of the traders in buckskins. Even the bull-team loggers had their hair parted and their whiskers trimmed when they visited Seattle now.

In 1881 the railroad dream was at last realized when the progressive leaders of Seattle, now wealthy enough to build their own branch line, ran it to the main tracks of the Northern Pacific. The woods and Sound trade continued to favor Madam Damnable's town, as the Tacoma moralists began to term Seattle. The Tacomans ranted in vain. Their own town never overtook the home of Ill-a-hee. The warfare waged between the two during the next score of years was the bitterest on record, but Seattle always had the better of it, because her reputation for hospitality to camp-men had been spreading over the Northwest since '61. In the Klondike gold-rush Seattle grabbed the grand prize.

This was the last canto in the epic of frontier romance and adventure. In August, 1896, George Cormack struck gold in the dirt of Bonanza creek in Klondike Territory. By the middle of December the news of the strike had reached Circle City and Forty Mile. But Alaska was ice-bound, and it was the Summer of 1897 before the steamer *Portland* made her first round trip to the new Eldorado. On her return she docked in Seattle with a load of wild-eyed miners and a ton of gold dust. From Seattle the news was wired to the world, and it brought hordes of gold-seekers to Madam Damnable's town to buy outfits and make the jumpoff from the States.

There was an element of sheer luck in

Seattle's becoming the outfitting and shipping center for the gold-rush, but the biggest element in her success was the glamour of her name for fevered adventurers. Tacoma might be the official terminus of the Northern Pacific and could no doubt offer all the necessary material facilities to gold-diggers, but Seattle was the town for a last high and roaring time before heading North, and Seattle was the town for a hi-yu blow-in when a miner returned with his pokes of yellow dust. The gilded dives below Yesler Way and the saloons about Pioneer Square now surpassed even San Francisco's.

There was, for example, the celebrated Horseshoe Saloon. Its solid mahogany fixtures had taken the grand prize at the Centennial Exposition. Its mirrors were of French plate glass. A solid silver horseshoe, with nails, toe and heel calks of virgin gold, shone in the middle of the bar. The great mirror was bordered by small mirrors, all in the shape of horseshoes. The floor was of inlaid tile in flashing colors. The brass footrail was polished every hour. A mammoth safe with safe-deposit boxes was offered as a part of the Horseshoe's service to the Klondikers. There they could store their dust with as much safety as in a bank.

Below Yesler roared the Standard Gambling-hall, with twenty-five games of faro, roulette, chuckluck, fantan, blackjack and poker. There, also smoked the cellars of Billy the Mug's, the toughest saloon on the Coast. And there blazed the palatial successors of Ill-a-hee, one of them a mammoth establishment in which a stakey miner could be served with all the comforts of life, even to a morning shave, without once setting foot outside the doors.

By this time John Pennell, the pioneer, had vanished in the fogs of Puget Sound. Madam Damnable had also ended her

part in lifting Seattle up and on. Now the Chamber of Commerce could boast, "The biggest city of its age on earth!"

In brief, Madam Damnable's town had grown up, but it did not forsake altogether the rowdy character of its youth. The importance of trade with the womanless camp-man was never forgotten. Shipping increased tremendously, and there were always sailors in port with money to spend. Every Autumn thousands of miners and salmon- and halibut-fishermen swarmed down from Alaska, to winter on the Sound. Harvest hands, construction men, pine-loggers, apple-knockers, and even cow-punchers and sheep-herders poured down from the passes of the Cascades. Hordes of Coast loggers heaved in from the camps. For all such toilers the skidroad below Yesler Way was kept wide-open, even after wartime idealism began to subdue the Seattle Spirit. In these later years there are still more than two bachelors for every single woman in the Northwest.

Naturally enough, other communities of the region have recognized the virtues of the Seattle Spirit and attempted to emulate it. Spokane saw the light early. In the 80's and 90's it became the commercial capital of Eastern Washington, while its rival, Walla Walla, was content to provide a pious atmosphere for Whitman College and to scheme to get the State Penitentiary. Spokane extended a hearty welcome of the right sort to the silver-lead miners from the Cœur d'Alenes and the pine-loggers from the Pend Oreille. Blackjacks and bungstarters were unleashed and made ready behind scores of bars whenever the he-men stormed in from the camps, while scores of short-skirted charm-ers were on the *qui vive* at every set of the swinging doors. What the damsels missed and the blackjacks failed to garner

the Spokane merchants snared. These remnants were enough to enrich them.

But then rose the inevitable moral wave, and Spokane succumbed. Lacking the vision of Seattle's nabobs, the Spokane merchants agreed fatuously that a clean town would attract a better class of residents, and so improve business in the long run. But the actual effect was to shunt the vast majority of free-spending pine-loggers, silver-lead miners and crop-hands on over the Cascades to Seattle, where the girls still pranced and the flow of red-eye was undammed. The new residents lured to the cleaned town were few, and all were grim penny-pinchers.

Progress in Spokane was flatly halted. In 1910 the city had a population no larger than that of 1900, and the 1920 census repeated the dismal story. Then an agitation to open up became powerful. One minister even went so far as to preach a liberal sermon, on the theme of "extending a friendly hand to our brethren of the hills and shafts." So Spokane officially became moister and merrier, and an increase in trade followed. But the awakening had come too late. Soon Federal Prohibition had poor Spokane down again.

Prohibition was no more than a minor nuisance in Seattle. It got, in fact, little more notice than the traffic regulations. This aroused the heirs of the sanctified Mercer faction, led by the Rev. Mark A. Matthews, and by dint of vast effort they achieved the election of Mrs. Bertha K. Landes, Washington's chief clubwoman, to the mayor's chair. She was pledged to close the town. But though she was incomparably superior in honesty and intelligence to the common run of Seattle politicians, including her chief supporters, Mrs. Landes soon had to give up. Every move for reform was swallowed by the Seattle Spirit. The Ill-a-hees of the Pro-

hibition era were the taxi dance-halls of the skidroad districts, where camp-men, now in tailored clothes, enjoyed their leisure. Mayor Landes hoped to close these halls forever, but the Chamber of Commerce scowled, and the dance went on.

But for all its freedom, the Seattle Spirit is not really genial. In a social sense, indeed, it is excessively snobbish and cold. Its frigid provincialism is the theme of the main works of the city's one native novelist, Bertrand Collins. The source of this touchiness is probably twofold. For one thing, it rises from the fear of many of Seattle's *noblesse* that their lowly origins may be evoked to shame them. For another, the town's commercial leaders have always believed in upholding the Puritan code in public, while violating it habitually in private. Thus the Seattle Spirit is rather the opposite of San Francisco's. In the California city very few of the chief families are ashamed of their grandparents. There the prevailing wide-openness is the effect of the early revolt of a cosmopolitan population against Yankee Puritanism.

In the early 80's one Watson C. Squire came out to Madam Damnable's town as territorial Governor. The citizens tendered him a rousing reception. The Governor reciprocated, after buying a pleasure hall which he hoped to operate in accordance with Seattle's best traditions. That is, he sent out engraved cards of invitation to the leading citizens, and engraved in a corner of each was a tiny note: "Admittance \$10." Only two of the best people attended. The others repaired to Madam Damnable's and spent the evening congratulating themselves on their business acumen. The cost to each celebrant there was far more than \$10 before the night was done, but the citizens did not mind. The money was to be kept at home, not carted East in the purse of an alien.

THE REAL CAUSE OF WAR

BY M. H. COCHRAN

THE numerous and elaborate discussions of the origins and nature of war that began after the World War have contributed little or nothing to an intelligent understanding of the thing itself. The politicians talk about the elimination of war only to persuade their fellow citizens that if war results from their "peaceful" policies it will be necessarily "defensive". The pacifists seem to be interested chiefly in depicting the horrors of the battlefield, and the Socialists in condemning capitalism. From the social scientists we receive little more than dismal repetitions of absurd political propaganda. In all the discussion the chief pre-occupation seems to be with the concoction of artful paper schemes to prevent war. Very little attention is given to the primary question, which should logically precede all others, namely, What is the real cause of war?

The result of this false emphasis on peace panaceas and on the horrors of war has been the propagation of many perverted notions about the origins of war, and they place almost insuperable obstacles in the way of understanding it. It seems worth while, therefore, to analyze some of these false ideas and thus clear the ground for a saner discussion. One of the most serious of them involves an unwarranted exaggeration of the difference between peace and war. According to the usual view, the whole world, at ease and in luxury, is imagined as thrown

into sudden turmoil by "the rolling of the iron dice". Yet everyone knows that much upsetting of individuals, families and nations also occurs in times of peace. Could anyone mistake the warlike character of the French withdrawal of cash from Britain in the Summer of 1931? Could any attempt at a French invasion have caused more misery than that ostensibly peaceful manœuvre? Exactly similar manœuvres stud the history of peaceful times. They are supposed to be beneficent, whereas the direct killing of men is wicked. But killing and destruction actually go on quite as well in time of peace. The chief difference is simply that war speeds up the process. To obscure this fact is to make of war something extraordinary, something beyond the social norm. It is not.

Another important obstacle to understanding war is the idea that international relations are primarily international in character. Publicists talk interminably of the foreign policy of this or that government; scholars delve deep into the archives for the nuances of Napoleon III's or Grey's foreign policy. Yet the plain fact is that foreign policy is always based upon internal policy, that the men who make this foreign policy belong to groups whose main and often only interest lies in acquiring, preserving or strengthening their control at home. Of late, students of diplomatic history have tended to recognize this principle to a considerable extent, but

so far they have not gone to the length of accepting it fully.

Another deep-seated idea back of the current peace proposals is the idea that the greatest danger to peace is nationalism. This is a popular bugaboo, hauled forth on every occasion. The pluralists attack the national state by denying it sovereign rights at home, and the internationalists want it subordinated to a super-state. All denounce it as the cause of war. Yet the fact remains that it was alliances or groups of nations that engaged in the last great war; it was something beyond the nation. At the same time it is clear that internal forces drove each nation into those alliances and hence into the war. No, nationalism is not the answer. One must get back behind it and discover who preached it and why, in each country, if one is to see why modern nations act as they do.

Another illusion, or whole series of illusions, can be found in the theories about the relative peacefulness of various forms of government. One reads today of the necessity of introducing true democracy in Japan by subordinating the Japanese military clique to political control, and similar good old war-time propaganda. But here again the facts lead to a totally different conclusion. For if there is one thing that is certain about international relations it is that the different governments in modern times all act in the same way, regardless of whether they are autocratic, aristocratic, democratic, or even socialistic.

The idea that public opinion in a democratic country can be used to prevent wars becomes completely fatuous the moment one recalls what has happened in the past and what is happening now. In truth, public opinion in every country, whatever its form of government, is always almost

completely at the mercy of the groups that happen to dominate that government.

Political parties seem to make little difference in foreign policies. Many writers maintain that Liberals are less bellicose than Conservatives, but this is flatly contrary to the facts. The English Liberals have made as many wars as the Conservatives. When they came into power in 1905 they continued to build up the coalition against Germany, a policy begun by the Conservatives. Some of the most belligerent statesmen in all Europe came from their ranks: witness Clemenceau and Lloyd George. Indeed, they seem peculiarly able to make wars, for they talk constantly about liberty, justice, and the other abstractions that men are foolish enough to fight for.

The reason why the Liberals appear, superficially, to be peaceful is that they usually oppose imperialism—when they are out of office. But imperialism is simply another word that people use so as to avoid thinking about the causes of war. The Liberals often argue that imperialistic enterprises in backward countries, such as Turkey and China, lead to wars. There is some truth in this, but only enough to make it popular among the social scientists. Back of imperialism lie other more important things. It is necessary to delve into them in order to see how wars really originate.

Such are some of the intellectual hurdles we must get over before we can see clearly the problem we are investigating. They supply the underlying ideas of most of the literature on the subject. The notion that wars are started by wicked, imperialistic, undemocratic governments in wanton disregard of the established moralities in international relations is deep-seated. None the less, it must be discarded as contrary to fact.

II

Let us now lay aside these misleading notions, and keep in mind instead the fact that governmental policy almost always follows a constant line in peace times, in the diplomatic struggle preceding a war, during the war, and in making peace afterward.

The most extensive wars of modern times were those waged from 1792 to 1815 between revolutionary and Napoleonic France and feudal Europe. In Europe the dominating group in each country consisted of large landowners. With almost a monopoly of the government offices, with special privileges and exemptions, with estates, mines, colonial possessions, and other sources of wealth, they dominated the economic and political life of the different countries.

While the large landowners were enjoying their special positions, suddenly a great menace arose. The *bourgeois* class in France revolted, replaced the large landowners in control, took their lands, and tried to spread the new social system throughout Europe. At first the feudal powers believed that the new system could not endure, but soon they realized that it would not only endure but also spread unless they suppressed it by force. Numerous incidents arose to complicate the situation, but in the last analysis the large landowners of Europe feared that the spread of the French revolutionary system would deprive them of their control over their national social and political institutions. So they forced their governments to draw together to make a joint attack on France.

As Europe became ever more threatening to France, the *bourgeois* revolutionists decided to act first. They feared that their newly won lands and positions

would be swept away by the feudal Powers. More than three-quarters of the *bourgeois* French Legislative Assembly voted for declaring war on Austria and Prussia. The motive is well expressed in the words of the French historian, Mathiez, to the effect that war "was desired by all parties [in France] except the Mountain and the Lamethists as a move in their internal policy". These two minor groups feared that if war occurred France would be beaten, that disorders dangerous to property would break out, and that the large landowners would be restored. Thus both the pro-war and the anti-war parties reasoned primarily from the fact that they feared the loss of their economic and political power in France.

There can be no doubt that both sides in the ensuing wars, the *bourgeois* and the feudal, fought for the purpose of maintaining control at home. Nor is it an argument to the contrary to cite the motives given to the public by the opposing governments, for that was sheer nonsense, and nearly as ludicrous as the prating of the governments about the war of 1914-18. On the French side, patriotism, nationalism, the constitution, morality, were all invoked. "Our honor", said Brissot, "our public credit, the necessity of consolidating our Revolution and giving it a moral basis—all make this course of action obligatory". And the other side talked of the restoration of legitimate rulers, of loyalty to the sovereign, of the peril to civilization, etc. Burke's diatribe on the Revolution in France furnished the intellectual background for much of the anti-French propaganda. And the British government naturally and inevitably found a pretext in international law for entering the fray.

That was the real origin of the Napoleonic wars. They continued because nei-

ther side could gain a complete victory and neither could afford to compromise. In France Bonaparte imposed his rule on the *bourgeoisie* and created a dominating clique of his own. He continued to fight partly because he was forced to by various coalitions against France but also because his power at home depended upon his successes abroad. He had made his reputation in Italy and confirmed it by his much-advertised war in Egypt. When he returned to France in 1799 to grasp the helm he found everything very difficult until after he had beaten the forces of the second coalition in Italy. His own words later were literally true: France expected victories of him and would remove him if he failed to gain them. Of course, he was ambitious for the control of Europe, but the main motive was control at home. As for the rest of Europe, the motive for continuing the wars remained the same after Bonaparte arrived. To Europe he was the propagator of the revolutionary ideas so dangerous to the vested interests of the large landowners.

From this analysis of the internal factors driving governments to war in revolutionary days there springs naturally a theory as to the origins of all wars. The theory is that the control of foreign policy is always in the hands of dominating groups in each country, whether those groups be landowners, lawyers, manufacturers, bankers or leaders of the proletariat; that these ruling groups appoint the permanent and temporary officials in the foreign offices; that they color public opinion through education and the press, sending out the "information" necessary for public decisions on war and peace; and that they shape and dictate foreign policy in an effort to bolster up their control at home by increasing their economic and political power.

Whatever the dominating group thinks will perpetuate this internal control is the mainspring of the foreign policy of any government. If that interest seems to require an external war, then the government makes the war. If it seems to require peace and compromise, we have peace.

III

But for what purposes, one may ask, do groups force governments into war? The answer is that they desire war for four main reasons: (1) to get into control at home; (2) to avoid losing control at home; (3) to turn attention from unsatisfactory conditions at home; (4) to enrich themselves at home.

Examples of the first type of motivation, in groups struggling to get control, can be found in the France of 1792 and 1870 and in the United States of 1812. In 1792 all the various French groups desired war, and particularly the royalists, for they all hoped to obtain control by this means. In 1870 the French republicans, hoping to repeat the successes of 1792, proclaimed the Third Republic and called out the French nation to continue a war that was already lost. A third example is afforded by the ambitious American Westerners of 1812, who forced the United States to declare war on Britain in order that we might add Canada to our territories, and so greatly widen their own opportunities. Here are three cases of groups trying to rise into control by making wars; if they are not more numerous it is only because groups not in control cannot easily influence governmental decisions.

Much more frequent are the cases of groups in control making war in order to preserve their power when it is in danger.

A famous example is that of Charles X of France, who decided in 1830 to divert his discontented people from revolution by means of foreign aggressions. His advisers had two plans, one for an invasion of Germany, the other for an attack on Algiers. An expedition was actually sent to Algiers, but it proved insufficient to turn the *bourgeoisie* and workers from the idea of removing Charles.

Another example from French history is that of Napoleon III in 1870. The second French Emperor had acted contrary to the interests of the manufacturers, the workers, the Catholics and other groups, and he had been pressed so hard in consequence that he had already surrendered a large measure of control to the majority in the Chambers. From his point of view, his chances of staying in power with his clique were so slim that only a victorious war against Germany would save his régime. The Empress and various advisers, using this argument, persuaded him into a war that he personally did not want. Of course, they all later blamed Bismarck, saying that he had falsified the Ems telegram, but they neglected to explain that this famous dispatch had no influence on their own scheming. The plain fact is that Napoleon hoped a successful war would save his throne.

This same consideration, the desire to preserve control, had considerable influence in the making of Bismarck's two wars in the 60's, in the recent Japanese decision to jump into Manchuria, and in the American war on Spain in 1898, as well as in the South's determination to make civil war rather than surrender its control over the Federal government in 1861. It is a salient motive at all times when shifts in control are being made, from landowners to *bourgeoisie* or from *bourgeoisie* to proletariat.

Needless to say, every one of the wars just mentioned was advertised as a defensive, moralistic, and completely national expedition. Bismarck even went so far as to make an unworkable treaty with Austria so that he could claim, when Austria broke it, that he was waging war in defense of the sacredness of treaties. But no one should be deceived by such propaganda. All these wars were waged in order to maintain certain groups in control in the belligerent countries.

The third class of wars are those waged to turn attention from unsatisfactory conditions at home. Bismarck made three wars primarily in order to break the *bourgeois* ranks and overcome particularism in Germany. Napoleon III's expedition to Mexico was merely an effort to please the discontented Catholics at home. Last Spring there were indications that the American government was considering seriously the idea of a war with Japan in order to bring us out of the Depression. If the Five-Year Plan fails in Russia, and disorders break out there similar to the disorders in France in the four months preceding the declaration of war in 1792, we may expect the Russian government to try its hand at a war in order to turn attention from its failure. For this is a natural means of strengthening the hands of a government, of uniting the nation and thus preserving power. It works if you win.

But the three types of motive so far considered are not nearly so frequently encountered as the fourth type, the making of war to strengthen and enrich a dominating group. Once such a group is firmly in the saddle it always uses the opportunity to further strengthen its own economic and political power. In this class of wars we may include all the colonial wars of modern times, the British (opi-

um) war of 1840, the Boer War, the Franco-British intervention in the Crimean War, Napoleon III's war on Austria in 1859, Russia's numerous wars on Turkey, the Russo-Japanese War, and our own war on Mexico. Each of the governments which forced these wars was pushed on by groups at home so powerful that they could dictate its policy. The Boer War is a perfect example of a class dominating foreign policy and making war to fill its own pocketbook.

IV

The World War furnishes examples of all these different types of motivation. The military clique in Serbia striving to get into control, the governing Germans and Magyars in Austria-Hungary fearing to lose control, the dominating manufacturers, bankers and landowners in the other countries hoping to increase their wealth by destroying dangerous competition—such were the internal forces that, in 1914, produced war. Out of the interests of the dominating classes in the principal countries of Europe arose the foreign policies and alliances that led to the war.

Take first the antagonism between Austria-Hungary and Russia. In the Austro-Hungarian monarchy one finds that the dominant Germans and Magyars were afraid of losing control at home if the various subordinate nationalities grew too strong. As most of these were Slavic, the creation of large Slavic states in the Balkans would draw the Southern Slavs from Austria-Hungary and induce the Northern Slavs and Rumanians to demand more power or even independence. If Russia destroyed the Ottoman Empire, took Constantinople and created large Slavic states in the Balkans, the Austro-

Hungarian monarchy would go to pieces. Naturally, the dominating groups, particularly the Hungarian nobles, hated and feared Russia and turned to Germany for support against her.

As for Russia and her ambitions in the Near East, back of her colossal capacity for expansion lay the interests of a dominant landowning class faced with the alternative of either internal reforms weakening to its power or else expansion. In the Near East the interests of landowners desiring to export their grain and of textile manufacturers wishing to control the markets of Asia produced numerous wars on Turkey. Of course, the Russian government maintained piously that it was trying to free the Balkan Slavs from the oppression of the un-Christian Turks, and one of the chief articles in the programme of Pan-Slavism was the release of the Greek Orthodox Slavs from Roman Catholic oppression in Austria-Hungary. But this propaganda should deceive no one. The interests of the landowners and textile manufacturers provided the whole driving force for Russian expansion in the Near East, and as a result, for Russian antagonism to Austria-Hungary.

In the Russo-German feud, the conflict started with the building of railroads in Russia that could transport grain cheaply into the German market. Germany, in alarm, raised her tariff on grain, and Russia retaliated with various bellicose measures, including a heavy tariff on manufactures, and a transfer of her loans from Berlin to Paris. This procedure antagonized the German bankers, manufacturers and large landowners—the dominating classes in Germany. The Russians were alarmed too by the growth of German commerce in the Near East and angered by the German support of Austria-Hungary. For all these reasons, the famous

break between Germany and Russia, which happened to come in 1890, was inevitable. The dominating classes in the two countries had too many conflicting interests; not even their common, but rather general interest in the conservative principle could prevail over their other disagreements.

As between Germany and Great Britain, the conflict for the markets of the world was alone sufficient to engender hostility. British consuls began complaining of German competition in the 80's, and after 1900 this competition became so serious that British manufacturers had to lower wages, and strikes and other troubles resulted. Efforts to bring about a compromise between the German and British manufacturers failed because both wanted to sell everything everywhere. The British talked grandly of the German desire for world hegemony, but they meant only the German effort to dominate the world's markets. The British also talked of the menace of the German fleet, but in reality it was never large enough to threaten seriously Britain's control of the seas. And the Germans, on their side, talked of the insult to German national honor whenever the British excluded them from Morocco, or Persia, or some other profitable market.

Finally, we come to the Franco-German antagonism. This is older than any of the others and an understanding of it is made difficult by the enormous literature that befogs the subject. Yet it is clear that France, like Great Britain, was controlled by her bankers and manufacturers. These classes found it easier to dominate the deputies in a democratic republic than the king in a monarchy. But the republicans had got off to a bad start in 1870-71 when they lost the war; to them Alsace-Lorraine was the symbol of their defeat. Until they

recovered Alsace-Lorraine their Third Republic, with its jobs and grafts, would never be secure. So the French lawyers who administered the government in the interests of the bankers and manufacturers worked the country into a neurotic state of mind over the sad fate of two districts whose chief desire was, and is, to be independent. This combination of lawyers, bankers and manufacturers found in Germany the natural enemy of their control at home—economic and political. There has been much nonsense printed about Franco-German relations: but the facts are comparatively simple.

Out of these antagonisms arose the World War. In all of them the real issue was control at home.

V

If my analysis be correct, all the wars of modern history have thus sprung from the internal struggles of groups for control at home. At times these groups have had what were primarily purely political interests, as in the case of the cliques about the two Napoleons, and that of the American Republican politicians in 1898. But more often the battle has been fought out on deeper levels of the social structure.

It is not strange that a government should do the bidding of a dominant economic group. What else, indeed, can a government do? Its principal members belong to the group, think as it does, and have exactly the same interests. Mr. Mellon, as a manufacturer, as Secretary of the Treasury, and as Ambassador is always the same person. Foreign offices can no more rid themselves of this control than can parliaments and courts.

The doctrine that internal policies are always dictated by dominating classes is a commonplace of political science. But few

seem to realize that foreign offices are subject to the same influences. In this country our State Department lately indulged in a classic example of servility to a dominant group. It found out that several South American countries were in such a precarious position that investments there were unsafe. It sent the news to Wall Street and asked it not to lend any money to these states. When Wall Street, despite this warning, continued to float more bonds which the State Department knew were likely to injure our investors it should have informed the investing public of the facts. But instead, it kept quiet and let American investors lose their money.

But though it is an indisputable fact that governments always act, whether in peace or in war, in accordance with the interests of the dominant economic and social groups, this does not mean that they can afford to neglect the pretense of protecting the interests of other groups. Louis Philippe lost his throne because he made no effort to persuade the classes other than the manufacturers and bankers that he was working for them. The French lawyers who run the Third Republic know better than this; they keep up a constant chatter about their radical reforms for the benefit of the workers and peas-

ants. Yet all their measures show who their real masters are.

Nor can it be argued that the theory of dominating groups controlling foreign policy is made invalid by the fact that diplomats as a class betray some of the most naïve intellects in the governmental circle. Their chief function, in fact, is simply to exercise a peasant-like cleverness in cheating other diplomats. They do what they do with a sincere belief in their own propaganda, and without realizing who it is that is kicking them about.

Finally, no one can object to the theory of dominant groups on account of the fact that such groups are often very shortsighted in the matter of their real interests. It is true that they are often shortsighted; but what they conceive to be their interest is what they force the government to do. That this interest is not often that of the whole country is another matter, —and something that the late Norman Angell, in "The Great Illusion", failed to understand.

If it be true, then, that dominating groups control foreign policy and make wars to maintain their dominance, what chance is there that these groups can be persuaded to avoid war by giving up their control? The answer is, practically none.

AMERICANA

ALABAMA

LITERARY news and criticism in the *Florida Herald*:

William Faulkner's latest production is entitled "Sanctuary," and is well worth reading. Other books challenging favorable comment among the literati of the South is "I Lay Dying" and "The South and the Fury." He bids to go far as a writer as he comes from a distinguished family of North Mississippi, his father being a writer of note in the 70's.

CALIFORNIA

COACH SLIP MADIGAN, of St. Mary's College, Moraga, offers his candidates for the all-America lineup:

Ends—Erdlatz, Yerzerski, Darsotti.
Tackles—Brasnyo, Cambianicia, Sartini.
Guards—Elduayan, Kraljevich, Tacconi.
Centers—Jirsa, Delana, Popajana.
Backs—Danilivich, Dracco, Magrini, Matos, Rios.

THE HON. DAVID SELZNICK to the Associated Press on the death of an eminent film executive:

Much of his success in the films was due to his deep insight into all types of philosophies.

THE grand old town of San José heaves a challenge to Los Angeles:

SUPPRESSED KNOWLEDGE OF THE AGES

What strange powers did the ancients possess? Where was the source of knowledge that made it possible for them to perform miracles? Were these profound secrets burned with ancient libraries, or are they buried beneath crumbling temple walls?

These wise men of the past knew the

mysteries of life, and personal power. This wisdom is not lost,—it is withheld from the mass. It is offered freely to you, if with an open mind, you wish to step out of the rut of monotonous existence and **MASTER YOUR LIFE.**

Man's intolerance has at times swept his achievements from the face of the earth, yet secret brotherhoods have preserved this sacred wisdom of the ages. The Rosicrucians, one of these ancient brotherhoods, **INVITE** you to write and secure a free copy of the "Wisdom of the Sages." It will point out how you may receive age-old truths. You can learn to **MAKE YOUR LIFE ANEW**—the fulfillment of your ideals awaits you. Address:

ROSICRUCIAN BROTHERHOOD
SAN JOSÉ, CALIFORNIA

ILLINOIS

CONTRIBUTION to the sacred sciences by the First Presbyterian Sunday-school of Rockford:

EXPERIMENT I

Object: To find out how and why I should become a Dynamo.

Power and Apparatus: Christ and myself.

Procedure: Connect myself with the Generator—Christ—so as to produce a direct current of Christianity. This I shall do by joining the Dynamo Class of the First Presbyterian Sunday-school of Rockford, Ill.; which meets, with Mr. Hugh T. Brown, each Sunday morning at 9:45 in the main auditorium of the church. There in the magnetic field of fun and fellowship, with the tightly wound coils of friendship, and the commutator of conscience I shall become a Dynamo. This I shall do because in myself I am insufficient, but when empowered by the Generator can produce unusual power and influence.

Questions

1. In the Dynamo Class what current shall I produce?

A direct current which flows steadily in the direction of right living.

2. Why should I produce a direct current?

To gain insurance against the alternating current of aimless drifting.

3. Why should I spend my Summer with the Dynamos?

Because the newly organized Dynamos need MY support and urge ME to become one of them.

KENTUCKY

THE REV. G. F. DAVID of Lexington, as reported by the Louisville *Courier-Journal*:

God Almighty is a Republican.

MAINE

FROM the Orono correspondent of the Bangor *Daily Commercial*:

Dr. H. M. Ellis, who has been teaching at Harvard this Summer, has returned to America.

MARYLAND

PUBLIC announcement of a Salisbury *savant*:

AUTOMOBILES KILL THOUSANDS

By drivers not seeing good. Do not delay, come now, see me about your eyes.

I have helped thousands of eyes who have been informed glasses were no use to their eyes. I have many kinds of glasses to suit all eyes and faces. I have the most accurate frames to the lowest priced frames at half price. Come see.

My Loring Ophthalmoscope shows plainly to me your eye troubles, Presbyopia, Myopia, Astigmatism, Cataract and all the eye troubles. All should have me refract their eyes. Many can get glasses while they wait. I grind glasses here while you wait.

I am a Graduate of Dr. Martin's Chicago Ophthalmic College. I practiced in Chicago City for five years. Also, under hundreds of our best Physicians in many States. Twenty years in Philadelphia.

You will never regret your visit to see

me about your eyes and spectacles. I will help your eyes and health sure.

Here every day 7 A. M. to 9 P. M. In the depression of business I sell much lower than others.

Best glasses in the world very low. Many mail their broken spectacles to me to mail them new pair quickly.

White gold, flesh colored, \$2.00 to \$4.50. I show you many grades. I do much good.

Spectacles at Half Price

J. L. WOODCOCK,

Optometrist

Maker of Spectacles—Eye Examiner

SALISBURY, Md.

228 Main Street, Over Samuel P. Woodcock's Office, Opposite Benjamin's Store

Phone 391

PRONUNCIAMENTO of a Baltimore scientist:

The Famous Physician and Specialist Returns!!!

\$100 CHALLENGE THAT HE CURES ANY ACQUIRED CASE

D. Newton E. Campbell, M.D., M.O., the famous Lung, Nerve and Kidney Specialist, has RETURNED to Baltimore, Maryland. His Medical office is located at 807 North Arlington avenue. Dr. Campbell was the ONLY Baltimore City physician who did NOT lose any patient during that terrible FLU Epidemic of 1918-1919. Dr. Campbell seldom loses any sick patients NOW. He is an English college graduate. He is also a graduate and post-graduate in medicine from two of the best American Universities. He has visited several hospitals abroad, and performed many bloodless operations. Practically, he has made the blind to see, deaf to hear, lame to walk, and his wonderful TONICS help elderly people to live LONG to a vigorous Old Age and enjoy LIFE too. Think of that!

Dr. Campbell examines the heart, lungs, kidneys, blood, skin, nose, ear, throat, blood-pressure, etc. Office examination FEE is \$2.50. He tells you after thorough examination what disease you have, acute or chronic, single or complicated, dangerous or ordinary, curable or incurable, or such as can ONLY be patched up. By his special

didactic and drug treatments, he CURES every curable CASE and succeeds where other physicians have failed. TRUTH IS LIGHT. KNOWLEDGE IS POWER. HEALTH is better than MONEY. Write and find out the TRUTH!

MINNESOTA

THE grand old town of Henderson grabs a stick of space from the Associated Press:

While 12,000 persons applauded, John Bredemes of Henderson tonight successfully defended his kraut-eating championship at Henderson's annual sauerkraut festival. Before such notables as Governor Floyd B. Olson and Congressman Harold Knutson of St. Cloud, Bredemes consumed fourteen pounds of kraut, six pounds of wieners and thirty-six buns. C. F. Whitford of Henderson put away an amount equal to that eaten by Bredemes, but after a conference the champion got the decision for "better table manners."

MISSOURI

MELANCHOLY manifesto in the *Fulton Daily Sun-Gazette*:

FOR SALE

\$6,000 Equity for \$500 Cash

Whereas, Party of the first part voted for the Republican administration which has declared a moratorium on everything but American homes, and

Whereas, Party of the second part is hard up as hell, too, and needs the fifteen or twenty cents which is now due and unpaid by party of the first part,

Therefore, According to the Jackass of the Peace, I am forced to sacrifice my splendid home at 725 Grand avenue, in the city of Fulton, Mo., in order to satisfy the small over-due indebtedness.

Open for inspection and private sale.

MINNIE E. DEBO,

725 Grand avenue

NEBRASKA

THE editor of the *Holt County Independent* of O'Neill gets a great kick out of a swell show, and wants all of his customers to know about it:

O'Neill had the pleasure Tuesday noon of having the finest bunch of boosters we have ever seen or had the pleasure of seeing. They were from Neligh, and you were not left in doubt as to where they were from for a single moment. They were here to boost for their county fair, which is to be held there on next Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, and if their fair is only as good as their boosters it will be a hummer.

There were about forty cars and a truck all loaded to the gunwales, and there were probably 275 people in the booster gang. They brought their band—and a good one—which gave us some inspiring music, such as "A Hot Time", "How Dry I Am" and a lot of other patriot music. They also had a wonderful fine kid band with whiskers on.

After a few entertaining stunts and a speech from the spieler, they cleared the decks for action and announced that the kangaroo court was now in session. It seems that a lady (?) with a beard had suffered at the hands of some O'Neill green hats, and identified our mayor and sheriff as the culprits. They were arrested and taken before the high court and identified by the lady (?), and she claimed they had bitten her leg and proved it by the scar. They were caught and agreed to plead guilty and his honor sentenced them to boost for the Neligh Fair and that they must in the future agree to wear whiskers. The judge explained the wearing of whiskers would prevent such crimes in the future, as no one had ever heard of a man who wore whiskers, biting a lady's leg. He said the whiskers would first tickle the leg and the lady would laugh so hard that they would be unable to get near enough to bite.

Then it seemed that they were not yet satisfied, but that there were more criminals wearing green berets, and the chief of police, Scott Hough, was at once haled before the court and charged with being an alleged officer of the law. There were no evidence to show him innocent, so the judge gave him a sentence to high jack some bootlegger and give the court a drink. This ended the festivities and the big good-natured crowd scattered to fill up the inner man, and we think they succeeded. Their visit was a real inspiration to our people.

NORTH CAROLINA

DITHYRAMBS flung to a candid world by
the eminent Greensboro *News*:

REFRAIN FROM DRINK

Young gentleman, on you I call,
Refrain from drinking alcohol;
I think, young man, I am your friend,
Oh, do not for that cause contend!

There's not a word in God's last will,
Commanding man to run a still,
And drink and wallow in the mud,
And thus dishonor Christ, his God.

The drunkard, too, is very bold;
He drinks and makes himself a fool;
His eyes inflame, his nose is red,
And soon he's numbered with the dead.

It brings to poverty and shame,
And leads to almost every sin,
Dethrones the reason of the one
Who drinks the liquid poison down.

The Lord has said no drunkard can
Enter that sweet and happy land;
But those who drink and curse and yell,
Shall live in that eternal Hell.

And your companions there will be
Drunkards through eternity;
To weep and mourn and gnash their teeth,
And never, never be released!

I trust the Lord will bless these lines,
And press them on some tender minds;
And in their youth cause them to think,
And then refrain from cursed drink!

—Written, we are told, several years ago
by the Rev. D. A. Snyder, of Union county,
no doubt a better preacher than a poet.

NORTH DAKOTA

THE hustling town of Garrison comes for-
ward with a world's champion:

"Free day" means lots of work to Dr. C. D.
Stewart, local dentist. Several years ago he
began setting aside certain days for treat-
ing children free. Yesterday was such a
day. He pulled 132 teeth for children from
four counties.

OKLAHOMA

MANIFESTO of a candidate for public office
in Oklahoma City:

On account of the fact that my condition
is such that I may die at any moment, it
is my desire and I deem it prudent to make
a statement.

I have a wife, Elizabeth Williams, and a
grown daughter, Ruth Williams. I have
\$2,000.00 life insurance. Both my wife and
daughter could take care of themselves with
a little advice and guidance.

The only asset of any real value I will
have to leave my family is my friends and
they are of value beyond estimate in
dollars.

In case of my death I trust my friends
to see that my wife and daughter have ad-
vice and guidance, and point them to the
following persons, who are God's noble-
men, for advice, guidance and fatherly pro-
tection:

Gov. Henry S. Johnston
Gov. Wm. H. Murray
Frank C. Carter
Ray O. Weems
Newell Hicks
Ed McDonald
Judge Ton Doyle

I would not forget
Tom Kendall
C. C. Cooper
Stanley J. Clark
Wendell Johnson
W. T. Johnson

Noble and loyal souls as ever trod the
earth.

I want no church services of any kind;
however, I respect the honest religious con-
victions of every person. I would like my
friends to say anything possible to comfort
my family when I am gone. I would be
pleased to know that a band will play
"Dixie", "Suwanee River", "Old Black
Joe" and "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia".

I have no fear of the future, I have en-
joyed life to the fullest extent and feel that
a man who has such a wife and daughter as
I have and the respect and confidence of
the above friends has succeeded in life and
I am content and resigned to the inevitable.

T. B. WILLIAMS.

P.S.—For eleven months I was on a sick

bed. Eminent physicians expected me to die. I expected it. Above is what I said. I recovered.

T. B. W.

PENNSYLVANIA

LAST gasp of Law Enforcement in Erie, as broadcast to the world by the International News Service:

Here's what happened when 500 citizens witnessed a liquor raid on the famous old Holland House here:

The citizens booed the raiders.

They cut the tires on the agents' automobile to shreds.

They put sand in the radiator.

They put sand in the gas tank.

The agents had to commandeer a truck to haul away their seizures.

CONTRIBUTION to demography from Grove City:

After attending a nine-cent dinner given by a dry organization, Charles J. Law, 75, a tipstaff in Mercer county court for thirty-five years, died of acute indigestion while returning to his home in Mercer.

TENNESSEE

THE alert United Press discovers a new wrinkle in Law Enforcement in Nashville:

Members of the Nashville W. C. T. U. have asked Police Chief J. Lon Foster to ban automobile horns which blare the tune of "How Dry I Am." Mrs. Margaret B. Clements, president, has branded the horns as "disrespectful to the national Prohibition law and a menace to society." "They keep our young people reminded of liquor," protested Mrs. T. M. Walker, secretary.

TEXAS

THE life of the spirit in Wichita Falls, as reported by the *Daily Times* thereof:

The Rev. N. F. Grafton will preach a left-handed sermon to left-handed people Sunday night at the Floral Heights Presbyterian Church. The left hands will sit on the left side of the church. The singing will be conducted by a left-handed song leader. The left-handed people will sing left-handed songs on the left-hand side of

the song book. A left-handed collection will be taken.

PLATFORM of a statesman of San Antonio:

COL. FRANK GEORGE

Candidate for

LEGISLATURE

PLACE NO. 1

Subject to Action of Democratic Primary
PLATFORM

The State's business is a mighty big business—we must have big business men to attend to it. All men are naturally good. Politics kills business. Idleness is cause of poverty—poverty cause of crime. Texas has good Constitution—Texas wants BETTER Constitution—Rewrite Texas Constitution. Merge each five Countys in one; merge County and City Management in one—hire big business men, board of directors—REDUCE TAXES. Abolish Highway Commission, hire Civil Engineer, build roads, streets and sewers—REDUCE TAXES. Abolish Legislature, School Boards, Mayors, Commissioners, and County Commissioners—REDUCE TAXES. Abolish the credit system, bond issues, REDUCE TAXES. Make all improvement by special assessment—REDUCE TAXES. Abolish fee system and fine system. Merge all courts in one—keep courts in session day and night—REDUCE TAXES. Abolish all attorneys from courts—immediate trials day and night. Sterilize convicts and teach them thrift; abolish capital punishment; hire out all convicts—REDUCE TAXES. Abolish pardon system. Merge Assessor, Collector, Treasurer and Clerk in one; merge Police and Fire department in one—REDUCE TAXES. Rent out Penitentiary, Courthouses, City Halls, and Jails for industrials. Rent Water Works—sell meters. Rent Library and Zoo—REDUCE TAXES. All adults must read and write. Exempt tax on \$3000 homes. Reduce interest rate to 6%. Abolish charity—no work no eat. Abolish banking laws—REDUCE TAXES.

I WILL BUILD YOU A COTTAGE AND YOU CAN
PAY ME SAME AS RENT

COL. FRANK GEORGE

Phone me Woodlawn 8442

1024 Lee Hall Street

THE BONUS BOYS OF 1861-5

BY LOUIS M. HACKER

IT took the Grand Army of the Republic a full fifteen years to discover its heaven-sent mission: it had been consecrated by God, it learned, to obtaining justice for the Civil War veteran. In another ten years that destiny had been gloriously fulfilled. By the passage, in 1890, of what was in effect a service pension act, the boys in blue, their widows and dependents, began to live off the government. By the time we launched into another war pensions for them had cost the United States one and one-half times as much as the actual military operations of 1861-1865. The Civil War itself cost \$3,344,000,000; the bill for pensions, from 1866 to 1917, was \$5,000,000,000.

What a grand mark for the American Legion to shoot at! To make the world safe for democracy cost the American government \$32,832,000,000. Will it not be simple fairness and in line with the Civil War precedent to hand out to the brave fellows of 1917-1918, say, \$50,000,000,000 by 1970? There is much, indeed, to be said in favor of war pensions. They keep the tradition of American military prowess alive. They maintain multitudes of politicians in office. They take the minds of veterans and their families off all the more pressing national problems. They can be linked up very easily with the sanctity of the protective tariff principle, with reparation payments and with interallied debts. I think that we may proceed very confidently on the assumption that the history

of the Civil War soldier will be repeated in that of the World War soldier and that before long (I hazard the date of 1945, when the national debt will have been largely paid off), we shall hear again the cry echoing in legislative halls, Justice for the Veterans! Indeed, it is not difficult to catch the murmur already. The Grand Army of the Republic found its work cut out for it, and the same brave task awaits the American Legion.

By the second half of the 70's earnest citizens had every reason to congratulate themselves that the last had been heard of the Civil War. The Federal troops had been withdrawn from the South; an act had been passed for the resumption of specie payments, thus putting the country once again on a gold basis; and the cost of taking care of the really disabled veterans was slight. In 1875, in fact, the 235,000 Northern soldiers who were bearing honorable wounds got from the Treasury but \$29,270,000. Moreover, by 1878 the annual outlay had declined to \$26,786,000. But in the face of an average annual surplus of \$100,000,000, the government could afford to be generous, and before Hayes's administration was over, the real first raid on the Treasury was on. For the next ten years the G. A. R. and the Republican party were to keep up a ceaseless din about the heroes of the Civil War. In 1884, almost two decades after the war's close, the Plumed Knight, James G. Blaine, tried to defeat Grover Cleveland

for the Presidency by waving the bloody shirt. The war was destined to live on, and the G. A. R. began to flourish.

Perhaps it would be more nearly accurate to say that the G. A. R. was only the willing agent of the Republican politicians and the economic interests they represented. The Republican party found it desirable to make lavish pension grants because the surplus in the Treasury had begun to be embarrassing. Either it had to be spent painlessly or a drastic operation was in order. By the middle 80's the programme that appealed most forcibly to the American people was the elimination of the surplus through drastic tariff revision. But the Republican party had become the especial protector of the high tariff system, so it was obviously incumbent upon it to do something—and very quickly.

The post-Civil War generation was not slow to realize that a surplus might be as uncomfortable a phenomenon in public finance as a deficit. Political economists, particularly, inveighed against it because it withdrew from circulation a sizable part of the liquid capital of the country. In 1867 the Treasury surplus was \$116,117,000. In 1880 it was \$64,649,000; in 1885 it was \$63,464,000; in 1890 it was \$105,344,000. Throughout the 80's the disposal of this surplus was continuously before the public attention, and Cleveland, as President, always had in mind the problem it presented.

The recurring surplus was being caused by the maintenance of the war internal revenue system, and by the high protective tariffs that Republicans had been writing since the war years. In the final decade of the century the last of the war nuisance taxes was repealed, but the revenue from tariffs continued to be high. In 1866 it was responsible for 34.4% of the net ordinary receipts of the govern-

ment; in 1870 the proportion was 49.1%; in 1890 it was 57%.

Before the Republican party began to give the surplus away, some efforts were made at the formulation of a more statesman-like programme. Pay off the public debt, advocated one group. The public debt was duly paid off, declining from \$2,758,000,000 in 1865 to \$891,000,000 in 1890. But while the politicians at Washington pretended they were pleased with this achievement, they were not unmindful of the dangers inherent in debt liquidation. Governmental bonds were the mainstay of the national banking system: only by their purchase and deposit with the Treasury might the bankers of the country emit notes. The withdrawal of so many issues caused the premiums on the few that remained to go higher, so that bankers refused to buy them, thus surrendering their privilege of issuing money. As a result the currency was contracted, dear money came in, prices dropped, and hard times hit the farming and laboring classes. The fancy prices that governmental bonds brought in those days remain unparalleled in American annals. In 1886, to cite but one year, the 1891 4½'s were selling at between 110 and 114, and the 1907 4's at between 123 and 129. By the beginning of the 90's, it was plain even to politicians that unless they stopped retiring the public debt they would be endangering the banking structure of the country.

What, then, to do with the bothersome surplus? Refund the 1907 4's at 2½% plus a cash bonus, thus further enriching the lucky few who held the bonds? Distribute the surplus among the States? Use it to support public education, as a bounty to wheat growers, as a subsidy to American shipping, for the purchase of the telephone and telegraph systems? All of these

schemes were suggested and discussed. Revise the tariff downward, thundered Cleveland. And because he pushed his plan with a persistence that was truly alarming, going so far as to challenge the whole protective system in 1887, the harassed Republicans decided that it was high time justice was done the Civil War veterans—and the danger of tariff tinkering, on the score of the surplus, once and for all removed. The Civil War heroes, it appeared, deserved and were to get the surplus.

II

The Grand Army of the Republic, fathered by the surgeon of an Illinois volunteer regiment, made its appearance in 1866. It was conceived in the familiar spirit of American fraternalism: it had a ritual, grips, passwords, degrees, mouth-filling titles for its dignitaries, and all the other mumbo-jumbo so beloved by Americans when they foregather for common counsel and high resolve.

The army, naturally, served as the model of organization. The basic unit was the post and its president was called the post commander; every county was a district and each, in turn, had its district commander; the States were departments, governed by department commanders. Over all, the Grand Army itself held sway, and once a year, usually in the Summer, there was the national encampment. Here the heroes elected their commander-in-chief, their adjutant-general, their quartermaster-general, their inspector-general, their judge advocate-general and all the other functionaries they needed to carry out the lofty purposes of their organization.

The Grand Army, according to its constitution, was devoted to the tripartite cause of fraternity, charity and loyalty. It

was to preserve "those kind and fraternal feelings which have bound together, with the strong cords of love and affection, the comrades in arms of many battles, sieges and marches." It was to devote itself to works of charity and to the care of the widows and orphans of fallen comrades. It was to see that America's youth was brought up to a proper appreciation of the sacrifices made by the Northern soldiers for the Union, and "to a recognition of such services and claims by the American people." It was to teach respect for American institutions, "together with a defense of universal liberty, equal rights and justice to all men." In 1869, after the political animosities of Reconstruction days had almost wrecked the organization, the brothers were cautioned to eschew politics and all "partisan questions."

Up to 1879 the Grand Army barely managed to survive. Its membership, during the 70's, rarely reached 30,000, though 1,750,000 men had been honorably discharged from the Northern armies. Few outstanding soldiers of the war considered it worth while to seek to figure in its councils, and so it fell under the control of such a group of busy nobodies as usually dominates lodge affairs. The posts, districts and departments devoted themselves to building homes for the aged, doling out small sums to needy ex-soldiers, caring for the military cemeteries, and agitating for the erection of that hideous crop of war monuments which soon filled the land.

One achievement the G. A. R. could plume itself on: as a result of the influence of General John A. Logan, who had been its commander-in-chief in 1869, Congress was persuaded to declare Memorial Day a national holiday. That day the Grand Army soon deemed its very own: it dressed itself in its war panoply, once again unfurled its battle flags, wheeled and marched

down dusty streets under hot May suns, and filled the air with oratory. For one day a year, at least, Americans were made to remember that there had been a war between the States. On May 30 all the politicians pledged the health of America's heroes. Other than that, the G. A. R.'s record of accomplishment was a blank. Most of the returned soldiers, busily at work building the new railroads, opening the new lands of the West, toiling in the mines and factories of the industrial America that had risen out of the Civil War, paid no attention to a body which indulged in such banalities as the following:

Resolved, That it is through this organization alone that the bonds of fraternal feeling can be successfully sustained and strengthened, and the electric currents of sympathy and brotherly affection, born of common toil and danger, be evolved and hastened in their courses through the thousands of hearts scattered over the wide expanse of our ever-growing empire.

In those early days the G. A. R. wasted little effort in commending its membership to the gratitude of the nation. Time, the one element really needed for the creation of hero myths, was not yet in its favor. Worse, during the 70's the memory of the actual nature of the Union armies was still fresh in the minds of the American citizenry. Starting out nobly as a volunteer army, made up of the flower of youth, they had quickly deteriorated. By the end of the first year of hostilities, volunteering had practically ceased. The Washington government, afraid to attempt what the Confederacy had almost at once resorted to—that is to say, universal conscription—adopted subterfuges in order to raise its levies. The States were called upon to furnish the needed men and they in turn obtained them by the easiest method possible: they paid bounties for them. In

the later years of the war \$700 for an enlistment was not an unusual price.

That bounty jumpings and general desertions should result was naturally to be expected. For men of easy conscience to enlist a dozen or more times for the bounty and then skip out was too familiar a phenomenon of the times to cause comment; for whole armies to melt away before being marched into the line was something most Union commanders learned to expect; for many brave boys in blue to hotfoot it in the direction of the enemy as soon as an engagement had commenced, there to surrender and obtain a parole making them *hors de combat* for the duration of the war, was a familiar incident of battle—until the Confederates opened Andersonville jail for such willing prisoners. Of the two million odd men who fought under the Northern flag during the war, 120,000 deserted at one time or another.

Charles Francis Adams, who had himself been through three and one-half years of the struggle, could say only this for a great part of the personnel of the Union armies:

Historically speaking, it is a fact not to be denied that the bounty-bought material constituted a large percentage of the whole Civil War levy—how large it is impossible to say; but it certainly sounds strange for the ears of those personally cognizant of the facts . . . to assert that those men enlisted without "thought of emoluments, pay or pensions." They did nothing of the kind; nor were they "patriots" either then or now. They sold themselves for bounty money; and they got it! Simply and avowedly mercenaries, they were constantly referred to by the older and more reliable as the "seven-dollars-a-pound fellows." . . . The great difficulty of preventing these "patriots" and "worthy soldiers" from deserting the moment they had handled their bounty money was one of the problems of the service.

III

But if some of the returned soldiers themselves were a little shame-faced about striking heroic attitudes in order to obtain the recognition of a grateful government, they were not without friends at Washington. In the pension attorneys—at one time there were more than 60,000 of these gentry registered and doing business—and in the politicians were to be found volunteer champions of a particularly vocal character. The pension attorneys made their money out of presenting to the Pension Bureau the claims of disabled veterans and the widows of fallen soldiers. For each claim recorded they got \$10; an act of 1884 raised the permissible fee to \$25.

Chief among this worthy folk was one George E. Lemon, who, in connection with his business, operated the *National Tribune*, a weekly which had a paid circulation of more than 100,000, and which reached almost 20,000 postoffices in the land. The purpose of the *National Tribune* was to glorify the Civil War veteran—and to carry Mr. Lemon's glowing promises of the rich rewards that awaited those ex-soldiers who entrusted their affairs to him. In 1885 he admitted to a House investigating committee that he then had in his office files 125,000 claims for pensions, all representing, so to speak, unfinished business. At \$25 a claim, it must have been apparent to even the dullest Congressman that Mr. Lemon's enterprise was a flourishing one.

One may obtain some faint notion of the sort of stuff the *National Tribune* trafficked in from the following, printed on the eve of a Presidential election:

This is the soldier's year. Slandered, abused, neglected, despised though he may be at all other times and seasons, this year the soldier cannot be ignored. For it

is the year of the Presidential election and it is the soldier who holds the balance of power—one million honest, unimpeachable votes, upon the casting of which the issues of the election will hang. Think of it, soldiers!

Such was the nature of the work being done by the pension attorneys in making the veterans hero-conscious. It remained for the politicians to lead the way into the Promised Land. The first great free offering was the Arrears of Pensions Act of 1879. This measure provided that pensions for death and military disability were payable, *not* from the time of the filing of claims, but in arrears from the day of death or discharge from military service. In other words, it offered at least fourteen years back payment for all claims that could be dressed up to have some semblance of verity.

The bill had been bobbing up in both Houses of Congress during the whole of the 70's, but it was not until late in 1878 that the Kansas statesman, Senator John J. Ingalls, took it under his wing. Ingalls' interest was not altogether an impersonal one. His candidacy for reelection to the Senate was meeting with opposition in the Legislature of his State, and rumors were abroad that his friends were stooping to fraud and corruption. How better silence the tongues of slander than by becoming the Soldier's Friend? Apparently many fellow-Senators, from Middle Western and Western States particularly, were being similarly hard pressed, for the bill rode through the upper chamber triumphantly. In January, 1879, President Hayes, over the protests of his Secretaries of the Treasury and Interior, signed it.

When the nature of the grab became known a storm of public disapproval made Congress recant hastily—after the State Legislatures had met and chosen

Senators (needless to say, Ingalls was re-elected)—, and in March an amendment was passed allowing the payments of arrears only on applications filed prior to July 1, 1880. The pension attorneys thus had but fifteen months to perfect their work, but in that time they performed wonders. In the year 1877 the total of original claims filed with the Pension Bureau had been only 22,000, but in 1880 they numbered 138,000. During the year after the enactment of the Arrears of Pensions Act, pension payments cost the Federal government twice as much as they had cost it the year before. By 1885, there had been paid out, in arrears allowances alone, almost \$200,000,000.

The effect of all this on the G. A. R. was simply miraculous. Here was an Unselfish Cause to which, at last, it might devote itself with patriotic passion. Here was a programme which would fill out its emptying membership rolls, pour gold into its coffers, and make it a formidable political force in the land. From 1881 onward it sang one tune—and sang it in a swelling *crescendo*. Pensions for deserving war heroes. More liberal grants for those who had been disabled on the field. Grants for those who had become indigent or were already public charges. Grants for those who could no longer earn a livelihood by physical labor. Grants for everybody who had carried a gun.

Small wonder that the G. A. R. quickly became rich and powerful. In 1877 it had had a total membership of but 27,000 veterans, but by 1880 they had increased to 60,000, by 1883 to 215,000, and by 1887 to 356,000. At the twenty-fourth annual encampment, in 1890, the commander-in-chief, General Russell A. Alger (of subsequent Spanish-American War fame) could well say with pride:

“Our numbers make up a vast army.

We consider ourselves as a sort of family of nobility. All who served under the army and are entitled to membership make up our great organization. The highest position in the world is that of the commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic.” The membership at that time totaled 458,000 veterans, enrolled in 7,175 posts.

The G. A. R. proceeded to perfect the smoothest-functioning lobby that the legislative halls of Washington had up to that time seen. In 1882 it appointed a standing committee on pensions. In 1884 it sent out strict orders to all the posts that petitions and memorials bearing on pension matters were not to be sent to individual Congressmen, but to the order’s lobbying committee. Each year that committee drew up its programme, which it discussed in detail with the Senate and House committees. Each year it reported back to the national encampment how far Congressmen had been responsive and wherein legislators had been remiss. With, by the middle of the ’80’s, more than 300,000 voters solidly in back of it, the voice of the Grand Army lobby became louder and bolder. Politicians did not dare refuse to pay heed to it—particularly Republican politicians, who saw that, after all, the G. A. R. and they themselves were devoted to what was really the same lofty purpose. Pensions, the surplus, and the protective tariff: it all made a magic circle.

In 1884, the pension committee’s legislative programme was of truly noble sweep. In a letter to Senators and Congressmen, it was pleased to characterize “certain propositions” then before both Houses as “inconsiderate, impolitic, and calculated to bring into disrepute the general standing of the saviors of the nation.” It then proceeded to indicate the sort of bills it wanted passed, as follows: 1. A

bill pensioning all survivors of Southern prisons who happened to be suffering disabilities, whether they were acquired in military or civilian life. 2. A bill extending the arrears limit to January 1, 1885. 3. A bill raising the pensions of the widows of veterans from \$8 to \$12 a month. 4. A bill pensioning all honorably discharged veterans who were disabled and dependent upon their own labor for support, or who were sixty-five years of age, regardless of whether disabilities were of war origin. In brief, but nineteen years after the close of the Civil War, the G. A. R. was already agitating for a pension based on service pure and simple. And Grover Cleveland's attack on the protective tariff made it wise for the Republican party to grant the demand a brief six years later.

IV

Despite the fact that the Republicans, in 1884, had named a so-called soldier's ticket, had incorporated a satisfactory pension plank in their platform, and had shamelessly employed the Pension Bureau in doubtful States to re-rate pension awards upward and to promise quick action on new claims, Cleveland had triumphed in the election. As I have said, he had his own idea about disposing of the surplus: the reduction of the tariff, he thought, was the only device capable of ridding the government of that incubus. He therefore called upon the Democratic lower Houses of 1886 and 1888 to enact tariff reform legislation, and in the latter year the House proceeded to carry out his mandate by passing the Mills bill.

Meanwhile, to embarrass the President, the Republicans had introduced a pension bill allowing grants to all veterans who were dependents or public charges, and the G. A. R.'s pension committee suc-

ceeded in gaining enough votes for the measure in both Houses. But Cleveland, sticking by his guns, vetoed the bill. In revenge, the Senate, which was Republican in makeup, turned about and emasculated the Mills tariff bill so thoroughly that the House was compelled to let it die in committee. Thus the stage was set for the election of 1888.

The Republicans, in the ensuing campaign, appealed for support to both the protectionists and the veterans. While William McKinley, Uncle Joe Cannon and Tom Reed went up and down the country warning industrialists of the ruin that awaited them in Cleveland's reelection (and while John Wanamaker did the same thing privately, collecting campaign funds in the meanwhile), the party's standard-bearer, General Benjamin Harrison, in many charming little speeches from the porch of his Indianapolis home, assured the visiting delegations of ex-soldiers that they might expect "full justice" from his administration. One felicitous phrase of the general's, which was widely quoted, ran to the effect that "now is not the time to be weighing the claims of old soldiers with apothecary's scales."

The G. A. R. agreed enthusiastically. At its annual encampment that year it passed a resolution giving its approval to a service pension of \$8 a month for every man who had seen sixty days' service, and it was so loud in its denunciation of the Presidential veto of the dependent pension bill that Cleveland's friends, fearing an outburst against him, advised the cancelling of the speaking engagement he had made for the soldiers' convention. In addition, Lemon's *National Tribune*, which by now had become the unofficial organ of the G. A. R., openly supported the Harrison ticket. The protective interest, the G. A. R. and Lemon were too much

for Cleveland and he went down to defeat, the Democratic party losing both Houses of Congress as well.

In 1890 the Republican politicians paid off their scores. The McKinley Tariff Act, passed in that year, raised duties higher than they had ever been before; by putting sugar on the free list, however, it was found possible to chop off \$50,000,000 from the annual revenues of the government. This was the first assault on the surplus. In 1890, too, the first service pension act for Civil War veterans was made law. This was the second assault on the surplus. Then, by appointing to the pension office the G. A. R.'s leading lobbyist, the Republican chiefs felt assured that there would be little trouble (as he promised) about driving "a six-mule team through the Treasury." This was the third assault on the surplus. Never was statesmanship crowned with a swifter success. By 1891, the surplus had dwindled to \$37,240,000; by 1892 to \$9,914,000; by 1893 it had disappeared. In 1894, when Cleveland was once again President, there was a deficit of \$69,802,000.

The pension measure of 1890 was not called a service pension act. It was designed, theoretically, to aid only those enfeebled veterans who could no longer earn their own livelihoods. But, as the G. A. R. itself made free to admit, the law was going to put on the pension rolls "all of the survivors of the war whose conditions of health are not practically perfect." In how liberal a spirit they might expect the law to be construed the Secretary of Interior, who was responsible for its operation, quickly made plain. In his 1890 report he wrote:

The pension is paid by the government in reward for past services to those who fought to maintain its existence. It has the sanction of the law of self-preservation, which

no government in the treatment of its veterans can safely ignore. The preservation of the nation for which these men fought and endured so much to secure has given to all our people a wonderful degree of prosperity and an almost unlimited ability to pay any obligations honor imposes.

This act of 1890 offered pensions ranging from \$6 to \$12 monthly to all ex-soldiers possessing the following qualifications: an honorable discharge, ninety days' military service, and a permanent physical or mental disability, no matter how contracted, which interfered with the earning of a livelihood by *manual* labor. Service pensions, too, were provided for all widows who had been married to ex-soldiers before 1890. It will be noted that the law said nothing about dependency or financial status. As one Republican spell-binder declared, it was not the aim of his party to take the soldiers out of the poor-house; "we will take care that you never get in!" Therefore, successful merchants, bankers, clerks and legislators who could prove the possession of some chronic ailment (and who, at the age of fifty, cannot?), were not prevented from laying claim to the government's bounty.

It was, in brief, as good a service pension act as any ex-soldier, twenty-five years after the end of the war, could ask for. The veterans grasped immediately the intent of the thoughtful Republican administration. During the 90's, the average annual number of pensioners receiving annuities was 900,000 and the average annual bill was \$138,000,000. This, by our present standards, was not a large sum; yet it represented 40% of the then annual expenditures of the Federal government.

It fell to Theodore Roosevelt in 1904 (when a Presidential election was once more impending), to write *finis* to that

pleasant chapter in American history on whose pages the names of the G. A. R. and the G. O. P. are writ so large. In that fateful year he declared—without bothering to consult Congress on the matter—that old age in itself was an infirmity and that every Civil War veteran who could lay claim to having passed sixty-two Winters was entitled to a pension. In 1907 a willing Congress translated his doctrine into a formal statute. In the same year the G. A. R.'s commander-in-chief, at the national encampment, raised his voice in praise in these words:

President Roosevelt is the friend of the veteran soldiers and sailors of the Republic. Official acts, public declarations and assurances in private conferences warrant the statement that no chief executive in the history of the nation has held or could hold in higher regard the services of the men who saved this Union, and no President has evinced a stronger desire to adequately recognize that service and its results than Theodore Roosevelt.

V

This narrative may, as well as not, have a moral. It is: Watch out for the heroes when they get home.

That we, too, shall before long witness a stupendous raid on the Treasury by veterans, aided and abetted by politicians and economic interests, may be regarded

as more than idle prophecy. The recent bonus grab was only a feeble first attempt, to be compared with the Arrears of Pensions Act of 1879. I even venture to name the date when the real march on the public trough will commence. The adjusted compensation (or bonus) certificates are to fall due in 1944; the national debt will have been liquidated, in large part, by 1945.

I beg those good people who like to mark their calendars ahead to make special note of the year 1945. In that year—or not very far from it—all the good lads and true who hied themselves to the cantonments to make the world safe for democracy will have their service pensions. I am further willing to predict that the cost to the government for the support of those of its heroes who are incapable of earning a livelihood by *manual* labor, though they be otherwise hale, hearty, free and independent, will not be less than \$1,000,000,000 annually. If to this amount we add the average annual expenditure of \$500,000,000 by the Veterans Bureau over the period 1920 to 1970, then the total pension bill of the World War will be, as was said at the beginning of this article, \$50,000,000,000.

But why do I stop with 1970? The reason for that is simple: we shall be fighting some one else by then, and the calculations will have to be begun all over again.

HAPPY ENDING

BY PAT O'MARA

I HAD a presentiment that Smithy was due to take a rap the night he confided to me that he and the roundsman were on the outs over the current rates for protecting gaming-house-speakeasies, of which Smithy's place was one. A peculiar situation. It seemed that the roundsman had made up his mind that he wasn't getting quite enough at the precise moment Smithy decided it would be propitious to slash him a bit. Result: deadlock. When it had been maintained for a fortnight, I suggested cautiously that it might be a good idea to call in a barrister who, at the moment, was going great guns in the more vicious sort of labor disputes. But Smithy laughed at me.

"Mac's just tryin' to hand me the old pazzaza," he said very confidently. "I been doin' business wid him too long now to listen to his blah. Thirty bucks! He'll take his twenny and like it, too! Everybody else around here's been cut, and he ain't no better'n the rest. Mac's oke."

But Mac really wasn't oke at all. Three picked men from Headquarters entered the premises at the exact time hinted at by the indignant roundsman, herded Smithy and his associate, Louie, into the store-room behind the bar, locked it, and posted themselves at strategical points in the house, which as yet was empty of patrons, for it was in the forenoon. Casey took charge of the North room, on the first floor, where the poker games were held; Monahan stationed himself upstairs

near the big room that housed the bar and crap-games; and Finnigan, the kibitzer of the three, naturally won the doormanship, his task being to welcome all patrons when, as and if they appeared, as well as to answer all incoming telephone calls from cabmen *en route* to the place with fares—an amenity always demanded by Smithy to preclude any unseemly overcrowding.

Thus it was that Finnigan first heard from me, along I should say about noon, almost three hours after the Law had taken command.

"Smithy?" I cooed.

"Yeah," lied Finnigan. "What you know?"

"Pat. I got me a guy off a boat. How you fixed?"

"Swell."

"And he's got plenty of kale, so treat me right."

"Oke. Bring him right over."

"In about five minutes, Smithy."

"I'll be waitin' for you, Pat."

He was, too—the same wise-cracking kibitzer who, a few years back, had been pushing a pumpkin cab himself.

"Well," he exclaimed as he opened the door in answer to my two shorts and one long on the buzzer, "this is certainly a pleasure! Go right in that room there on the left—with the rest of the boys. And"—looking at my patron—"Mr. —?"

"Olsen," said the Swede, thinking all this the courtesy of the house and extend-

ing a huge maritime paw. "I bane captain on the *Hultarg*. I yust got in last night."

"Yeah?" Finnigan amiably indicated the stairway. "Go right up there, cap. You'll find the steward in that room there on the left."

"Danks. Yust me?"

"Yeah cap—*yust* you. Your driver gets a lower berth. Go ahead cap—beat it!" Then up the stairway to Monahan: "Draw one, Monny!"

"What's the big idea, Finny?" I asked after my patron had vanished wonderingly up the stairs.

"Why, the joint's pulled—that's the big idea."

"Then that was you on the 'phone?"

"Yeah. Not bad, eh?"

"Well, you ain't gonna hold *me*, are you?"

"Why not?"

"Aw, Finny!"

"Ain't a chance, Pat. Sorry. But this is a Headquarter's job, and I ain't foolin' wid it!"

"Who squawked?"

"I don't know. Somethin' went wrong somewheres. But I know I ain't foolin' wid it." The open-sesame sounded on the buzzer. "Go ahead in there. Talk to Casey. Here comes another sucker."

Constable Casey, also an alumnus of our taxi company, whom I found, cigar in mouth, lolling against the barroom door, was in an even more facetious mood than Finnigan.

"Well, well!" he greeted me from the semi-darkness. "Look who's here!"

He opened the door for me and disclosed three of my associates, one snoring unconvincingly on the lifeless bar and the other two stalking silently around an even more lifeless crap table, like chimpanzees long in captivity. They were Mallet-Head, Windy-Bill, and Duck-Feet, all oldsters in

the cab racket, middle-aged, respectable family men. Quite naturally, they gave me the horse-laugh.

"Look," said Mallet-Head, coming suddenly out of his bogus slumber, "who's here!"

Grinning, Constable Casey closed the door and returned to his post.

"Where'd *you* come from?" asked Windy-Bill after the laugh had subsided. "And who did you bring?"

"A Swede skipper—wanted a quart. Tough."

"Anchors aweigh," said Windy-Bill. "I got me a banker from downtown—wanted two quarts. Tougher."

"I got an actor," moaned Mallet-Head, genuinely despondent. "Them hams and ball-players—I ain't *never* had any luck with them!"

"What are they keepin' us here for?" I asked. "They can't do that, can they?"

"We're here, ain't we?" answered Windy-Bill. "I been here since eleven—and my meter's still tickin' away out there."

"So's mine," said Mallet-Head. "I been here since eleven-thirty. I guess they're waitin' for a load."

"My clock's goin' too," moaned Duck-Feet, "since eleven-thirty, too. And I wound it up special tight on account of comin' in here. Must be hittin' a fin by now, I know! Fine break if this guy don't pay off! It was my own fault: I had no right stoppin' at the Pennsy Station. I shoul'da kept on goin' up town!"

A shuffling of feet sounded outside, the door opened quickly, and Muggsy, a mustached oldster from a rival company, blinking indignantly, was ushered in by Officer Casey. Muggsy has a moronic sense of humor, which he showed immediately by dancing idiotically all around the place.

"Who'd *you* bring in, bum?" we asked him when he had cooled off.

"Some wop from the operry company—wouldn't buy a pint, but just wanted a few drinks," he said, and at that very moment, a loud crystal-clear baritone voice sounded indignantly off stage. "That's him hollerin' now! That dago's plenty sore the way Finny ribbed him. And wait till he hears I've got my meter still bangin' away outside!"

Again the door opened, and this time it was Izzy Marks, a neophyte to the hacks, and up to the Depression, a promising pawnbroker's assistant. There was very little trace of humor in his pale face as we greeted him—and for a very good reason. Only recently he had married into a *kosher* family of means, and was daily awaiting an irate father-in-law's forgiveness, whereby of course he would be rescued from the hacks and put in business.

"What," he asked apprehensively, staring all around him, "they gonna do with us?"

"Waitin' for the photographer," said Windy-Bill maliciously. "They'll turn us loose after they take our pictures. It don't take long."

"Pictures!" gasped Izzy. "What for?"

"Put them in the Art Museum," said Windy-Bill.

"Art Museum, hell!" snapped Mallet-Head. "It's the Rogues' Gallery—that's where they'll hang them."

Izzy's face went green.

"If they do that, my fadder-in-law will find out! Oi, oi, can't ve do nothin'?"

"Call Casey in and let's reason with him," suggested Mallet-Head, and just that minute Casey appeared at the opened door ushering in Spike, another middle-aged colleague of ours, smoking a tremendous cigar with arctic aplomb.

"... And all I want, Casey," he concluded, backing before the officer's shove, "is youse guys don't let them guys get away from me—that's all."

"Don't worry about that, Spike," said Officer Casey grimly as he backed out the door again. "There ain't no rain-checks today—not even for youse guys. This is a Headquarter's job."

I turned to speak up, but a sudden commotion out in the hallway caused Mr. Casey to withdraw swiftly. The next moment who should be cast among us but Pie-Face Rooney, an aged and bent hacker, looking bewildered, outraged, and despondent, all at the same time?

"What a tough break this is!" he moaned. "Me wid four of them, and all wanted a quart apiece!"

"Four!" said Spike contemptuously. "I had *five* of them—the suckers thought they could shoot crap! Smithy'd gimme a sawbuck for that crowd, I know."

"Tough!" said Windy-Bill sardonically. "But stop your squawkin'. We've all took it on the chin, ain't we?"

"I ain't squawkin'," retorted Pie-Face. "I'm just sayin' it's a tough break, that's all."

Duck-Feet started rattling a pair of dice, and surveying the gang quizzically. Then he chucked a quarter on the deck, which was covered immediately. The dice rolled out: we all crowded around.

"Crap!" came the roar as the numbers unfolded.

Officer Monahan's voice sounded off:

"I'm jammed up here. Better let some of these guys go down with the chauffeurs."

Then Casey's: "Oke, Monny. Shoot 'em down, one at a time."

Duck-Feet rolled the dice again for a quarter, and this time made a six. Again he rolled them and sixed. The fifty cents

in the pot lay undisturbed. "Shoot the works!" he muttered grimly.

Suddenly Officer Casey slipped in and grabbed the fifty cents, putting it in his pocket.

"Cut that stuff out, fellers," he said beligerently, "or you'll be gettin' me in wrong. Make a little room for these other guys. . . ."

II

Among the nine guests entering reluctantly from upstairs was my patron, Captain Olsen of the *Hultarg*; Windy-Bill's banker; Mallet-Head's actor; Duck-Feet's customer, a horse trainer; a youthful member of Spike's party; and Muggsy's baritone. The remaining three were youthful local crap-shooters who had made a call unchaperoned and together. Izzy and Pie-Face, it seemed, were the only two drivers not lucky enough to draw their patrons. The room was now filled to capacity. With the crap game abandoned at Casey's command, we all shuffled around uneasily, particularly Duck-Feet, who hadn't as yet recovered from Casey's unconscionable steal. Captain Olsen, a vastly changed man (as indeed all the guests were), spotting me, came over and expressed his profound regret at the embarrassment he had caused me. It all seemed so strange and unreasonable to him.

"Dis is a proibission raid, no?"

"No, cap," I answered. "Something on the same order, though."

Then he sat down on the bed beside the actor, who was, like the baritone, a young, handsome, dashing sort of chap. These two, pensive and silent, cast sidelong glances pregnant with meaning at each other—the look of professional jealousy, I took it. Duck-Feet's trainer's face showed

a very belligerent glare, as also did those of the rest of the guests. It was the banker, his face white and not listening to a single word that Windy-Bill was saying to him, who interested me most. Uneasiness there was in that face, but also determination and fortitude. You could feel sure that *he* would be the last to lose his head. He had been driven here hoping to get a few surreptitious beers, plus a pint of good stuff perhaps; then back swiftly to his own world. He fidgetted near the door, opened it, stepped out into the hall, came back a moment later, wearing a faint smile.

Presently, I noticed a curious phenomena: each driver, with the exception of the unfortunate Izzy and Pie-Face, had selected his patron and tagged himself definitely alongside him. Explaining, ingratiating—and above all, taking no chances on a separation. We all remembered that the taximeters were still running. Captain Olsen, after earnest solicitation from me, was describing his early years before the mast. The horse-trainer was giving Duck-Feet the low-down on veterinary science. The actor, the baritone, the banker and Spike's man sat staring into space as their chauffeurs explained, commiserated, advised.

Suddenly, the baritone turned acridly upon Muggsy.

"Bah," he exclaimed, "you seeken me! How mucha money I owe you?"

"Well, sir," said Muggsy. "I can't tell till we get through. Whatever's on the meter. It figgers out about a buck and a half an hour waitin' time. That's just a rough guess, though."

"What!" demanded the baritone galvanically stirred. "You charge me while I'm in here?"

"It ain't my fault, mister. If I don't kick in what's on the meter I lose my job. I tried to done you a favor, ain't I?"

"Thees ees outrageous!"

"Sure it is!" agreed Muggsy. "But it ain't my fault. You take them chances when you come to a joint like this."

"I ask you first, ees thees place awri, and you say eet ees awri—no? But eet ees not awri!" Then with a determined flourish. "I no pay for what ees not awri!"

"You said it!" put in the actor, coming suddenly, it would seem, to the aid of a brother artist. "I'll be damned if I am either!"

"Eh?" said Mallet-Head darkly and confronting his patron quickly. "Now listen, friend, I don't wanna hear a lotta that stuff, the way I'm feelin' now!"

"I know I ain't payin' for it!" said the horse-trainer categorically as he edged away from Duck-Feet. Then to my great surprise Captain Olsen of the *Hultarg* got up slowly, apologized with a look—and went over to the opposition!

For the moment it seemed as if our cause was hopeless, but then one of the three local crap-shooters (speaking for all three, it seemed) had at our patrons:

"What are you guys kickin' about? Them kids has got to kick in what's on their dampers. They ain't hookin' you. Youse guys ast to come to this joint, didn'tcha?"

That encouraged us greatly, and Spike, the bravest of us all, moved menacingly upon the horse-trainer. But the trainer very coolly pointed to Spike's poised fist.

"What are you gonna do with that, chauffeur?"

"Why," replied Spike, "I'm gonna poke you —"

"Gentlemen!" It was the banker, tight-lipped, who had spoken, a voice arresting and commanding. Spike's fist relaxed; the combatants—and we were all more or less set to go—lost their rigidity and stared at the man. "Gentlemen, this thing is unfor-

tunate enough in itself, without aggravating it in this way. Think of the publicity we will get if we turn this otherwise placid delay into a battle-royal. Let us be more prudent." He leaned forward. "All we have to do—as the officer outside very wisely suggested a moment ago—is give our wrong names to the judge and duck the newspaper cameras."

"Oil! Oil!" ejaculated Izzy. "That's it, mister! If you was my fare, I would give you a special price!"

"There will be a nominal fine, no doubt," continued the banker, "but that's about all."

"But how about our dough?" demanded Spike, still very much full of fight, and no mean psychologist himself. "Youse guys can't get away with that stuff, and what's more, none of you ain't!"

"Come now, my boy!" pleaded the banker. "Put yourself in our position. You wouldn't like being charged for this waiting time, would you?"

"We gotta protect our jobs, don't we? Youse guys don't know what us guys is up agen. We gotta give the company a fin at least—all the time we been in here."

"Fin? That's five dollars—correct?"

"Yeah."

"Well, now, that seems fair enough to me." The banker turned to his crowd. "Suppose we fund this debt at five dollars a chauffeur, non cumulative. . . ?"

"I pay notheengl!" roared the baritone.

"Nor me either!" came the chorus.

"Then you, you big bum," said Muggsy to the Italian, "will take that! And that!"

III

After the baritone's head, the table was the first thing to crash. It was possible in the mêlée to hit but one way—and that straight ahead. Catching a sickening blow

behind the ear, I swung lustily at Izzy right in front of me, who in turn kicked at the Swede. Fists flew around the room. One moment I found myself on the floor, and the next being carried bodily toward the window, and the next kicking or hitting someone, any one. The lounge crashed. Then the door bashed in and the three startled cops joined the battle.

Officer Casey was the first of them to go down, propelled by Duck-Feet's huge paw. Presently Officer Monahan crashed against the window, and, diplomatically enough, fell through it and slid down a shed roof to the backyard. Officer Finnigan, clipped immediately by Spike, dropped and crouched under the table fearfully as we roared, kicked and pummeled one another. He reached for his gun, but just then the remainder of the table crashed and fell upon him.

Slowly but surely Muggsy was choking the life out of the baritone, while the actor was evening things up nicely by pushing Mallet-Head through the broken window. Every one was hitting every one else—without discrimination. The Swede's face loomed in front of me and instinctively I let go—and missed, falling in a heap on top of the gasping Finnigan. With madmen's feet tramping over us, we stared at each other, a great fear showing in Finnigan's eyes. A foot crushed down on his neck, and he yelped in pain. Then he let fly at me, catching me squarely between the eyes, and I pounded immediately at the most accessible object—the bulky form of the horse-trainer, himself in a death-grip with the snarling Duck-Feet. Then Windy-Bill dropped down in a heap beside me, followed immediately by the

banker, now a greatly transformed man who cursed horribly and swung lustily at the groaning Windy-Bill.

The very walls seemed to shake. Murder seemed inevitable, when suddenly the eager faces of Smithy and Louie popped into sight, followed immediately by the sharp metallic clang of the patrol wagon out in the street.

"Heh, youse guys! Cut the comedy! Here comes the wagon!"

The words seemed to paralyze every swinging arm and foot. Izzy rose from behind the bar and followed Smithy down the shed roof. Then followed the rush, some through the open window and some through the door and down the stairs. I took the shed roof and fell to the yard—and stood there quivering. Once out in the alley I saw that the banker was running east, alone; the baritone west, alone; the actor north, alone; and the horse-trainer south, also alone. My colleagues were nowhere to be seen.

I caught sight of Captain Olsen, hurriedly making his toilet as he ran, heading mightily in the general direction of the waterfront. In a few minutes I drew alongside of him.

"Come on, cap!" I said very pleasantly. "My cab's around the corner."

"Yah?" he said skeptically, keeping on the run.

"Sure," I said. "No hard feelings. I got you in this jam, and I'll get you out of it. I'll treat you right. Come on!"

"Oke!"

A half-hour later, in Phil's new joint, we were as good friends as ever, and he settled the \$14.55 taxi bill like a true sailorman.

NOTES ON A GREAT AMERICAN

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

WILLIAM JAY GAYNOR died twenty years ago, and twenty years is a long time for a man's memory to last. When the mayoralty of New York was so much in the public eye lately, I thought it would be a good time to see whether any one remembered him. I tried out five candidates; a corporation lawyer from Wall Street, a Southern editor, a mid-Western politician, and a business man and a young doctor, both of the latter New Englanders. I got the same response from all of them, in practically the same words.

What struck me particularly was how prompt they were in lighting up at my mention of his name. "Gaynor was a great man," said the lawyer, in a tone of real reverence, "a great lawyer, and a great man." The editor said, "I have believed for years that he was the best man ever heard of in public office in America." "He stood by himself," said the doctor. "There has never been one like him in our later public life." Perhaps among our millions I happened to hit on the only five who remembered him in this way, but even that is something in these days.

As an American executive, Gaynor seems to me to stand alone, for he actually *did* what we *say*—what we say on the Fourth of July, what spellbinders talk about at election time in the rural districts. He actually carried out what we call the American idea of the function of a public servant under democracy. To be-

gin with, when he became mayor, he laid down the fundamental principle set forth in the Massachusetts Bill of Rights, that government in America is a government of laws and not of men, and he never lost an occasion, great or small, for hammering that principle into the public mind. He had not been long in office before the so-called moral element in New York went on the warpath against the exhibition of prize-fights in moving pictures. A clergyman wrote to Gaynor, asking him to suppress these exhibitions, and the return mail put this flea in his ear:

Will you be so good as to remember that ours is a government of laws, and not of men? Will you please get that well into your head? I am not able to do as I like as mayor. I must take the law just as it is, and you may be absolutely certain that I shall not take the law into my own hands. You say you are glad to see that the mayors of many cities have "ordered" that these pictures shall not be exhibited. Indeed! Who set them up as autocrats? If there be some valid law giving any mayor any such power, then he can exercise it; otherwise, not. The growing exercise of arbitrary power in this country by those put in office would be far more dangerous and is far more to be dreaded than certain other vices that we all wish to minimize or be rid of. People little know what they are doing when they try to encourage officials to resort to arbitrary power.

One of the fine specimens of that untutored rectitude in which for some reason our unhappy country seems to specialize,

wrote to Gaynor for advice. He had been elected justice of the peace in Oak Park, Ill., and was in doubt about the ethics of assessing fines for petty offenses, as by law provided, and also about the ethics of collecting his own fees. Gaynor replied:

You ask if Jesus would assess such fines and collect such fees if He were in your place. You seem to be a man who thinks himself wiser and better than the law, and above the law. That kind of man is the most dangerous that can be put into office, especially in a free country. . . . Suppose every judge in the country, from the highest to the lowest, took it into his head to ignore the law and decide cases to suit himself. What a woeful condition that would very soon put us all in! And yet you, a little justice of the peace out in Oak Park, Illinois, want to act in that way! As to your fees, neither Jesus nor any one else cares whether you collect them or not.

In 1912 the Superintendent of Public Instruction asked Gaynor for a message to be read to all the school-children of New York on the Fourth of July. He got it. Not a scream from the eagle, not a word of fustian about the Founding Fathers, or about how grand and glorious our civilization is, how good and wise we all are, and above all, how rich. Instead, about 800 words of a magnificent exposition of what republican government really is, and what the people's responsibility for it is—sound, old-fashioned American doctrine, mostly in words of one syllable. It ended with this:

We must therefore be vigilant of every little approach to despotism, however little it may be. We must see to it that those whom we elect to office do not go outside of the laws, or set themselves up above the laws, and do as they please. It has always been the case throughout the world that the officials who did this did it on the plea that the laws were not good enough; that they could do better than the laws prescribed.

Beware of all such officials. We do not want officials who have any lust of power. We want officials who are very careful about exercising power. We want officials who are careful to exercise no power except that given to them by the people by their laws. There is no more dangerous man in a free country, in a democracy, than an official who thinks he is better than the laws. The good man in office should be most careful not to set a bad example or precedent for his bad successor, who will come along sooner or later.

Perhaps Gaynor's unfailing example of staunch law-abiding did some good; perhaps his masterly expositions of it did some good. Yet it is a humiliating reflection for an American, that if he had lived only four years longer, he would have seen at Washington just such an administration as he held up for the detestation of those school-children; an administration led by just such men as he declared most dangerous—and such men acting at their very worst.

One must wonder sometimes what would have happened if Gaynor had been the Democratic nominee in 1912, instead of Wilson. He was supposed to be headed that way, via the mayoralty and the governorship, and at one time was regarded as the best vote-getter the Democrats had. But he would not take the governorship in 1910, and in declining it he also put his foot hard down on the Presidential idea. "I am not a candidate for Governor, and cannot be made a candidate," he wrote. "As for myself or my political future, I shall not consider that at all. Mr. Watterson is in error in supposing that I have the Presidency in mind. Never!"

It is not a matter of record that Gaynor ever said anything that he did not mean, or (which is far more remarkable) that he ever meant anything that he did not say. But if he had been President, and had

lived out his term, we would have seen no such doings as we did see in that trying period. Old-fashioned believers might think the Lord put it into Gaynor's heart to feel that way toward the Presidency, because as a nation we needed chastening. I am not sure they would be wrong; at any rate, we got the chastening, and we got it good and hard.

II

Another sterling old American principle (or so at least we call it when our patriotism is on dress-parade) is that "the only way to enforce the law is the way prescribed by law." The words are Gaynor's own, but he did not invent the principle, although many citizens of New York seemed to think he did, judging by their surprise when he announced it. One man of wealth and prominence told him it would be impossible to cope with crime on any such principle as that, and Gaynor crisply replied, "Then don't."

Twenty years ago, the moral element was very busy making life as disagreeable as possible all round, and naturally it fell foul of moving pictures, in which great multitudes were beginning to find pleasure. New York's moral element badgered the Board of Aldermen into passing an ordinance creating a censorship, and Gaynor promptly vetoed it. In his message he said that the law governing such exhibitions was clear and sufficient, and that the way to enforce it was the way prescribed by the law itself. He cited the State and Federal Constitutions as plainly providing that "publications, whether oral or printed or by writing or by pictures, shall not be restrained in advance, but that every one shall be free to speak and publish what he sees fit, subject to being prosecuted afterward for libel, immorality,

obscenity or indecency therefor." If any one published anything contrary to law, he should be punished for it, but the law was against advance judgment on the part of any one. This ended the matter, except for a rap at the motives of the people who wanted a censorship. The movies, he said, were attended largely by those who could not afford to pay theatre-prices.

Why are we singling out these people as subjects necessary to be protected by a censorship? Are they any more in need of protection by censorship than the rest of the community? That was once the view which prevailed in government, and there are some among us, ignorant of, or untaught by, past ages, who are of that view now. Are they better than the rest of us, or worse?

But what most disturbed and perplexed the right-thinking citizens of New York was his enforcement of this principle on the police. He stopped the practice of making arrests without warrant and without evidence of crime. In a sharp letter to the police commissioner concerning the illegal arrest of an eighteen-year-old boy, he said:

The police must be made to understand that they cannot arrest and lock people up as they like, but that they must keep within the law. The only way to enforce the law is the way prescribed by law. That which cannot be done lawfully must not be done at all, by the police or any other public officials, from the President of the United States down. This is a government of laws and not of men.

This was news to New York, where, as Gaynor said, "all over the city decent people had been clubbed, mistreated and insulted for years." By doing away with petty, unnecessary and blackmailing arrests, he cut down the total of arrests by over 100,000 a year. Incidentally, this destroyed the business of the professional bondsmen, whose habit was to split their

fees with the policemen who made the arrests. In a preface to the police manual for 1912, he told the police to remember that "your chief business is to keep outward order and decency, and arrest real criminals, not good citizens guilty only of some small thing." People so little knew what to make of this that "outward order and decency" was for some time a phrase in everybody's mouth.

He stopped the practice of photographing arrested persons before conviction. He did away with the so-called special police, of whom there were about 1300 in New York. These were men sworn in as policemen, thereby becoming public officers, and then turned over to the pay and orders of private persons and firms. He also stopped the police from taking sides in strikes and labor disputes, thereby drying up a source of graft—one officer who was disciplined for this offence got as much as \$1000 from an employer.

In dealing with corruption in the force, he took the method of separating the police from the sources of graft. He took away from the general police force all supervision over saloons, gambling-houses and houses of prostitution, and created a special force for the purpose, placing it under the immediate orders of the commissioner himself. This was the best he could do under certain sections of the city charter, of which he said, "No better device for the practice of official extortion and blackmail could be devised than that afforded by these two sections." Nevertheless, his method worked well, reducing corruption until "it was never less in the police department for a generation than during the past two years."

He stopped entirely the practice of forcible entry, visitation and inspection of private premises, at will and without a warrant. "It is always easy," he explained

in his message to the Board of Aldermen, "to get a warrant from a magistrate to enter a house when necessary. If no evidence can be found to lay before a magistrate on oath, that in itself shows that the house should not be entered."

III

Another good old American doctrine which he followed faithfully is that no public man or institution is wise enough or good enough to put himself or itself above criticism. In Gaynor's time, Socialism was not as well understood as it is now, and people were more nervous about it. A Socialist meeting in Union Square usually got the same sort of attention from the police and the public that Communist meetings get nowadays. In a message to the Board of Aldermen, Gaynor laid down the law on this point:

I have particularly made the police authorities understand that those who entertain views of government, or of economic or social order, different from ours, are not to be interfered with or denied the right of freedom of speech and of assembly on that account. A propaganda by intellectual persuasion and peaceable means for changes in form of government or in the economic or social order, is lawful, and not to be meddled with, much less oppressed, by the police. The Socialists do not believe in individualism, but in collectivism [here followed a precise statement of Socialist doctrine] . . . That it clearly appears to the rest of us that this scheme would, by doing away with incentives to individual exertion, greatly reduce production and thereby increase poverty and distress, is no reason for denying to those who advocate it rights secured to every one by our system of government.

Gaynor always had a great horror of any menace to the rights of free speech and free assembly, even the menace implied by the mere presence of policemen.

Two weeks after he took office, in a letter to one of his department heads, he laid down the principle that "we must not only deal with people with justice, but also with the appearance of justice, the latter sometimes being as essential as the former." He knew that people did not like to see policemen around their meetings, because it implied that they were not going to behave themselves, or else did not know how to behave peaceably and properly. Gaynor sympathized with their resentment. In a speech in 1912, reported in all the papers, he told the public exactly what they might expect, and why they might expect it:

There is a notion abroad that you people need policemen to keep you in order. When we have a political meeting, people think they must have an army of police there. Now, I did something this year that will make you laugh, because nobody knew about it. It was given out in the paper that a Bull Moose meeting up at Madison Square Garden was to be policed by 1000 policemen. Didn't you read that? Hearst put it in his paper, so it must be true. I had already instructed the police commissioner [Waldo] to stop sending policemen to political meetings, except large meetings that might need protection on the outside. It used to be the fashion to have them inside at meetings like this, and at weddings and funerals.

Now, I asked Waldo how many he was going to have at the Bull Moose meeting. "Well," he said, "I guess about 100." I said, "Waldo, cut it down to fifty." And there were just fifty policemen at that meeting. They were all on the outside, and we didn't allow one to go in the inside at all. . . . And then the Wilson meeting was coming on, so I said to Waldo, "I have a notion to have no policemen go there." He said, "Well, the others had fifty, and maybe this year we ought to give them fifty." So I said, "All right, let the fifty go." But the next time we will keep quiet and send nobody at all and see what happens. Now I have let the cat

out of the bag, so that if you have a big meeting here next year, maybe there will be no policemen at all, and those people who read what I am saying tonight will certainly be writing me letters to send police to keep the people from killing one another.

Gaynor himself was free enough in his criticism of men and institutions. He had none of the politician's pliancy and was never on the fence. I have read a great many of his judicial opinions, messages and letters, and never yet found one sentence that was slippery, ambiguous or hesitant. The pernicious freemasonry of jobholding meant nothing to him.

He was sixteen years on the bench of the State's highest court; yet I do not know of a hotter grilling that the Supreme Court of the United States ever received than the one he gave it before the Yale Forum in 1912. He took as his text the four famous, or infamous "due process of law" decisions, and his treatment of what is known as the Bakeries Case may serve as a sample of his critical approach. After describing the underground bake-oven as "the hottest and most uncomfortable place on earth," and easily made one of the most unsanitary, he spoke of the law that the Supreme Court had declared unconstitutional:

One of the regulations was that ten hours a night was all that a baker should work in those places. To do credit to our State courts, they said it was a reasonable law, that it was a fair health law, and they approved of it. But it got up to the Supreme Court of the United States in some way, and that court, by a vote of five to four, as is usual in important matters, decided that the act was unconstitutional and void because it deprived the journeyman bakers of the liberty of working all night in bake-ovens if they wanted to. That is exactly the decision. They said it took away their liberty. There were no journeyman bakers

that I know of clamoring for any such liberty. . . .

Judge Peckham [who wrote the opinion] said for the court that the question was whether it [the act] was a fair and reasonable exercise of legislative power. And he said no, it was not. But who is the judge of that, pray? Who made him the judge of it, pray? Who made any court in the land the judge of that, against your will? If you, by which I mean the intelligent people of any State, conclude that it is a fair and reasonable thing to limit the hours of work in these bake-ovens to ten hours in one night, if enlightened public sentiment comes to that conclusion, I want to know where any court in this land was given the power to set that enlightened public sentiment at naught and overthrow it.

No wonder New Yorkers rubbed their eyes over their newspapers every morning in those days, and wondered what things down in the City Hall were coming to, for no officeholder since Thomas Jefferson had ever taken that tone toward the Supreme Court; and not Thomas Jefferson himself ever lodged a more vigorous protest against judicial usurpation than this which followed on the foregoing. After defining the "police power" of the legislature, he said:

But, say the courts, we will keep the decision to ourselves whether a given statute is fairly and reasonably for the "health, comfort, morals, safety, or general welfare." It is not enough that the Legislature and those who elected it think so and say so. The Legislature may debate it. They may collect statistics on it. Benevolent people may work upon it. The law may be passed unanimously by the Legislature and signed by the Governor and meet the wishes of the whole State. But we, we, mind you—or I, if it happen to be one judge—reserve to ourselves or to myself—big I and little you—the question whether it is such as is reasonable and fair and necessary, or not. All I say is that we have given no such power to the courts.

But while criticism should be as free and forceful as you like, it must come after the fact, and never before. It is good Americanism again, that if you leave a thing to a responsible officer, you leave it to him. After he has acted on it, you are free to say exactly what you think, but not before. In the same speech Gaynor gave out this canon of criticism to the young men of the Yale Law School very definitely:

Never let any one get it out of your mind that the judges are public officials just like mayors and Governors, like myself and Governor Baldwin, and open to public criticism just as we are, neither more nor less. We can not criticize them while they have a case before them. Ordinary decency requires that we remain mute—not like some newspapers, which tell them how to decide it, and do the whole thing for them. We have to keep still until they have made their decision. But as soon as they make it we have a right to discuss it and criticize it if we want to, and pick it to pieces if we can.

IV

Another principle which Gaynor always exemplified is one that we would all like to think is American if the facts were not so ludicrously against any such idea. That is the principle of ordinary common sense—horse sense—in legislation.

American lawmaking has for generations been a mere riot of ignorance and fantastic foolery, which has burdened us with an array of statutes that omnipotence could not enforce, and that no one in his right mind would want enforced. Gaynor set himself against this on every occasion, sometimes by learned and serious exposition in his messages and speeches, and also very often in his letters by his favorite device of answering a fool according to his folly; which in-

deed never does any good to the fool, but may set wiser persons to thinking. He put the principle seriously, but with a nice touch of irony, to the Politics Club of Columbia University:

We very often think (and that is one of the falsest notions in politics) that we can cure ills by passing laws. Not so. The distance between the passing of a law and its observance is often immeasurable. No law is worth anything unless it is backed up by the community, and even then you have hard work to get it enforced. The Ten Commandments are not too well observed, so far, are they? And yet they are backed up by the community and by all the preachers.

A specimen of his epistolary method is seen in his reply to a reformer who got on a high horse about prostitution, and urged the system of segregation. Gaynor answered:

How would you do it? It is very easy to mark off a district by law or ordinance, but how would you get the women to go there and stay there? Will you undertake the job to catch them and bring them into that district? And after you get them there, who will keep them there? . . . And you ask whether the women should not be inspected. How could you find them to inspect them? If there were a law for such inspections, how many out of the whole number would come forward for inspection, and if they did not come forward, how do you think they could be found? . . . It is easy to pass laws and ordinances, and to talk, and say this ought to be so and that ought to be so, but the doing of it is another thing. No law should be passed which is not enforceable.

One more principle of old-fashioned Americanism is that the office should seek the man, not the man the office. Gaynor seems never to have shown any ambition for more than a plain citizen's part in politics. He twice declined nominations that would have made him Governor (the

one in 1910 leading straight to the Presidency), twice the mayoralty of New York, and once the mayoralty of Brooklyn. He even declined the judgeship which he afterward accepted under strong pressure; but once in it, he seemed to think it suited him, and he remained there. It must be clear, I think, that his attitude toward public office was consistently American. What man who was thinking about votes or nominations would ever put anything like this into a public speech that he knew would be reported next day by every paper in New York?

Every time I go to Albany or to Washington I cannot help looking at the people around, not only some of the legislators, but the people who come there. Did you ever see such a lot of gabby people, and so many sharpers, and so many small people? And they look so cagey, did you ever notice? I was over in Washington recently, and that was the one thing I said to the man that was with me, "Let's get away from here. I never saw so many cagey-looking people." At the Capitol, even at the White House, in the outer room, and especially in the lobby of the hotels—every man a gabby, cagey little fellow.

Or this, with reference to two mighty men in the moral element that was almost all-powerful in the country in Gaynor's time, and is still potent enough to make jobseekers prayerfully cautious:

I thank you for the good will of your letter. You advise me to "pay no attention to Dr. Parkhurst" and harsh people like him. When did I ever pay any attention to him or them, or even to the Rev. Rabbi Wise, except now and then to say a jovial word or two about them to make them feel good? . . . To think oneself good, or better than others, is a mental trait which is hard to overcome by those who are afflicted with it. It is even reckoned a disease among physicians, and has a name. That is an additional reason why we

should forbear and overlook. And you know there are people who think they are pious when they are only bilious.

I think a fair and reasonable test of Gaynor's disinterestedness toward public office would be to imagine Mr. Hoover or Mr. Roosevelt adopting this tone toward two great masses of political power, at any time these last seven or eight years.

V

These five points of sterling Americanism take up all my space, so that I can not speak of Gaynor on the side of his learning, culture, humor, his range of interest and knowledge, or his sound and prophetic sense of fundamental economics. I hear that a biography of him has been published lately, which presumably deals with these matters, but I have not seen it. I hope it is a good one, for he should be made the subject of a really great biography.

My experience with the five people I mentioned at the beginning encourages me to give my own opinion, which I have held for more than twenty years, that Gaynor was the greatest man, taken all round, that has appeared in our public life since Mr. Jefferson, and also the soundest American. Hence I think a really great literary treatment of him would take rank with the world's standard books—it would be a classic. The trouble is that America seems to have gone entirely away from people of Gaynor's kind, so I suppose not many would read it.

Gaynor is said to have had faults of temper. One of his associates at the City

Hall told me that sometimes "you pretty well had to feed him off the end of a pole." But he said also that the things Gaynor was impatient with were the sort that any one with any character ought to be impatient with, and that in all other circumstances Gaynor was always reasonable and equable; and for all I ever heard to the contrary, this is true.

He made a grand lot of enemies, but in the retrospect of twenty years they seem to be the sort of people that one would do one's level best to keep clear of, whether in this world or in the next. Gaynor had nothing in common with the saponaceous political liberalism that was rife in his period. Messiahship, too, was out of his line. He seems also to have had a bitter hatred of pretentiousness and showmanship, especially when it took the guise of civic virtue. Hence as time has sifted and weighed the men who were his enemies, one may say that they do him credit.

Life in New York under Gaynor was pretty interesting—interesting and stimulating. I had a good sample, and I know. One felt that something might really come of it, that it had at least a dog's chance to become reasonably enlightened and civilized. One felt that certain essential integrities were displacing bogus platitudes, that self-respect and dignity had some sort of place in civic life. *Civis Romanus sum* seemed to be on its way to mean something. A decent citizen did not have to be all the time squirming around to keep on the windward side of himself. He could hold his head up, and that is an agreeable sensation.

One cannot have it now.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Music

THE TRUTH ABOUT WAGNER AND KING LUDWIG

BY ERNEST NEWMAN

WHEN Walpole's son proposed to read some history to him, the old man's reply was, "Not history! I know it must be false." He had not been Prime Minister of England without discovering that the outer course of events as they look to the world, and the actual course of events as insiders know them, are two very different things; and he drew the rational conclusion that of times past, in connection with which we have hardly any authentic original documents, there can be no genuine history—little more than fable and speculation.

Nietzsche said that all Wagner biography was either *fable convenue*, or worse. Time has proved him to be fairly right. But if, with all that has been published about Wagner during the last seventy years or so, it is still difficult, at many points, to separate fact from fable, what conclusion can we come to, in the case of composers with regard to whom first-hand documents are scarce, than that the standard biographies of them are the merest *fable convenue*? No one would dream of accepting Wagner's account of his relations with this or that person as authentic in the absence of corroborative documents; yet everyone innocently assumes that Mozart's reading of the character of the Archbishop of Salzburg can be accepted as gospel without considering what the Archbishop might have to say about it all if he were put in the witness-box.

I have been driven to the mournful conclusion, after much study of the Wagner records, that the bulk of what passes for musical biography is not worth the paper it is written on. For if in the Wagner case, with ten thousand first-hand documents before us, it is difficult, if not impossible, for us to get at the truth of this or that quite simple-looking matter, how can we persuade ourselves we are within a thousand miles of the truth in cases where we have nothing to go upon but a stray legend or two?

The exasperating feature of the Wagner case is that no matter how thoroughly this or that episode in his career appears to be documented, fresh papers keep appearing that force us to take a new view of it. The older Wagner Lives told what seemed to be, on the face of it, a credible enough story of his adventures in Munich during the few years that immediately followed his "rescue" by King Ludwig in May, 1864. The story received various amplifications and modifications as time went on; and at each stage we thought that the full truth had at last been told. Sebastian Röckl, in his two invaluable volumes on "Ludwig II and Richard Wagner" (1913 and 1920), made a number of official and other documents available for the first time. Political historians like Böhm and Döberl have thrown many a side-light on the relations of Wagner and the King; while Du Moulin Eckart's biography of Cosima furnished us with a great number of new letters of the period. But still there remained, and no

doubt yet remains, a good deal to be told; though the most recent revelations made in Germany certainly seem at last to bring us near to the final truth of the matter.

Readers of the Wagner story will be familiar with the name of Pfistermeister, the Cabinet Secretary to King Ludwig in the years of Wagner's first residence in Munich; and Pfistermeister has been generally looked at by good Wagnerians through Wagner's eyes, just as Archbishop Colloredo has always been looked at through the eyes of Mozart and his father. But documents are now becoming available that enable us to see the other side of the Munich story. Pfistermeister died in 1912, at the great age of ninety-two; and his diaries, as well as a number of letters to him from King Ludwig, have recently been made accessible to research. Other State and semi-State documents have also come under the microscope of late, with the result that more than one Wagnerian legend goes by the board.

We had all taken for granted, for instance, the truth of the story that when Wagner borrowed 40,000 gulden of the King in October, 1865, the Court officials, in order to stir up the public against the composer, made Cosima call personally for the money, which was paid to her in silver coins, the sacks containing which she had to transport through the streets. It now appears that this fiction was refuted by Dürck, on the basis of official documents, so long ago as 1904. The rest of us may be forgiven for not having seen this refutation earlier; but it is difficult to believe that it was not known to the official Wagnerians. Yet the fiction is blandly repeated by Glasenapp, Du Moulin, and others!

Several things become clear in the light of the most recent documents relating to

this epoch. There can be no question that Wagner interfered much more in Bavarian political affairs than has hitherto been supposed. In part we can acquit him of personal motives. Then, as always, his primary concern was with art; he believed himself to be the instrument appointed by Providence for a wholesale reform of German culture, and his main object in working for a new theatre and a new music school in Munich was to inaugurate a new era in art. Of itself this would have been sufficient, human nature being what it is, to arouse antagonisms on every side. All kinds of vested interests saw themselves threatened: the local musicians resented his bringing to Munich, to replace *them*, satellites such as Bülow, Cornelius, and the Leipzig singing teacher Schmitt, to say nothing of literary fuglemen like Ludwig Nohl and Porges.

But at first there was no prejudice whatever in Munich against Wagner, and probably all would have gone well with his artistic plans had it not been for his persistent interference in politics on the one side, and, on the other, the scandal created by his personal extravagance and by his notorious relations with Bülow's wife. The good Münchenerers soon realised that a quite disproportionate amount of the public funds, or of the private funds of the King, was going into the pockets of Wagner. At the first blush there appears to be nothing excessive in the pension ostensibly granted to him to enable him to settle down, free from care, to the completion of the "Ring". But it came out in time that the stipend was not 1200 florins (about \$600), as the public had been informed, but 4000 florins. The King's first gift to him of 16,000 florins to pay off his enormous debts was followed by that loan of 40,000 florins to which reference has been made above.

In October, 1864, he signed a contract under which he was to receive for the "Ring" (which was to be completed within three years), 30,000 florins, 18,000 to be paid to him at once, the remainder by October, 1867. (He had already sold the "Rhinegold" and "Valkyrie" to Otto Wesendonk for 12,500 florins, and had further received from his benefactor, in advance, 12,000 florins for "Siegfried" and the "Götterdämmerung". He had now to ask Wesendonk to relinquish his rights in favor of the King; and Otto generously did so.) By December, 1865, when Ludwig, bowing to public opinion, had to ask Wagner to leave Munich for a time, he had received from the Bavarian funds no less than 99,400 florins; a fact which did not prevent him from borrowing 375 florins from Bülow during the same period.

In his personal way of living he indulged himself in extravagance that made him the talk of the town. Munich at that time was a smallish place of 166,000 inhabitants, whose general standard of living was modest. The pay of a superior *Landesgerichtsrat* was 2800 florins, that of a *Gymnasialrector* 2200 florins, that of a *Regierungsrat* 1800 florins, that of a *Ministerialrat* of eighteen years' service only 3900 florins. In November, 1865 the local *Volksbote* said that Wagner had received in all 190,000 florins from the Treasury. Wagner thereupon wrote angrily to the King, pointing out that the information could have come only from some source inside the Cabinet, and urging him to appoint new ministers. The King refused.

Part of the trouble came from the fact that Wagner greatly fancied himself as a politician. "I knew him at once for a visionary" was Bakunin's contemptuous commentary on him after the Dresden rising of 1849. Without attributing to

King Ludwig's ministers any more intelligence or any more honesty than we are inclined to allow politicians in general, we can see at a glance that, however admirable Wagner's artistic plans might be, in practical politics he was a visionary who would be more than likely to bring disaster upon the country if he were allowed free play. Music was, after all, too small a thing to be a full-time job for that restless and energetic intellect. He was as convinced that he could govern a kingdom as that he could plan a conservatoire; and he found it impossible to resist the temptation placed in his way by the unique power he had over the King in the early days. Moreover, the Bavarian Minister-President was that same von der Pforten who, as Saxon Minister of Education in 1849, had stood in the way of Wagner's schemes for the reform of the Dresden theatre; and the opportunity now to fight this official, not as a poor little *Kapellmeister* but as the favorite of a King, was too good to be rejected.

There can be no doubt that Wagner—though mainly, as I have said, in order to further his artistic aims—interfered far more in Bavarian politics than was at one time thought to be the case; and that Pfistermeister and the others opposed in him not the artist *per se* but the visionary and adventurer who, had he been given his head, would almost certainly have wrecked the finances of the State. The King seems more than once to have had his doubts about Wagner's political wisdom, but his judgment and his will alike always collapsed as soon as he came into personal contact with the magician. It says much for Wagner's fascination that the alliance between them was not dissolved much earlier than it actually was, for the King's illusions with regard to Wagner received many a shock.

The composer had not been very long in Munich before he sent Ludwig a portrait of himself. The King was highly gratified; but when he learned, through Pfistermeister, that Wagner demanded 1000 florins for the gift, he was so furious that for a while the idol was in decided *Ungnade*. Again and again the King's ministers would convince him, in Wagner's absence, that, as events were shaping, he would some day have to choose between Wagner and the love and respect of his people; and again and again, when the pair met in person, the rabbit's reason would desert him under the eyes of the snake. It is doubtful whether the King's eyes would ever have been unbandaged had it not been for the trap into which Cosima, in her own dire despair, one day led him.

For all our gratitude for all that Cosima ultimately did for Wagner, there can be no doubt that at this period she was his evil genius. She encouraged him in his political ambitions: she, too, loved power, and in the political situation in Bavaria she found ample opportunity for the exercise of her magnificent talent for intrigue. She was cleverer than Wagner at the game: she never lost her temper, as he was always inclined to do when he was opposed, but her iron handling of men and parties was all the more effective because of the velvetiness of the glove. The clear-sighted Peter Cornelius saw from the first that complete disaster was only a matter of time, and that Cosima would be even more to blame for it than Wagner.

There is nothing stranger in the whole strange Wagner story than the influence Cosima obtained over him within a few weeks of his call by Ludwig. His contemporary letters show that he had not the slightest notion at that time of link-

ing his life with hers; on the contrary, he was trying, immediately after settling in Munich in May, 1864, to induce Mathilde Maier to come and live with him. He wrote to Mathilde's mother to that effect on June 26. But on the twenty-ninth Cosima came with her two children to Munich, and the whole course of Wagner-history was changed almost in an hour. Bülow did not arrive until July 7; they all lived with Wagner at Starnberg. (The dates are wilfully obscured by Du Moulin.) Intercourse between Cosima and Wagner must have taken place at that time—perhaps in the week before Bülow's arrival—for their daughter Isolde was born on April 10, 1865.

The relations of the two had for a long time been no secret to anyone but Bülow; and towards the end of 1866 a scandal was created in Munich by Malwina Schnorr (the widow of the singer), who had "surprised" Wagner and Cosima in Tribschen. Malwina herself had amorous designs on Wagner; and she behaved exactly as a jealous and slighted woman might be expected to do in such circumstances. For a long time the young King, whose views on chastity amounted almost to prudery, refused obstinately to believe that the relation between Wagner and Cosima was anything but an ideal one; and a passionate appeal on the part of Cosima even led him to make a public declaration of his belief in her "honor". When at last even he had to recognise the truth, he could not forgive her for having deceived and compromised him as she had done.

This was probably the last straw. In December, 1867, the King sent the Court Secretary a letter in which he said he was tired of

the eternal complaints and wranglings on the part of Wagner, the Bülows, Porges,

Fröbel and the rest of them. I have shown so much patience and indulgence to these people, have granted them so many favors, that by now they ought to be satisfied and grateful; the thread of my patience is beginning to snap.

In another year or so the estrangement from Wagner was virtually complete. He was refused an audience in November, 1868. In December, when he sent the King the original score of "Lohengrin", he did not even receive a letter of thanks. The correspondence was renewed for a while, but in September, 1869, the King wrote to Pfistermeister (this letter has hitherto been unpublished):

I hear today that, as climax to the bad management of the "Rhinegold" affair, which has become so intolerable to me, R. Wagner has come to Munich. It will

serve him perfectly right if a demonstration of disapproval is made against him, as the Bülow scandal is now *au comble*.
J'en ai assez!

The old enchantment no longer worked. From June, 1868, Ludwig avoided all personal intercourse with Wagner. The pair were not to meet for another eight years; they spent a few hours together in Bayreuth in August, 1876, on the occasion of the first production of the complete "Ring".

A survey of all the available evidence can lead to only one conclusion: Wagner had only himself—and Cosima—to thank for the collapse of all his hopes in Munich. As a German writer on the subject puts it, he himself sawed through the branch on which he was sitting.

Literature

FIXED AND FLOATING LITERATURE

BY ALBERT GUÉRARD

IF WE want to extract from the loose mass of mere writing what is properly literature, we shall find one delicate criterion after another breaking in our hands. There is no form, there is no theme, there is no intention, that will infallibly stamp a piece of writing as genuine literature.

Our conscious selves are conditioned by the subconscious and the unconscious, and between the three stages there are no impassable barriers. A distinct thought, an act of will, may sink below the threshold; an obscure tendency may work its way up to the light. Similarly, the literature that emerges as such is not radically different from the sub-literature and the un-literature which lurk amorphous beneath.

Instead of *literature* and *sub-literature* I have frequently used the terms proposed

by Professor Richard Moulton: *fixed* and *floating*. By *fixed* literature I mean that kind which is inseparable from a definite authorship and a definite text. An anonymous work may belong to this fixed literature: whoever "Junius" may have been, we are conscious that there was a man who penned those letters. A corrupt or chaotic text is a text all the same: it is hard for the editors to agree on the presentation of Pascal's "Thoughts", still every page of the work bears Pascal's imperious mark.

If, on the contrary, the actual author and the literal text are matters of indifference, then we have *floating* literature. The first example that will come to mind is that of folklore. We—rather loosely—admit that those popular traditions came to life and grew by a process of spontaneous generation; and although the theme may be definite enough, the details and the wording may vary *ad libitum*. Take a

modern form of folklore, the jokes that fill the best page of the *Literary Digest*. Here is a well-known sample: A man was falling from the twentieth story, and, as he passed the tenth, he was asked: "How goes it?" "All right so far", was the cheerful reply.

Now, this profound parable was used by Prosper Mérimée, who took it from Voltaire, who had it from Fontenelle. But it does not matter in the least who said it first: my own guess is that it goes back to that ill-fated skyscraper, the Tower of Babel. It matters even less whether the building had six stories or sixty, whether the victim was an Irishman or a Negro, whether he shouted back: "All right so far" or "So far so good!" (Under somewhat similar circumstances, Madame Laetitia, Napoleon's mother, used the words: "*Pourvu que cela dure!*") It is *floating* literature.

Fixed and floating do not correspond to *written* and *unwritten*. Not a few Homeric scholars believe that the Iliad was fixed before it was put down in writing; and publication in the *Literary Digest* does not moor a floating story to an immovable quaywall. The difference is not the same as that between *permanent* and *ephemeral*. Every day sees an enormous batch of new books that are fixed enough according to our definition, but will be forgotten to-morrow; whilst folklore motives are the most enduring element in literature: Aurelio Macedonio Espinosa has traced the Tar Baby almost to the Earthly Paradise. Still less does the distinction imply *good* or *bad*. Atrocious foolishness has found its way into print, with the author's name proudly flaunted on the title page, whilst the homely wisdom and mother-wit of the ages, and many tender or tragic stories, may remain floating for ever.

We may think that our civilisation is too grown-up for folklore. Nothing of the kind. The mind of modern man has not been struck with barrenness. Stories still originate in smoking compartment, pool-room or board meeting, which, if they were found among the Zyrrians or the Trobrianders, would be fit subjects for doctoral dissertations. Jokes, anecdotes, situations, types, are teeming as much as ever: Senator Sorghum, Farmer Corn-tassel, Moronia the Office Flapper, Pat and Abie are authentic products of the popular imagination, no less than the Werewolf, the Ogre, Tom Thumb and Reynard the Fox.

Language, the warp and woof of literature, affords striking instances of folk creation. Language, and particularly the American language, is constantly renewed through the quaint figures of speech which go by the name of slang. For one picturesque expression deliberately coined by a licensed wisecracker and duly credited to him, there are a hundred that sprang mysteriously from the myriad lips of Demos. No one is accountable for "the cat's meow" and such felicities of speech.

It springs to the eyes that floating literature is the store from which fixed literature is constantly drawing. Racine's harmonious lines were written in an idiom derived—remotely—from soldiers' and traders' slang. Molière confessedly borrowed right and left, not exclusively from the known writers of Greece, ancient Rome, Italy and Spain, but from the inexhaustible fund of Gallic tradition. The most profound of philosophical dramas, "Faust", was once a puppet show. The rarest flowers of art need a rich popular humus.

With this idea we are in full sympathy: leave literature to the professionals, and it will soon die in their hands, as Latin died

when the Humanists vowed to restore its Virgilian purity. But it can easily be carried to an absurd extreme. In the Eighteenth Century, as a reaction against an extremely sophisticated culture, there began a romantic extolling of the primitive, the barbaric, *i.e.*, the subconscious in literature. Vico, that lonely forerunner, then Herder, and all the pioneers of romanticism, were eagerly listening for "folk's voices". The readers of Ossian were enraptured by the "primitiveness" of those poems. In the same line of thought came the theories dissolving Homer into a loose heap of folk traditions. The definite medieval epics, of which "The Song of Roland" is the type, must have been preceded by a rich ballad literature—a French *romancero* of which no trace has been found.

For many scholars, it was once heresy that anything should ever have originated with one definite author: the subconscious held then undisputed sway. Now the wheel has turned again. We no longer are so certain about the poetic power of the collective mind. We believe that the relations between fixed and floating literature are not so one-sided. If conscious individual works constantly arise out of the indeterminate mass, that mass is no less constantly renewed by individual works as they lose their fixity. The whole process is not a steady ascent, but a *circulus*.

The "just grewed" theory is too lazy an explanation. It does not stand to reason: neither is it confirmed by experience. It is far more likely that everything which survives in folklore—theme, character, name or phrase—had a beginning, definite although forgotten. Some one invented the Tar Baby; some one was actually the first to mention Paul Bunyan; some one started the joke about the Ford that went to Heaven on high. Those creations may have

been altered in transmission, contaminated by other creations of the same kind, but they were creations all the same.

We have seen popular slang rising into formal literature: conversely, formal literature unceasingly enriches the vernacular. We use the verb *to pander* without remembering the story of Troilus and Cressida; we say *to curry favor*, unconscious that favor is really Favel or Fauvel, the roan horse, symbolical of public opinion in a medieval poem. Reynard, the hero of the satirical folk epic has entirely displaced the old French word for the fox (*goupil*). When we say *quixotic*, we need not be thinking of Cervantes. French workmen will speak of a *tartuffe*, for a particularly noxious kind of hypocrite, even though they have not read Molière's masterpiece. I was surprised recently to find how many young people, using the word *babbitt* very freely, had not read Sinclair Lewis.

All of this leads us to wonder whether popular traditions really did spring from the untutored masses, or whether they represent the dim and degraded memories of a vanished formal art. We know that the courtly romances of the later Middle Ages lost caste, and finally reached the villages in debased form: had the process gone a little farther, we might easily have lost sight of their sophisticated origin, and considered "The Four Sons of Aymon" or "Fierabras" as authentic folk tales. There are traces of a Roland tradition throughout Europe: but, says Professor Hugh Smith, "The Song of Roland" was not the elaboration of preëxisting legends: it was a conscious piece of work, a new departure; it started the vogue for Carolingian epics; and ultimately the story, in vague outline, reached the people.

The *circulus* goes on under our very eyes. Goethe took the Faust motive from

floating literature, and turned it, for all time, into one of the major works of fixed literature. For all time? Yes, so far as scholars are concerned. For the average man, "Faust" is floating again. Almost everyone knows the name, and remembers Gretchen and Mephistopheles: but very little more. The memories evoked by the title "Faust" seldom go deeper than Gounod's opera or Emil Janning's picture. We have already seen how Babbitt has gone floating. Scholars in distant ages will dispute: (a) whether Babbitt was an historical character or a solar myth; (b) whether there was an actual book (an *Ur-Babbitt*) by that name; (c) whether our present text was a late version of the popular Babbitt saga or cycle; (d) what on earth it had to do with the mysterious cult known as Humanism.

The problem, it will readily be seen, is a delicate one. Even at present, we are deeply influenced, in history and literature, by the romantic craze for the primitive. The Romanticists loved the past so dearly that they manufactured it to satisfy their desire. Just as they built fake ruins in their gardens, they made up fake "popular" traditions in poetry. In the "Lorelei" Heine could not drive out of his mind "a legend from most ancient times": but the legend was of recent fabrication, like some of the horrific instruments of torture in the Nurnberg Museum.

A curious aspect of the question is offered by the Napoleonic legend. It is taken for granted that the Emperor's saga arose from the very hearts of the people: much later, conscious poets, such as Victor Hugo, would take hold of that epic material, and shape it into formal narratives. A song of Béranger, the "Memories of the People", a chapter in Balzac, "The Story of Napoleon Told in a Barn," are

accepted as transcriptions of Napoleonic folklore. But on closer inspection, the evidence dissolves. We know for certain that Napoleon was far from popular during the last years of his reign and immediately after his fall. His legend was started after his death, deliberately: it became one of the great Romantic myths, like those of Prometheus, Don Juan, Faust, and Ahasverus. Neither Béranger nor Balzac was a peasant, or in close touch with the peasantry. In "Memories of the People", Béranger does not even claim to represent facts: his song is a prophecy: "*Fifty years hence, they will be talking of his glory*".

From 1825 to 1840, Napoleonism was in vogue among the *bourgeoisie* and with some of the Romanticists, for political or æsthetic reasons. King Louis-Philippe himself found it shrewd policy to foster it: the people came to it but slowly. No doubt by 1848, when the Emperor's nephew was triumphantly elected President of the Republic, Napoleonism had at last reached the masses: but it did not originate with the masses. Victor Hugo, Béranger, Thiers, Balzac, were the tutors, not the mouthpiece of the nation. "Artless" memoirs like those of the *grognard* Captain Coignet, were written long after the events, and only because Napoleon-worship had become the fashion. It is interesting to note that those writers who sprang directly from the people, such as Michelet and Veuillot, and not from the *bourgeoisie*, were definitely anti-Napoleonic.

We may apply the distinction between fixed and floating even to evangelic literature. Stories about Jesus, reports of His sayings (*logia*) were at first transmitted orally, without any thought of definite authorship. The gospel "according to" Matthew or Mark meant a certain line of

tradition, not an invariable text. Luke, a conscious author, tells us how he organised these floating elements into a definite whole. John, a supreme poet and philosopher, scorned the task of mere compilation and gave us a Gospel that bears the mark of his genius. There were many other narratives afloat: some based on vague hearsay, some tinged with imagination or bent to serve a doctrine, some deliberate although pious frauds.

In this mass of edifying literature, the Church operated a selection. Four versions alone were recognized as canonical, and not one jot or tittle of their text could be altered. In theory, no work could be more fixed than the Gospel: in fact, the sacred story has returned to the people, has become floating again. Only prize pupils in Sunday-schools know their Gospel narratives in proper sequence, and could give chapter and verse for every quotation.

For most of us, it must be confessed that the outlines are blurred and the wording far from certain, as in the case of folklore.

Not only does a theme thus pass from fixed to floating, from floating to fixed, and back again: but, at any moment, it may be fixed or floating according to the experience of the individual reader. "Faust" is not the same to the Goethean scholar and to the man in the street. The Gospel is not the same to the orthodox clergyman and to the vaguely deistic humanitarian.

Literature may be likened to a saturated solution into which water and chemicals are constantly poured. Crystals are formed, and dissolve again. The crystals are distinct from the solution in which they are immersed; yet, in essence, they are not different. Thus do masterpieces concentrate the soul of the people, and merge into that soul again.

ETHICS AND ETIQUETTE IN PRISON

BY VICTOR FOLKE NELSON

IN EVERY community there are certain customs, practices, prejudices, ways of thinking—in a word, *mores*—which, although they are mainly unwritten, influence the behavior of all normal individuals and greatly affect the social order. This is as true in prison as in any other social unit.

In prison, public opinion holds it to be a social error to talk with a guard or higher official except in an effort to obtain some personal benefit from him (if possible, at the expense of the State), or to advance the interests of the entire convict group. This tenet of the prison code, however, is chiefly respected nowadays by gangsters and criminals of the strictly professional type; it is often violated, secretly and with many inward tremors, by the accidental, circumstantial, and other non-professional types of prisoner.

But it is still true that any inmate who is seen talking frequently or at length with a guard becomes an object of suspicion to his fellows; and unless he is a man who has proven himself convincingly "right", he is likely to be labeled a rat by the professionals. If so, he will walk thereafter with fear in his heart, and stand about the yard during recreation time with his back to a protecting wall.

There are circumstances, of course, under which this rule breaks down. Certain guards—although they are as rare as barber-poles in an Esquimaux village—are known to have no dealings with rats. With

these exceptional guards, who are considered nearly right themselves, it is permissible to talk. But so strongly entrenched is prejudice that old-timers generally deem it wise to offer an explanation: "I was just trying to promote him for a new pair of pants", or "I'm trying to build him up to take out a couple of kites (uncensored letters)." The experienced prisoner knows that any appearance of stealth is damning; that it is wiser to talk openly and unconcealedly when there is occasion to have a word with a "wrong" guard.

The rats go to great lengths to avoid being *seen* talking with a guard, unless they have already become notorious as informers. In some of the prisons where I have served time such rats are dealt with pretty roughly. I remember the case of an Italian who, lusting for revenge against a fellow-countryman with whom he had fought in prison, and who had proved too hot to handle with the usual shiv (knife), went out to court and testified against his enemy. He came back from court just before recreation time, no doubt hugely delighted over the fact that his antagonist had received an additional eight-year sentence. Before he had taken a dozen steps in the yard he was stabbed in the heart by a third Italian, and died before he could be carried to the hospital. During my three and a half years in Auburn Prison, I knew of five cases in which real or suspected rats were thus ruthlessly treated; and in another prison I actually

saw two convict informers stabbed to death within a few steps of where I was.

The significance of this underworld custom lies, not in the fact that an informer occasionally gets himself done in, but in the more important fact that through fear of bodily harm and possible death many reformable inmates are kept from being on decent, normal terms with the prison officials. This helps to explain why those officials, even when it is their earnest desire to help their charges to rehabilitate themselves, find it so hard to accomplish anything. The average prisoner, like the average man in the street, hates to incur the ostracism of his fellows through open violations of their accepted customs; and thus he usually follows the line of least resistance and for the most part fails to get any benefit out of his imprisonment.

II

This code has another effect which is harmful to the morale of the prison. Prison guards are mainly uneducated and stupid men. They sense the antagonism of the prisoners, and for the most part react in the natural way. That is, they develop a feeling of hostility toward their charges: they resent the purely physical antagonism of the roughnecks, and even more strongly the intellectual hostility of the relatively intelligent prisoners. Thus a wall of suspicion and hatred springs up between officials and prisoners, which, like a dam, makes a stagnant pool instead of a clear-flowing stream of the waters of the prison world.

It goes without saying, I trust, that in most prisons the more admirable part of this code—its insistence upon unwavering loyalty to the group—is really more honored in the breach than in the observance. Men who steadfastly adhere to notions of

honor are even more scarce in prison than they are in the free world. Twenty years ago, when a convict or ex-convict was a hopeless pariah, he was forced into a group to whose code he was obliged, at the risk of death, to be faithful. At present, when laws of all kinds are being broken by almost everyone, the code of the underworld has begun to weaken too, and just as many American politicians lately combined a faith in the Noble Experiment with a taste for white mule, just so do many crooks of today profess faith in, and secretly violate, the ancient rules of their order.

There is therefore, at the present moment, very little of that honor among thieves about which so much has been written. Thieves in general, as I have seen them, are treacherous, double-dealing wretches, with scarcely a trace of glamour, and they differ vastly from the Raffles type of the crime-fiction writers. The only criminal who, in my experience, can be expected to live rigorously up to the prison code is the gangster (and here and there an exceptional thief). The gangster is usually a man who has grown up in a neighborhood where rigid adherence to a similar code is a matter of life and death, so that it is almost a religion with him to be right. His parents are usually of foreign extraction and most of them either Jews or of the Catholic faith, and since Jews and Catholics have always been at a disadvantage in a primarily Protestant country, these slum boys were early impressed with the need of closely cohering, and have always felt themselves to be at odds with the community at large.

The relatively good opinion I have of the gangster was also held by the late Thomas Mott Osborne. Osborne once told me that when he was warden of Sing Sing there were thirty-nine executions, and that among the men thus put to death were

four innocent men—each one a gangster who had gone to the hot squat rather than squeal on the real murderer for whose crime he was being executed. I realize that this statement will sound incredible to most people. But Osborne was a remarkable man, and certainly possessed the confidence of his prisoners as no man since his time has possessed it. They knew him to be a man of honor—a man whose word was his bond, never to be violated—and he was thus on the inside of a great many matters of which, officially, he could take no notice.

From the gangsters' point of view, it was all "the breaks of the game". If they died now for uncommitted crimes, what of it? Had they not previously committed other killings for which they were never punished? It was just bad luck: and the underworld code required that they accept their fate without breaking the chief articles of their faith: "Keep your mouth shut! Die sooner than squeal! Death to rats!"

There are, it is true, spineless individuals, even among gangster mobs—men who lack the courage to fight except with the mob at their backs. Such men attach themselves to the camps of the real gangsters, as they have always attached themselves to the camps of the strong: they are the toadies and lobbygows, whom the real gangsters employ in various minor capacities and with no illusions.

These shabby fellows are merely the hangers-on of the real gangster, who is necessarily anything but lacking in physical courage. I have seen gangsters stand up and fight each other with clubs, knives, bricks, guns, or any weapon which happened to be available. I have seen them in rough-and-tumble fights where there were no rules except that the toughest, given a fair share of the breaks, would survive.

In recent years gangsters have taken to putting one another on the spot, and this engaging habit has earned for them the reputation of being cowardly killers who shoot their enemies in the back. The truth of the matter is that they resort to this method of exterminating each other, not from motives of cowardice, but as a matter of precaution against the police. Such killings are for the most part committed by hired gunmen who have often no other connection with the various mobs. They are simply professional executioners, and it is all a matter of business with them—a highly dangerous business which must be done quickly and surely, with no anticlimaxes in the way of arrests and convictions. It is thus not fear of enemy bullets, but a dislike for getting themselves arrested and perhaps electrocuted, which makes gangsters knock off one another so callously and expeditiously.

Because here and there some drug-crazed imbecile has been written up as a gangster by pressmen, and because of the spotting business, the gangster has taken many a bum rap in the public mind. The police, however, when they swarm about the barricaded doors of a Two-Gun Crowley with machine-guns and tear-gas bombs, with whole regiments of reserves, have little doubt as to the reality of the gangster's courage.

He is essentially a killer. He does not, like the average man, merely feel like punching his enemy into submission. When his anger is aroused he goes out to kill or to maim, with a homicidal mania which is positively pathological; and nothing short of his own death or unconsciousness will stop him from fulfilling his purpose. Without in the least wishing to glorify so unglorious a figure, I must say that I have found the gangster to be the criminal with the strongest character.

III

Prisoners who sing in the choir, teach in the prison school, or otherwise interest themselves in legitimate intramural activities (including writing for the prison magazine), are generally despised and sneered at by the roughneck element, and tagged with opprobrious and diverting labels. They are usually suspected of being toadies and informers—which, as a matter of fact, many of them are.

Any prisoner, moreover, who has a good word to say about the food, the entertainment, the recreation, the work, the officials, or almost anything else within the prison gates, can likewise expect to be razed and ostracized by the professional group. There is, indeed, much to be said for the idea that boosting is treachery to the prison community: for conditions in most American prisons are lamentably bad, and the hypocritical semblance of satisfaction affected by prisoners of the toady type merely corroborates the official contention that all prisoners who complain are agitators and radicals.

At all events, the prevailing attitude among convicts is that the prison officials are always wrong (which, I believe after a good deal of experience, is mainly true). But though the prisoner can always be depended upon to criticize existing conditions, he rarely has anything better to suggest as a substitute.

Any guard who reports an inmate for smoking after hours, or for any other minor breach of the prison rules, is considered a wretch of the lowest order. The prisoner is a natural breaker of laws. The idea that a rule should be obeyed, regardless of its rationality, simply because it is a rule, is utterly beyond his understanding. Rules forbidding him to escape, or to murder guards, he will generally

concede to be reasonable, but he thinks it outrageous that he should be punished for violating the other regulations of the prison.

His anger is especially aroused when he is punished for some offence at which the screw (guard) did not actually catch him, but which was reported by some rat. At these sad moments he feels himself a terribly abused person and when he comes out of the cooler after several days of bread and water in solitary confinement, he expects and for the most part gets the sympathy of his fellow-cons, who also believe that he has been harshly treated. If one were to suggest to him that he was merely stupid to break a rule when he knew that a violation meant punishment, he would be highly insulted and perhaps suggest in return that whoever so admonished him must be a Y.M.C.A. faggot. There is simply no respect, in prison, for laws and rules as necessary adjuncts to social organization. The average prisoner feels that the rules have been made merely to prevent him from doing what he chooses to do; so he resents them, and breaks them whenever he thinks he can do so with impunity.

The word of a prison guard naturally outweighs that of a convict with the warden—and this gives the guard a power which he quickly learns to employ to the disadvantage of prisoners who displease him. Prisoners know that whatever a guard says will be believed by the higher officials. Indeed, it *must* be believed, otherwise the entire disciplinary system of the prison is shattered. The minute a prisoner's word is taken against that of a guard, the balance of power and authority is broken; so that even when a warden knows that a guard is lying, he has no choice. He must take the word of the guard (unless, of course, he is ready to

go to the extreme length of suspending the guard, and if he does this he will have—in many States—to sustain his charges against the guard before the civil service commission).

The prisoner, realizing that he has not a fair chance in court, almost invariably lies, claims that the guard is persecuting him (which is often enough the truth, guards being anything but backward in taking advantage of the power they wield), and thus creates a large measure of the discord which prevails, not only between prisoner and guard, but between guard and warden. The average guard is, in one of Dr. Abraham Myerson's pungent phrases, "like a monkey with a hammer" when he uses the power he possesses. The crux of it is, of course, that guards and prisoners alike are for the most part unintelligent men who rarely make allowance for each other's situations or aims.

The average prisoner dislikes the work in the prison shops; but he actively *hates* any work of a menial kind, such as emptying the slop-buckets. Many inmates go to the cooler for ten days rather than perform work which they consider beneath their dignity! The fact that this is work which must be done, which someone must do, makes no faintest trace of difference. The usual reaction is: "What, *me* empty buckets? I should say not! Who the hell do they think I am? Some goddam bum? They'll never get *me* to do any of that kind of crap!"

Many prisoners who work in the prison offices, or hold relatively important jobs within the walls, become afflicted with the big-shot complex and consider themselves indispensable. They are frequently to be seen and heard strutting about the yard bragging about their ability, their privileges, and their general importance in the scheme of things. This naturally has a

bad influence upon their chances for achieving readjustment when they leave prison and are obliged to exist as comparative nonentities.

In the Eastern prisons, except in New York and Pennsylvania, there is little of that solidarity among prisoners which one might expect to find of men with so much in common, and about which so much hooey has been written. In most prisons it is only the gangster who maintains the spirit of the clan among the prison population. The rest, so far as my personal experience and observation go, are a pretty shabby lot. In the State prison at Charlestown, Mass., for example, there is hardly a trace of *esprit de corps*. Only about fifty of the nine hundred prisoners, I should say, have any real notion of loyalty or devotion to their kind.

Here are several incidents illustrating the usual attitude in this respect. A prisoner was caught playing checkers in the brush shop, after he had done his day's task. When haled before the deputy-warden for his breach of the shop regulations, he said: "The men up in Shoe Four can play checkers when their work is done; so I don't see why *I* can't, just because I'm in the brush shop." That his position was reasonable is beside the point. The point is that he knew his remark would result in an investigation of checker playing in the other shop, and probably deprive fifty or sixty men of a privilege they had been lucky enough, under a more broad-minded guard, to win. He thought only of himself, and sacrificed the interests of his fellows in what he knew must be a futile effort to save himself punishment.

Two long-termers planned to escape. This was to be the *modus operandi*: during an Episcopalian service usually attended by only a few inmates in a room watched by a single guard, they planned

to overpower the guard, seize his gun, and hold the rest of the assembly at bay while one of them sawed out a steel window-bar which gave access to the street. Luckily for the guard, his gun was unloaded. When the two prisoners seized him he cried out for help, loudly asseverating that the gun was not loaded. One of the prisoners held the gun against the guard's back and pulled the trigger several times, and the empty gun could be heard clicking a block away. At this point several prisoners jumped up and—instead of helping the two long-termers to escape, as might have been expected of them—grappled with and finally subdued them.

The point I made note of at the time was that the men who rushed so eagerly to the help of law and order (once they had made sure the gun was empty) were not prisoners who had altered their ways and were sincerely interested in upholding the law; they were, on the contrary, the most notorious hypocrites in the prison—men who played the religious and social workers for all the traffic would bear. They came to the assistance of the law simply because they saw a chance to further their own interests, possibly to the extent of winning paroles or immediate pardons (which one of them did get later—and also later got arrested for a new crime).

Perhaps even more significant of the general lack of solidarity, however, is the steady stream of rat notes which pour daily into the warden's mail-box: they cause endless friction and discord.

IV

It is believed by the average prisoner that all religious and welfare workers who come to the prison are sexually abnormal. There is probably some fire behind this smoke of belief, for an occasional male

worker has been discovered to be a sex pervert, and now and then a female worker has proved to be a sex-starved old maid. But the chief reason for the prisoners' belief, I think, is that social workers have a positive talent for selecting as deserving individuals the most depraved prisoners in the institution.

It works out in this way: The more undeserving a prisoner actually is, the less likely he is to have friends in the outside world. He naturally wishes to get free; and in his efforts to do so appeals so heart-rendingly and so shamelessly to the social workers that they can hardly fail to yield to his avalanche of words and wailings. The more deserving prisoners, who are as backward as most other people are about applying for charity, are therefore pushed into the background and seldom get any help. Since, then, so many downright rotters and sexual degenerates play the workers and get their help, the belief has grown that this is due to a deliberate selection of sex perverts because the workers themselves are of the same feather.

The average prisoner, due to his vanity and egotism, believes it far more manly to steal than to apply for the help of the charitable, and thus many prisoners who deserve and need help are afraid to ask for it. The price they have to pay for it in terms of razzing at the hands of their fellow-cons seems exorbitant. "Losing your nerve, hah?" "Oh, so you're one of these Salvation Army bums?" And these are only the printable jibes!

The egocentricity of the average prisoner is revealed in the most startling as well as in the most amusing ways. It is apparent in his brash loudness of voice; in the way he pushes himself and his views to the center of the stage at every opportunity. When he is marching in single file to shop or mess-hall he will crowd and shove his

fellows; at the table he will reach rudely across his neighbor's place and grab off the biggest and best portions of whatever is available; at the table, too, he is inconsiderate and coarse, belching, feeding noisily, and generally revealing the table manners of a pig.

I knew a prisoner who revealed his feeling of inferiority (or his streak of exhibitionism, which is perhaps another side of the same feeling) by the loudness of his honking whenever he had (or took occasion) to blow his nose. He was a very small and grotesquely proportioned man. He used to bedeck himself with every conceivable item of masculine adornment: sleeve garters, an array of pencils and fountain-pens in his shirt pocket, extra buttons and didoes here and there, tortoiseshell glasses: he wore, in fact, everything but his slop-bucket! Then there was another little physical misfit, a poor hunchback with a magnificent pair of lungs. He never lost an opportunity for clearing his throat with an harrrrrump! which sounded like the appalling rumblings of a Proteus.

Observing these men, I was led to wonder about the connection between crime and physical ugliness or deformity. That there *is* such a connection I have no doubt. The physically unattractive man, even if he is not actually deformed, is handicapped in the competition for women. For his physical handicap he tries to substitute something else—such as money—with which to buy the favors he cannot gain otherwise. Lacking the ability to earn it legitimately, he steals it.

If this is true of the thief, how much more may it not be true of the rapist or murderer? At the bottom of much stealing, of a great many murders, and of almost all rapes, there is a motivating agency which can very often be traced

back to the physical unattractiveness of the criminal. From this viewpoint, women—and not money—are the root of all evil.

As a result of spending so much time alone in his cell—where he reads, studies, broods, or indulges in day-dreams and fantasies—the mind of the prisoner becomes brimful of thoughts, speculations, vague ideas which he seldom gets a chance of discussing with anyone. This evolves inevitably into a tendency toward monologue: the prisoner does not talk *with* but *at* his listener (as a discerning friend once pointed out to me).

Typical of this effect of cell-life is old Jim Burns, who has spent nearly thirty years of his life in prison. Jim can recite doggerel and underworld ballads by the ream; he can and frequently does deliver monologues on several favorite subjects—such as the inconstancy of woman, and the stupidity of prison officials. Whenever he joins a group of fellow-cons in the yard he begins to rid his mind of its stored up impedimenta. He is intent on talking, not on conversing, and barely manages to hide his vexation if anyone else manages to wedge a word into his monologue.

He does not even bother to listen when anyone interrupts him (any remark is an interruption to Jim). He merely waits until he can bear it no longer, and then charges into the breach and goes on with whatever he was saying. He will, if permitted, talk by the hour, although he has nothing in particular to say, and he hates anyone who tries to steal the floor away from him. This tendency, I suppose, is based upon a conscious or unconscious desire to compensate for his years of loneliness in a cell.

Another neurotic phenomenon, known as prison stupor, is well illustrated by what I call the hanh-habit—which is widely prevalent among prisoners. When I first

began to notice it, I jumped to the conclusion that a great many prisoners were deaf; for almost invariably when I addressed a remark to one of them I would be greeted by a vacant stare and a dazed "Hanh? What did you say?" But after years of observation I learnt that the prisoner spends so much of his time day-dreaming that he is nearly always absent-minded and simply does not hear what is said to him. This having to repeat every question or remark grew very tiresome, but in the end I realized that it was merely a symptom or effect of prison stupor.

The average prisoner is not interested in ideas or abstractions. When he discovers a writer in his midst his one prayer is: "Don't forget to write this place up when you get out. Tell them what a lot of dirty bastards these screws are. Tell them how rotten the chow is, and all like that." What he wants presented is not a true picture of prison life, but a distorted one which will be based upon his personal prejudices. If he is a natural glutton, he wants the food to be depicted as unfit for human consumption (which it often is). If he is a lifer, he wants it to be made public that a life-term is a hell of a long time to stay in prison. It is futile to point out to him that, true as all this is, it is certainly not new, and has actually been known to the public for the past hundred years.

If a prison writer ignores such trifles as

bad food and poor entertainment—which have to be endured also by the average hard-working free laborer—and really tries to discuss the significant things about prison life, the herd considers him either pretentiously high-hat, or an out-and-out traitor to the cause.

Admittedly the prison environment is bad; granted that it can stand a great deal of improvement. Everyone knows this, and some good people are doing what they can do about it. Admittedly, too, the prisoner's attitude toward law and order is hostile; and it can be proved that he makes practically no effort to better himself. But these are matters which he does not care to have discussed. What he cares about chiefly is anything which promises an immediate amelioration of his condition: better food, more entertainments, a speedy parole, but best of all—a pardon.

Perhaps the improvement of his environment will help him to get himself into a proper mood of contriteness out of which may grow a desire for decent living. An effort is being made, here and there, to determine whether or not this is true. The effort, however, is in the main unorganized and tends to be destroyed by social corruption and machine politics. Nevertheless, the essential fact is that it is there—it exists—although it makes headway like an angle-worm trying to fathom the hardness of a concrete sidewalk.

POLITICS & THE PAINTING BUSINESS

BY THOMAS CRAVEN

FROM time to time, it has been my unpleasant duty to review the general degradation of American painting, and to call the attention of the American artist to the aimlessness and triviality of his performances. Grovelling in the emasculated tradition of the French modernists, our painters, as a whole, have been content to contrive their little patterns—to send forth still-life distortions and mutilated figures into which the critics have pumped all sorts of illusory values. Most of them continue to turn out only puny manifestations of their self-esteem, or more precisely, of their self-assertiveness.

This habit of picture-making is a form of compensation common to failures and social outcasts, a psychological activity identical, in more exalted spheres, with the affectations of the classical counterparts of the artist—the whore and the bum. They are not bad fellows, these painters: taken one with another, they are sincere, disposed to be friendly, and eager to do something worth while, but psychic inbreeding has dulled their wits. If they are not wholly stupid they are poorly conditioned; victims of a Bohemian corruption that consents to no development and no maturity. Discarded by the world, they have no point of view, no scholarship of any kind, very little practical sense, and no knowledge of the life with which, one would suppose from precedent, they should naturally deal. Their sad predicament may be largely attributed to social

isolation, to their inability to participate in any department of modern life. No one asks, or expects, anything of them; no one gives a hang whether they live or die. They are unhappy wretches—pitiable, proud, defeated, and for the most part, useless.

But during the last two years there has been a hopeful agitation in American art: I refer to the enormously increasing interest in mural decoration. The social implications of such painting—what it presupposes in the artist in terms of knowledge, and its relations to architecture—I shall reserve for the second part of this discussion. Let us first consider the demands imposed on him by those professing to grant him, at last, an opportunity to figure in the modern social structure. Setting aside the two most conspicuous examples of monumental profanation commissioned before the revival—the enlargements of coated-paper magazine illustrations with which Dean Cornwell is swiftly and inexorably ruining the interior of one of the few tolerable buildings in Los Angeles, and Eugene Savage's mixture of Prix de Rome competence and perfume advertising in the Elks' Memorial Hall in Chicago—we may proceed at once to Rockefeller Center, the new citadel of the American mural industry.

When it was noised abroad that Rockefeller Center—the capitalist's nightmare, and, it may well be, the last gigantic architectural blemish on the American city—

would invite the embellishing talents of painters, they were roused to a pitch of excitement comparable only to the furore created by the old Armory Circus in 1913. Who would get the jobs, and how? And what would be required of them? The jobs, it has transpired, were awarded in closed competition and by political intrigue, and thus far, with one exception, they have fallen into the hands of academic numskulls.

The artist was not asked simply to be an artist, that is to say, to deal with contemporary realities and experiences; he was asked to assume the scholastic dress of the philosopher, the prophet, the allegorist, and the archæologist. He was invited, indeed compelled, to paint propaganda for a waning phase of capitalistic idealism. To guide him, and to inflame his torpid imagination, he was furnished with a handbook of spiritual specifications. This work, a masterpiece of silliness, was prepared, I have been informed, by a California professor, one Dr. Alexander. It is called "New Frontiers"; it was apparently inspired, in so far as it exceeds verbal suggestion, by the wall-paper murals of Puvis de Chavannes; and it reads like the adolescent dreams of a college boy. I should like to quote it *in toto*, but it is a long tract, and we shall have to be satisfied with a few extracts.

It would seem, from this apocalyptic vision, that "man has no new physical frontiers to explore and settle." Henceforward, "the development of civilization is no longer lateral; it is inward and upward," a conquering of "spiritual frontiers." Dr. Alexander begins with the highly original notion that his new mural art will be concerned with the "here and now" of American civilization; but note how speedily he is diverted from it by his spiritual delusions, altogether in the man-

ner of a California yogi. "Man," he goes on, "is more and more concerned with the spiritual significance of life, the animating spark within each human being, and what the light of this spark is supposed to reveal to him. This is the real significance of today's civilization." And then:

One of our new frontiers reveals a significant adventure in human relations—the new understanding, the new desire for understanding between Capital and Labor. Back of this lies one of the oldest and most trying problems of history. It has destroyed other nations. We are trying with belated sincerity not only to keep history from repeating itself, but to make from a new relationship a great national asset. We are also trying to solve this problem because it is *right* that it should be solved. More than that, we are trying to solve it in a way that shall be fair for all in the biggest and broadest sense. The new relationship suggests certain decorative ideas: (a) the Factory and the Fireside linked by a common spiritual bond; (b) Management and Men coming together in Council; (c) a field of Golden Grain in which men of high and low estate are reaping, motivated by common interest.

The frontiers of man's sympathies are being enlarged and developed with new intensity and earnestness. Any worthy cause, any immediate alleviation of human needs, finds a more ready response in America than ever before. No people in the world can excel us in sympathy and generosity. We realize more personally than ever before that we are our brother's keepers. A beautiful theory is gradually being made into a beautiful practice! The frontiers of man's sympathies suggest such ideas as: (a) a village desolated by fire, flood or hurricane, with relief rushing from all quarters; (b) Naborliness [*sic*]*—community sympathy and mutual interests finding coördinated expression; (c) Man to Man sympathy—the individual holding out the helping-hand!*

Following this beatific humbug, there are recipes for such concepts as "Intelli-

gence awakening the public", "Science lifting age-old burdens from the shoulders of men", "A voice speaking from the clouds," representing "a definite tie-up between light and television, between sound and radio"; and the symbols of Understanding and Peace, and the Parliament of Nations.

II

It is obvious that no painter in his right mind, no one with the faintest knowledge of the nature of his business, could manage these barren allegories and pseudo-classical concepts of the grand and the heroic. A few decent artists—and we have a few in America—cursed the whole project; others, crying impotently, returned to their bananas and minor abstractions. But to the academicians it was the real thing—it was meat and drink. And to the trained seals of the Academy went the awards.

Ezra Winter was honored with the largest single piece of decoration in Rockefeller Center, a panel, sixty by forty feet, for the lobby of the International Music Hall. Mr. Winter, effective before the camera, with his half-naked assistants and his huge studio, an indoor tennis court, finished his trifle with the celerity of a scene-painter working against a deadline. Deviating from Dr. Alexander's prescriptions, but holding fast to the spirit of uplifting morality, he unfolded, to the best of his ability, the old Indian legend of man seeking in vain the fountain of youth, attended by a procession of vanities and ambitions. As allegory, the panel is a silly fairy tale; as painting, it is perhaps as imaginative as the colored cut-out of the drug-store window, but less specific in meaning.

Barry Faulkner, a nurseling of the Academy of Rome, accepted the platitudes literally, and fabricated a mosaic panel in

glass, seventy-nine feet long and fourteen feet high. His theme, *Intelligence Awakening Mankind*, is expressed in strange figures adrift in the stratosphere like celestial flying-fish, and said to be symbols of Thought, and of Thought Transmissions—the radio, needless to say—"which free mankind from ignorance, cruelty, poverty and fear." I am familiar with most of the horrors committed in America in the name of wall decoration, but for complete ignorance of design and absence of clear intelligence, and as a final demonstration of the absurd notion that modern concepts should be embodied in figures borrowed from Italian art, Mr. Faulkner's mural deserves to be remembered by posterity.

Boardman Robinson, victorious in a restricted competition, applied his unquestionable talents to allegorical dry-rot: a rustic couple, emblems of the land and the simple life, triumphing over the machine and industrialism. My suspicion is that Robinson, a man of intransigent convictions, a fighting realist of the old *Masses* school, and author of a distinguished series of mural decorations in Pittsburgh, conceived and executed his canvas with his tongue in his beard—in a glib mood to burlesque the crimes of his more gullible brethren.

These exhibits indicate what is in store for us when the Rockefeller chamber of horrors is open to the public. They also indicate what happens in art when politicians and their architects put their heads together, after the official French custom, and bribe the artist to glorify the *status quo*. But while the sovereigns of Rockefeller Center were feeding the academicians, the Advisory Committee of the Museum of Modern Art, the high-toned asylum of French art and culture in America, came forward with a noble gesture,

inviting mural studies from some sixty American painters and a dozen photographers. The committee, which has been known to spend a year or two in getting together an exhibition of some Frenchman, allowed the Americans exactly one month in which to prepare their interpretations of modern life. The majority of the artists were men of radical protestations, but without experience in mural designing. They were willing to tackle anything in these hard times; and furthermore, were tacitly led to believe that their efforts would qualify them, or some of them, for jobs in Radio City. They worked frantically on their exhibits, but to no purpose. They were all hoaxed. Not one was even considered by the gods of the Rockefeller agglomeration.

The collective trials of the guests of the Modern Museum were profoundly disheartening. It was plain that a few of them were not strangers to the woes of contemporary America, but not one showed the slightest understanding of mural problems or the relation of art to the social background. Those who labored earnestly to illuminate the economic crisis proclaimed their message in crazy industrial fantasies, mechanistic symbols as fatuous as the celestial dummies of Barry Faulkner, and newspaper cartoons magnified to unseemly dimensions. Everywhere one saw ignorance and confusion, uncertainty and bombast—the ungovernable outgushings of greenhorns and cranks.

Such, in brief, is the present condition of our æsthetic revival. The promise of two years ago has been fulfilled in characteristic American style. Social function for the artist, like relief for the industrially unemployed, has been satisfactorily handled with the big talk and sentimental speeches of the stuffed shirts who still ride the economic corpse. Does the situa-

tion offer any hope? Is the artist to continue his psychic cohabitation with the members of his little cliques, spawning more and more æsthetic half-wits, or is he to effect a social connection? There are the Mexicans, you will answer, who have recently come to the rescue of our inept practitioners. The Mexicans know their business, make no mistake about that, but their best work, I fear is behind them. The two commanding figures, Rivera and Orozco, are essentially the product of the insurrectional forces of their own country, and thus far have disclosed no special perception of the curious needs and forays of the American spirit. Their example is ennobling; for they have done much, by contrast, to discredit the babyish patterns of the French modernists; but they cannot solve the problems of the American artist.

There is that formidable American, Thomas Benton, who, in the hot months of the past Summer, without ballyhoo or tea-sipping, went on painting the walls of the library of the Whitney Museum. Very few painters, it seems, regard Benton as an artist; but it does not matter. Artist or not, this one man may be depended on to act intelligently when confronted with even the most absurd suggestions. He knows his politics, his America, and his technical history of art. By the time this article is in print, he will have finished his job for the Whitney Museum. It will not be a Rockefeller Center mural; on the contrary, it will stand out as a brutally realistic organization of American life, the most powerful, the most engaging summary of the freakish pranks and manias of our civilization that has yet appeared in mural dress.

Other signs warn me that all is not lost. The throng of young would-be muralists hoodwinked by the Museum of Modern

Art have voiced the sharpest dissatisfaction with themselves; have discovered that they know practically nothing of the technique of correlating, in paint, factors which compass intelligible meanings. The sorry fiasco at the Museum has forced them, at least in small measure, to the realization of their social position. That they are running to a vague Communistic idealism is encouraging: to run in any direction is better than a return to their incestuous little cliques. They are beginning to see themselves as part of the movement of life, and are reaching out in an honest effort to make that part significant.

One thing, however, they must learn, once for all, or their progress outward will be balked. They must learn that conceptions and ideas must be wedded to an adequate technique, and to a knowledge of actual things. By knowledge, I do not mean scientific hoardings, nor the pedantic accumulation of data; I mean the *knowing* of things gained only by experience, intensified observation, and an exceptional interest in living. No art can get anywhere without knowledge. Leonardo had it, and Rembrandt, and Hogarth. The Mexicans have, or did have, it. By this mark the genuine artist is distinguished from the neurotic dabbler who reveals his soul in evanescent washes, and the Bohemian dabbler who juggles with cubes and cones. The little water-colors of John Marin, so persistently advertised and so ephemeral, prove that all the sensitivity in the world will not make a substantial artist. There is a limit to the emotional properties of a smudge.

The painter must cease to esteem himself as only a delicately attuned receptive instrument; he must set himself up as the professional practitioner which, in the good days of the fine arts, he was. He must know things, draw and mold them ac-

cording to that knowledge, relate them with logic and good sense, and abandon the habit of disguising his deficiencies in a meaningless babble of words. Let him stop talking: his talk is as nonsensical as the esoteric maunderings of his critical backers. Let him get to work; make an honest effort to acquire knowledge; and, in possession of all the resources and instruments of his trade, break his back to do something that shall stand in its own right, independent of verbal exegesis. That our painters and their potential patrons are totally blind to the function of painting is confirmed by the catalogue issued by the Museum of Modern Art in connection with its exhibition of mural studies. The character and quality of the paintings I have already described; in the pages of the catalogue devoted to the art of the "photo-mural", both text and illustration, we have the last convulsion of debauched thinking.

The arguments for the photo-mural are based on two absurdities. The first is that inasmuch as painting is a visual art, the camera, aided by new processes of enlarging prints, could more swiftly and economically discharge the duties of the artist. It is true, of course, that painting, as an art of vision, is first presented to the eye, but the material it presents cannot be gathered by the eye alone—not by the artist's eye nor the eye of the camera. Human vision, in so far as it registers any meaning, is not a mechanical operation. All perception is constructive, an integrated effort involving a lifelong train of memories, associations, and experiences. No one, save the idiot and the new-born babe, is capable of viewing an object with the innocence and mechanical detachment of the camera. The optical impact is simply the first step toward knowledge. Good painting is not a mechanical record of

things seen; it is a coherent statement of what conditioned human beings know about things. The meaning of the photomural differs in no respect from the meaning which we read into the rotogravures of the newspaper supplement. In the photograph it is the subject, not the treatment, that interests us; in painting the interest is proportionate to the power of the intelligence to modify and dramatize visual facts.

The second absurdity is that the photographer, by selecting his materials, by retouchings, focal distortions, and the pitching of his camera at eccentric angles, can compose a picture. You will have noticed that the defenders of photography always claim for their medium the virtues of painting—they are never content to let the camera have its place as a useful recording instrument. They are perhaps more persuasive since the modernists reduced painting to naked abstractions, but even so, their claims are founded on foolish assumptions.

All composed painting, and mural painting especially, calls for an absolute control of accent. There must be rhythm—an order of lines, planes, and colors so calculated that the eye, in exploring the picture, is carried easily and inevitably from one form to another. In the rhythm of all art worthy of the name, we find that individual preferences are manifest and active, causing sharp accentuations, dramatic concentrations of energy in prominent forms, variations in size and type with no regard for photographic accuracy or perspective; we find that static uniformity is abolished; and we feel the beat of living materials, of knowledge of things used creatively to excite our emotions. The photograph, however disguised or altered, remains a mechanical record. It contains no evidence of mind or imagination, and by

its very nature renders impossible the regulation of accent necessary to order.

In the wilderness of New York there are many John the Baptists crying their prophesies; but John the camera-man surpasses them all in unintelligent yammerings. Even the bankrupt literati who have gone Communist have a firmer grip on practical sense. Even the desultory fancies that inspired a group of idealists to besiege the White House, and demand that the President come out and be slain, cannot match the mural aspirations of the camera-men. It is time that our painters discarded their burden of high-sounding æstheticism; it is time they came down to earth—to the healthy spirit of discovery, and to a protest based on first-hand experiences.

Those who have not lost faith in America may derive some consolation from the historical fact that while Copley and Stuart were flattering the British snobs and putting on the airs of gentlemen, a very real and human art was being made by Colonial sign-painters, an art which, when recently exhibited in New York, made the visiting Frenchman, Léger, stare and gasp, and confess, in an unguarded moment of enthusiasm, the mediocrity of his own contraptions.

III

The relation of mural painting to architecture brings us back again to the social function of the artist. The call for mural decoration, historically considered, arises when a nation, or social unit, begins to take account of itself. The call is invariably inspired by a desire for the glorification of some current idealism, and implies a certain homogeneity of attitude on the part of the masses. An artist summoned to express, to set forth symbol-

ically, the meaning of his times, is assumed to have a share in major activities; the trust accorded him is a warrant of faith and responsibility. The rôle of Bohemian outcast to which a contemptuous society relegates the artist, as it relegates its philosophers to academic professorships, is forgotten in the new need.

As I have already pointed out, there has been, within the last two years, a sudden and rather extraordinary awakening of interest in mural painting. That artists have been victimized by Radio City and the museums has not retarded the increasing national interest, and it will be profitable, I believe, to inquire more closely into the springs of the movement. It may seem strange, on the face of it, that America should need the services of the artist, and even more strange that the call should be sounded in the midst of an industrial calamity which may well lead to a large social reorientation. But America, as Brooks and Siegfried have expressed it, "has come of age." At last she has finished with her crude exploitation of resources—a fanatical grubbing that has made critical valuations impossible. She must make decisions; the physical environment can no longer make them for her. Her impulses, heretofore extravagantly indulged, now call for objective consideration, and happily for the artist, for representation. She can no longer act without some show of purpose or meaning.

The call for representation in these troubled times is not surprising if we throw out the historical misconception of the relation of art to social ferments. The notion that the arts are born of the union of peace and plenty had its origin in the philosophy of academic retirement, and is merely a defence for the ineffectualness which, in our modern society, the professional thinker shares with the artist.

To wait for the marriage of peace and fat is a poor excuse for impotence. Art, like thought, is born of turmoil and violence. Art is born in periods of nervous forebodings and restless strivings—when the future is uncertain. When society calls on the artist for the objectification of its ideals, you may be assured that its ideals are imperilled: the old order is tottering, and art is the last means of defence. The great religious art of the world reached its highest expression in times of corruption.

Our business civilization, at the pinnacle of its recklessness, found expression in architecture. Its bold and youthful disregard of consequence was embodied in towering steel. Say what you will of this architecture—and it is fashionable now to condemn it—words can only weave trivial garlands round the fact of its existence. There it is; and the truth remains that the architect, more than any other artist, has participated in modern American civilization.

Unlike the affiliated arts of sculpture and painting, architecture is a direct reflection of social impulses, an automatic outcome of ways of living, of social behavior. It flaunts no assumptions about life—it is the child of life. Whatever reservations the architect may hold individually, his work, if successful, is acquiescent. It testifies with varying grace to the ideals of those in power, meeting their conceptions with unconscious compromise. It accepts life but makes no direct comments; its references to life are implied, and open to interpretations as valid in the case of the stock salesman as in that of the literary playboy.

Architecture today is truly an abstract art. Its highest values are those of pure function; it is simply a frame for human activity, and when the plastic artist is called in, it becomes also a frame for the

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artist's expression of that activity. Therein lies the foremost objection of the architect to the intrusion of mural painting and sculpture: that his work should be subjected to the wilfulness of the artist is exasperating beyond words. His resentment is classic. Forced by the call of his employer to accept the painter, he has but one thought: to minimize the possible importance of the artist's expression by limiting its scale, color, tone, and choice of subject. His attitude, of course, is not malicious; it is only the normal play of the defence mechanism.

For many years architectural ornament has taken the form of distorted classicism, a more or less ingenious eclecticism. One need not go into its history, or into the psychology of its various defences, to understand its obvious falsity as æsthetic expression. Ornament, in its relation to building, is always embroidery, an embellishment laid on without interfering, in theory at least, with the larger rhythms of architectural structure. Originally, its office was symbolical and more human, but this office has disappeared; and today ornament is an excrescencal pattern struggling to adapt itself to changing mechanical structure.

At one time its internal rhythms were subordinated to the architectural frame, a masonic mass; but with the appearance of the skyscraper, decorations intended for stone and marble have been transferred to the delicacies of sheathed steel. The results are preposterous, quite apart from the fact that the old ornament is an archæological hangover. Recently, an attempt has been made to invent more appropriate decoration, but the fundamental difficulty of significance, or meaning, cannot be overcome by ingenuity, and the cleverest embroidery of the modernists, at second glance, is pretty sterile stuff.

Mural painting, as it rises to prominence, attests a more general interest in the art of painting, a recognition of the richness of visual perception and of the value of painting as an agent for the coördination of social attitudes. Theoretically a part of and subordinate to an architectural scheme, it is actually an independent art enclosed in an architectural frame. This is both natural and reasonable, for all painting, with the exception of the geometrical trash of the modernists, is characterized by apprehensible meanings. It represents things of the visible world, establishes ideal relations between them, and by the rendering of human gestures and attitudes, expresses or suggests meanings which normally are of a verbal nature.

As a consequence, in spite of its abstract structure, it is closer to the average conception of life, which is almost wholly dependent on verbalization, than is architecture. The story value of painting cannot be dismissed. It should be remembered by every one attempting to assess the values of painting that associated meanings can be, and frequently are, more real than things themselves. Modern criticism has failed to recognize the fact that the picture is a symbol as well as a composition, or thing, and that the art of painting, as a social vehicle, attains to prominence when its symbolism reveals notions, ideas, tendencies, and values rising from the *mores* of the time. Painting comes into contact with society and finds its proper function through associative channels, but in so doing runs the risk of becoming utterly false and conventional. The frightful banality of the murals of Rockefeller Center illustrates this danger.

Painting has this in common with architecture: it appears in the more advanced

stages of civilization. I am referring here to painting that participates in communal activities and exercises a social function; the art of the Italian Renaissance, for example, which was called into the service of the Church, not because of its formal attributes, but because of its power to present collective beliefs and aspirations. Primitive, or folk art, which has been exorbitantly praised by æsthetic faddists, is poor and limited—inferior indeed to folk music in variety, intricacy and emotional power. And that form of painting practiced by professional modernists, amateurs, doctors, lawyers, and old ladies, to compensate their inescapable impotence, need not detain us.

What will happen to the æsthetic revival remains to be seen. There is no hope in Rockefeller Center, nor in the museums, most of which are directed by soft little fellows from the Fogg factory who use pictures to titillate mischievous erotic appetites. The future of mural painting would seem to rest with the architects and their employers. If these suspicious gentlemen would risk the talents of several of our independent artists, the present interest in mural decoration might be consolidated, and conceivably lead to social results of the highest importance. A few good murals in America would do more to raise painting to a dignified and useful art than all the easel pictures in the world.

HISTORY OF THE EARTH

BY FRANCES FROST

THE history of earth is a moving of leaves in the sun
closing behind the bodies of men, as the grasses
close after the hare and the junipers after the fox.

There have been those who vanished into the Summers
and did not return: whether they died in that country
or loved and put down their roots in it, none can tell.

They who returned sat old in the sun and stared,
mumbling of forests of leaves and of expeditions
ending under the flint of an unknown nation.

The young men went to this wilderness: not one among them
knew if his death would be legend or covered with leaves.

The history of earth is written in many breasts:
men speak of it in divers tongues, their throats
hoarse with the shout of it, taking again the lash
on their bloody backs and the steel in their ribs, inflicting
like wounds on their fellows.

They speak of the fields they grubbed
and the cities they built dragging the stones, the altars,
the stonehenge: they cry of the glory of man:

none knows if his death will be hard or his flesh desire it.

TRAVAIL

BY LOUIS ZARA ROSENFELD

OLD Dvorah Gelberman had been wasting away for ten years, but now Doctor Shulman, counting her pulse, knew that the long race with Time would soon be over. He marveled that she had lasted so long. Between his pink, scrupulously clean fingers her age-tanned wrist throbbed slowly. Dvorah's strong old heart was giving out. And crowding the small bedroom, its windows sealed airtight despite all the doctor's pleas, were the children and the grandchildren, and the great-grandchildren tugging at their mothers' skirts, and the anxious neighbors who had dropped in to see how Dvorah was getting along, and the sick committee from the Ladies' Auxiliary that had come to console their dying sister.

The doctor completed the evening's inspection and stepped quickly from the room. Feh! he wanted air, fresh air. Chaim Gelberman, the old woman's son, waved to him as he went out, and Doctor Shulman waited obediently in the dining-room where the overflow of visitors had assembled. He had tried many times to disperse this idle gathering that haunted the little flat and the sick-room, waiting, waiting, waiting, but Dvorah had insisted on having them around, and her children, especially Chaim, who paid all the bills, were prone to disregard his advice in favor of their mother's caprices. So now the flat was crowded with people who should have been at home preparing to go to bed. Many had come, doubtless, to be remembered

with bequests for the causes they represented. They were there to remind Dvorah that they and theirs were worthy. And she, dipping into Chaim's purse, showered the "needy" with her son's cash.

They would not have long to wait now. That old body, wasted by the erosion of the years, could not survive much longer. How old was she, anyway? Mentally the doctor calculated to ninety-eight. Dvorah had admitted to eighty when Chaim had called him in that first time to diagnose a case of indigestion. Ninety-eight? At least that. He was, in fact, fairly certain that she was well over a hundred; but she had feared the envy and jealousy of her friends, and as well the dreaded Evil Eye, and so she had lied, pitifully attempting to conceal what was obvious to all.

This denying one's correct age, it appeared, was something of a family failing. There was Chaim, nearly seventy, yet only the other day the doctor had heard him give his age as sixty-four or -five. And Reuben, who was over sixty and the pauper of the Gelbermans, also snipped a few annoying years from his age. And of course Leah did the same. Even some of the younger members of the family, whom he could remember as tots, had lied to his office girl in giving their ages. They all did. Perhaps they thought the Angel of Death would alter the records to suit them. An interesting case of mass fear, reflected Doctor Shulman. Thinking of his own sixty-three, he wondered if he would act

that way, too, when and if he became much older. Longevity was nothing to be proud of, surely, but why be ashamed of it?

The doctor reached for a cookie from a bowl on the sideboard and poured himself a few fingers of saffron-hued liquor. As he nibbled at the cookie he wondered where Chaim Gelberman had got such brandy. Suddenly he remembered that Chaim was waiting for him. He finished his drink and went back to the sick-room. Impatiently he elbowed his way through the phalanx that walled the doorway, muttering "The doctor! The doctor!" and peered in.

He was shocked. He confessed it to himself. Shocked. The dim electric bulb, through its dirty, white-glass shade, cast a frightening light. It was only because he was familiar with his patient's features, had been so for the past ten years, that he recognized her at all. A gaunt and bony creature lay under the comforter. Its long arms, brown and stiff, were stretched over the sides of the coverlet, the hands lying tensed and open. On the white of the pillow the long, narrow head lay, a cadaverous thing, topped with a coarse wig. The skin of the forehead and chin was cross-hatched with lines.

Looks as though she had been soaking in formaline, thought the doctor, and a sensation of disgust rose in his nostrils as he saw the long, ugly hairs that sprouted from the corners of her lips and the knob of her chin. Her cheeks were furrowed, too, and led innumerable radii toward her eyes. Her eyebrows had grown wildly till they were a dark, bushy bar over the deep black, fireless coals of her eyes, but the lashes had disappeared almost entirely. Longevity also has its disappointments, he mused, as he detected about the bed the revolting odor of the unburied dead.

He was fascinated. He had never had so

old a patient, had never seen one struggle so for meaningless life. Suddenly the old lips moved and the sound that issued was hoarse and very mortal.

"Chaim!"

From the semi-darkness a figure detached itself and stepped forward. The doctor understood. Chaim had been waiting for her to call him before she sank altogether.

"Mameh, what is it?"

The old woman's eyelids fluttered. She seemed to be looking far out beyond this room, this flat, this world. She whispered again.

"Reuben!"

Another figure stooped over the bed.

"Leah!"

A weeping woman threw herself forward. Leah sobbed as she knelt and laid her head against the coverlet.

"Dovvid . . . Simon . . . Sarah . . ."

Others crowded through the door, standing as silently as shades, but none answered to these last names. Dovvid and Simon and Sarah, indeed, would never answer again: the kind earth had accepted them long ago. Dvorah Gelberman, the old Dvorah, raised herself as she realized that no one had responded to her call.

"Dovvid," the hoarse whisper issued again, and then Dvorah remembered.

"He sleeps," she muttered and beat her bony breast. "Let him sleep."

"Mameh," Chaim began. "What is it, Mameh?"

She shook her head.

"Be good to your father, children. He's not so old, but he can hardly crawl from one chair to another. Don't be angry with him. His mind wanders a little sometimes. His strength grows less day by day."

A murmur ran through the little room, then a long sh! Old Gelberman had been dead now thirty-six years. He had died

before Dvorah had consented to come to America to live with her children. And now she spoke of him as one still breathing, as though he were in that very room!

Dvorah looked at her children. Eleven had sought life in her womb, but here stood only three. Of the six that had come to America only these were yet alive. The others? They were not here. She could not recall them. But these three, these three she would bind upon oath.

"Swear to me, you, Chaim, and you, Reuben," the old woman began. "Give me your hands in oath that you will take care of him. And Leah, in the Summer he likes the little red radishes and in the Winter dumplings made with unrendered fat, you know the kind. You shouldn't forget!"

"We swear, Mameh," they said. "Be calm! Let your heart be at peace!"

Both men shuddered as her fingers gripped their hands. She grows cold. Soon, soon.

II

"Now go and let me rest a little," she bade them petulantly. "Don't come again until I call you to say good-bye. Let me rest for a while. You are always bothering me. Soon I'll pack and leave. The children have begged so long that I must go and see them in this Golden Land. I have a couple of jars of chicken-fat, a bottle of grape-wine, and some beet-jelly made with sweet walnuts to bring them. But it's such a long way to go. Over the sea . . ."

Chaim played with the heavy gold chain that hung across his vest. Reuben bowed his head and shifted his tobacco quid to a new corner in his jowl. Leah wept in the arms of one of the neighbors.

Dvorah lay quietly for a moment and Mrs. Aaronson, chairman of the sick com-

mittee of the Ladies' Auxiliary, crept near. The women had a promise to fulfill before Death claimed their sister.

"Does she draw breath?" someone whispered.

"Dvorah," Mrs. Aaronson began softly.

"Sh! she sleeps!" Chaim said.

The dying woman stirred.

"Who calls? I am Dvorah and the Almighty Himself watches over me!"

"The Almighty Himself should watch over you! It is Rivkah Aaronson, Dvorah. Rivkah. Do you remember what you wanted me for?"

The old hands clutched at the coverlet.

"Rivkah Aaronson? Yeh, yeh."

Suddenly she sat up. The others fell back in fright. Was she coming back to the life that was trying so hard to disown her?

"Yeh, Rivkah," Dvorah continued, "you came to wash me and dress me in my white grave-clothes. Twenty years ago I sewed them up to be ready when the time would come. Yeh, Rivkah, I remember. The old head still works. It goes slow, but it goes. So come, Rivkah! Come, old wives, wash Dvorah, wash her clean! Dvorah goes to America!"

The women gathered around the bed, Dvorah's friends of the Ladies' Auxiliary who had promised to prepare her for her coffin. She would not have the undertaker's men touch her: who can tell what kind of people they are?

The others left, looking back over their shoulders. Slowly they went out, drifting into the dining-room, the parlor, the kitchen. Chaim Gelberman had kept his mother in a flat of her own. His wife did not want to have old Dvorah in her home. Too much of a burden. An old person, one foot in the grave—too much responsibility. So Chaim had furnished this place for his mother and had engaged various of her

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friends to drop in to see her at regular intervals. A fine man, Chaim, well-to-do and respected. His brother Reuben, on the other hand, is something of a good-for-nothing. Always in debt, always failing to make any business pay. He is a paving contractor: so is Chaim. How different two brothers can be!

Chaim beckoned to the doctor. Together they elbowed through the plague of relations, large and small, and sought privacy on the back porch.

"Nu, Doctor?" the older man began, hands in pocket, jingling a few coins.

Doctor Shulman rubbed his chin thoughtfully and stared out at the stars that winked roguishly at him and his handicraft.

"It's hard to say," he answered at last. "She has a strong heart for such an old woman —"

"She's not so old!" Chaim retorted almost mechanically, and then he added: "Talk about what you know, Shulman!"

The doctor checked his tongue: no sense in antagonizing Gelberman. He should have remembered how sensitive all the Gelbermans, mother, children, and even grandchildren, were on the point of their ages. And Chaim was the oldest of Dvora's living children. Plainly, he did not want to be reminded that Death, which was even now preparing to erase his mother, would stand bound to waylay him next, if only out of respect for his seniority.

"She has a strong heart," the doctor went on firmly, "but her breathing is becoming slower. She may not last the night. Yet she may linger for days. One can't tell."

Chaim was silent, and somewhat reproachful. He said nothing for five minutes. Then he rose and without a word to the doctor went back into the house.

"It is a shame to talk about it," Feinman apologized, "while she is yet alive. She might even live till her hundred and twenty years is over. You know, Mr. Gelberman, it's the broken pitcher that goes to the well the most times."

Chaim shuddered.

"Of course, you want a good box for the *mameh*," the undertaker went on, "and I've got them. Aluminum, steel, copper. The best your money could buy. Guaranteed to give service. It's a pleasure, a box like that —"

"Enough, Feinman! Make me no speeches! The *mameh* wants a plain wooden box like they had in the old home. So don't argue. And she has her own white grave-clothes. She sewed them up twenty years ago."

The undertaker hesitated.

"A wooden box?"

"Yeh."

"Then I'll make it nice with copper outside. It should look good at the cemetery, no?"

Chaim shrugged his shoulders.

"What's the difference? So long as there's wood in it. The *mameh* wants wood."

"And the limousines, how many should I have ready?"

"I don't know nothing about that. But let everybody that wants to pay her the last honor have a seat in a car."

Feinman smiled and rubbed his hands.

"Not many mothers have such sons," he sang mournfully.

Gelberman looked at him stonily and he shuffled out.

Rabbi Pearlbloom passed him at the door.

"She'll not die, Mr. Gelberman," the rabbi declared piously. "Such a good heart."

The charities she has done will alone earn her a long life. God doesn't forget such things."

"You know that for sure?" Chaim asked with a glare. The *rov* annoyed him. Plainly, the fellow wanted the job of conducting the ceremonies at the cemetery—it would cost a pretty penny, too—but why did he fawn so?

"For sure? That, of course, I can't say," the *rov* chanted. "But a woman that has brought such fine children into the world! God can't let her miss her reward on earth . . . Mr. Gelberman, you will want, of course, a gathering of ten young psalm-singers to repeat the Psalms when—at a hundred and twenty years!—she expires. I'll take care of it myself."

"You'll take care of it? Who said you should?"

Rabbi Pearlblock halted in dismay. He tugged at the wings of his broad nose perplexedly.

"I've already given an order to have ten of the best pupils of the Hebrew school ready."

Chaim said nothing for a moment. Then he consented with a shrug.

"Now," the *rov* continued, "I'll go in to see how the *mameh* is doing."

IV

"Bring me candles!" Dvorah commanded. Her voice rose to a high pitch as she spoke.

"Candles, candles?" Chaim mumbled. "Let some one bring candles. Reuben, run out and buy candles!"

The older brother stuffed a bill into Reuben's hand.

"Run, run!" he bade him.

"Wait, Chaim, Reuben, wait!" Leah begged them. "Maybe the *mameh* has candles!"

They asked her. Of course, she had them. She had everything prepared. She even had a list of small bequests she desired to make, ready for Chaim. To the great disappointment of the visitors, he tucked the paper in his pocket, promising to have the checks written out as soon as he got home. Dvorah had thought of everything, so of course she had the candles ready. Go in the first wide door of the kitchen cupboard. Reuben slipped the bill into his pocket: Chaim had plenty. Leah hastened and found them, tall, wax candles that one lights near the dead.

"Not these, Mameh!" Leah murmured.

"Yeh, yeh, these!" Dvorah insisted. "Both at my feet where I can see them."

They obeyed. Rabbi Pearlblock nodded his head solemnly, signifying that it was permissible.

"You shouldn't make a lot of trouble over me!" Dvorah said suddenly. "I don't want anybody to have any trouble over me now."

Chaim wanted to laugh. To laugh here at her deathbed? He controlled himself. For thirty years had she been a problem on his hands. Now she did not want to be any trouble for anyone.

"And if I have made someone angry, let him forgive me!" Dvorah continued. "Forgive me now and I'll put in a good word for you over there!"

"We forgive you, Mameh!" they chorused. "We forgive you, Dvorah!"

And that was all she said that could be clearly understood.

Her eyes now focused on the candle-flames, and she lay quietly, breathing only with effort. Then she began to murmur as in a fever. Once she turned slightly and stared at Chaim.

"Oh, Eliezer," she whispered, "you have grown so tall! I thought I would never live to see you so big."

Chaim squirmed and muttered.

"This is Chaim, Mameh!"

But she did not know him. Again she called him Eliezer. Eliezer had been born and had died a child of six before Chaim had ever seen the light of this world.

Suddenly Dvorah dug her gnarled hands into the coverlet. A fierce tensing of muscles, and then her face relaxed and her jaw dropped, revealing the dark cavern of her mouth. That was all. The travail of death was simpler than the travail of birth. Doctor Shulman felt gently for her pulse; he needed no more. Then he turned away with a manner of reverence. It was over. There was still the formality of the death certificate, but that could be taken care of later. He wanted to say something, words of condolence, but he could think of nothing: Dvorah Gelberman had taken her full measure of life. There should be no mourning here: this physiological machine had functioned till the last ounce of energy had been coerced from it. Truly dust was returning to dust, but what should he say? Rabbi Pearlbloom rose to his aid.

Quickly the *rov* produced a large, fringed praying-shawl from one of the pockets of his black alpaca coat, unfolded it, and covered the corpse. The *talith* reached only from Dvorah's head down to her knees, but that would do until the undertaker arrived. Feinman would not have to wash the body nor to clothe it. Dvorah's Auxiliary sisters would attend to that. But he would probably want to dress the face, touch it up with color to make a good appearance when the coffin was opened for the last time. And he would place the small fragments of a broken clay dish over the dead eyes to keep the lids closed: symbolic of the character of this life. Feinman would take care of all that.

In a singsong the *rov* chanted a prayer,

the others echoing him with fervent Amens. When he had finished he turned to Chaim and cut his coat lapels in several places with a little scissors that he brought forth from another pocket. There had been silence, the frightened silence that is Death's tribute from the living, but now Leah began to sob violently. Her cries grew shriller; she screamed and collapsed in a faint. Other women screamed and beat their breasts contritely; Dvorah had belonged to many charity societies in her thirty years in America. Tears trickled down Chaim's cheeks as he witnessed the grief of these strangers. Reuben blew his nose, took the little scissors from the *rov*, and cut his own lapel: mourning. The doctor slipped quietly from the room.

Rabbi Pearlbloom tugged lightly at Chaim's sleeve.

"Mr. Gelberman, when God wills, what can we do? He gives and He takes!" he declaimed eloquently but not without tenderness, and then he changed to a brisker tone. "I'll take care of everything for you. Don't bother yourself for a thing. Right away I'm running out to telephone Feinman to come. He will do his share. I have been working with him for years already. He will bring more candles to light around her bed—may she be happy in Eden!—and everything. And I'm going this minute to order the youngsters from the Hebrew school to come and chant the Psalms tomorrow when she is laid out in the coffin—may she rest in her peace! I'll take care of everything myself, Mr. Gelberman, the prayers and the sermon at the cemetery, everything. Don't worry, you can rely on me!"

He was gone with a spryness that belied his bulk. Chaim wiped his eyes, uttered the *kaddish*, prayer for the dead, and pushed through the crowded doorway as Reuben began his *kaddish*. He wanted to

get away, away from this corpse and these mourners. There was no one in the dining-room, so he poured himself a short glass of brandy. When he had swallowed it his head felt clearer. But the wailing and the sobbing came back to him.

Again he thought of his dead lying there in the next room. After all, she had been his *mameh*. In his mind he could no longer, try as he might, see her as a young woman, a young mother, who had played with him when he had been a child. He could not muster a single endearing memory of her. For him there existed only the

picture of an old woman struggling stubbornly for years, hanging on to life with her weak, bony fists, refusing to die. She had become repulsive to her friends, to his wife, to her grandchildren, even to her own children. But not to him, not to him, he insisted.

To live so long! He denied himself the pleasure of reflecting on her longevity. Instead, he mused bitterly for a few moments; would the thread of his own life unravel so far? Then something drew at his heart. The old *mameh* was dead. And he began to weep.

SWELL DAYS FOR LITERARY GUYS

BY BOB BROWN

WE WERE a bunch of word-pirates writing pulp fiction for the Frank Tousey publications. We didn't call it pulp, back there before the war. Indeed, we had no name for it. Loosely we referred to our work as doing blood-and-thunder. We concocted thrillers out of a hero, a villain, a dust-biting red-skin or two, three Colts, plenty of thin air, and much desperado dialogue. We didn't know under what classification our writing fell. We didn't care. We just wrote it. To order.

Frank Tousey, our employer, was little more than a name to us, a millionaire myth. None of us really knew him, but all of us had heard a lot about him. He had started back in the golden days of the early *Argosy*, in the catch-as-catch-can style of Frank A. Munsey. He and his brother Sinclair were closely associated from the start. Sinclair was an early distributor of the Beadle Library, the pioneer in the dime-novel field. He left the Beadles to join the American News Company. Simultaneously, Frank originated the half-price dime-novel, the nickel weekly. It differed from the Sunday-school tripe of that day only in being better written. He published a string with sibilant, stirring titles: *Secret Service*, *Work & Win*, *Jesse James*, *Pluck & Luck*, *Young Wild West*, *The Blue & Gray*, *Liberty Boys of '76*, *Old King Brady*, *Happy Days* (a home paper of the *Farm & Fireside* type), and *Moving Picture Stories* (a last desperate attempt to go modern).

Street & Smith came into competition with the same kind of thing under other names: *Log Cabin*, *Nugget*, *Buffalo Bill*, *Diamond Dick*, *Nick Carter*, *Frank Merriwell*, and *Good News*. N. C. Munro entered the field with *Old Cap Collier*, *Golden Hours*, and *Family*, and George Munro contributed *Old Sleuth* and the *Fireside Companion*.

Early in the 1900's the Beadle and Munro outfits folded, and Tousey and Street & Smith had the Nick Carter field to themselves. Munsey, though his start had been similar, managed to keep a little aloof from blood-and-thunder with *Munsey's Magazine*, the *Argosy*, the *Ocean*, the *Live Wire*, the *All Story*, the *Scrap Book*, the *Railroad's Man's Magazine*, and the *Cavalier*.

After 1900 only one independent nickel thriller sprang up to put the fear of God into the Tousey brothers and the Smith brothers. Together they strangled the upstart at birth. The Tousey papers were the first in their field and the last to leave it. In 1925 Street & Smith bought up the remaining copyrights and titles from Rosalie Tousey, Frank's widow, who had run the business after his death in 1915, with the assistance of his brother Sinclair, and a relative by marriage named Wolff. The Tousey titles exist today, I believe, only in translation, in Italy, Spain, France and Germany. I presume they are pirated. In America the nickel and dime magazines of greater pretention, the *Saturday Eve-*

ning Post, *Collier's*, and *Liberty*, and the horde of pulps, drove the nickel weeklies out of the hay-stack forever.

In my day the representative of the Tousey family in charge was Sinclair, the brother of Frank, I believe. But as there had been more than one Sinclair Tousey around the barnlike old offices on the second floor at the south-east corner of Twenty-third street and Seventh avenue, the reigning Tousey may have been an uncle or a nephew. Ours not to question why.

We Tousey hacks were all busted. Only Gil Patten, the original Frank Merriwell, and A. W. Thomas, then editor of *Top Notch*, ever deserted for the better pay at Street & Smith's. We others all sailed on under the Captain's gruff orders, roughly divided into yearning young able-bodied seamen and crusty, blue-eyed old salts who had known Frank Tousey when.

We seamen were all under thirty and we were called in only when *Moving Picture Stories* was started. We were a novelty around the office because we came from a free-lance world unknown to the ancient mariner group, who had grown round-shouldered from stooping over their inkwells. Among us were William Almon Wolff, who later hit the *Post*, Fritz Krog, a protégé of Dreiser, and Russel E. Smith.

None of us A.B.'s was solely dependent on Tousey for his living, but all of us had the horrible example of the ancient mariners before us and were constantly afraid that we might be, so we spent much time shining the waiting-room benches with our breeches at Munsey's, Street & Smith's, the Butterick office, Young's, and so on. Alongside us sat Arthur Somers Roche, Rex Beach, Frank Condon, Homer Croy, Horatio Winslow, Lucian Cary and Don Marquis, none of whom ever fell to the Tousey level.

The ancient mariners had been with Tousey for a generation. Not one of them was less than sixty-five, and some were nearly eighty. All of these old boys were utterly, unutterably, dependent on pitifully small weekly checks signed by N. Hastings, Treasurer. The moving picture age had overtaken them and was counting them out, one—two—three—four—five—six—.

They were ideal grandfathers for anybody, gorgeously got up in twitching Alice-in-Wonderland whiskers. Rainbow whiskers. Crinkle-eyed, big-nosed, generous-eared old Kris Kringles in shiny stock ties held together with horse-shoe pins. They still believed in Santa Claus, in the resplendent person of Frank God Tousey. They were left-overs, hang-overs from the *New York Ledger*, *Leslie's Magazine*, the *Blade*, and Beadle's and Bloomer's publications.

We functioned in that twilight period between the dime novels and the *True Stories*, *Love*, *Adventure* and *Air Stories* of today. We could write anything at the drop of a hat. We were no pencil-chewing dilettantes. Give us a stint to do for our day's bread, even 5000 words for \$15, and we were up and at it. We made our typewriters dance. But our dean still used a quill and filled reams of foolscap with a flowing script that was Greek to everybody but the compositor who had hand-set his stories for forty years.

II

Horace Greeley had set our pace. Yet we were a cut above mere newspaper men. We had class. We carried canes. Not smooth cub-reporter Piccadilly sticks, but gold and ivory-headed ones, seasoned souvenirs from our world travels. Quaint canes, breathing the nocturnal Limehouse atmosphere,

canes with swords lurking in them, malacca, genuine unicorn horns, whale-bones, sticks covered with rattle-snake skin.

From bar to bar we dashed, around Twenty-third street and Sixth avenue in our spats, rubbers and overshoes, with the wide-awake eagerness of foreign correspondents. Wherever we went we carried whiffs of Spring, whiskey, and the fresh, earth-plot smell of rich loamy fiction. We sat chinning together over ponies of whiskey. We were brotherly Walt Whitmans. We were the Word.

Straight from the backwoods of American fiction we came, as naïve as the Sweet Singer of Michigan; out of the gilded *Town Topics* offices we toppled, as swaggerish as Richard Harding Davis. Grandfatherly in age and experience, we were yet only boys. We bubbled with that fifth element that makes men and beer effervesce.

I felt a child among the oldsters. I had no patriarchal whiskers. Respectfully, I listened to their stories, learned about literature from them. They were not conscious of any difference in our ages. They had eternal youth. They gave me equal footing on the bar-rail. We took our whiskey straight, without gasping or wiping the mouth with the back of the hand. Beer we used only as a chaser. We were as romantic as Bliss Carman, Richard LeGallienne and Peter McArthur, who worked the other side of the street, writing *vers de société* at the old Sixth avenue Grape Vine, where the atmosphere was still stuffily British, the bartender a cockney who pumped up ale by hand, and made observations about the weather by tortuous word of mouth.

We Touseyites haunted the bar at the northwest corner of Twenty-third and Sixth. It was as strictly American as we.

Our bartender wore handle-bar mustaches like a man. He treated us with respect, as authors and whiskey drinkers, and was especially proud of our dean, who could down three fingers of Bourbon without taking the tobacco quid from his cheek.

We wrote Westerners, mysteries, detectives, and a kind of endless serial that was linked together in equal lengths and served up steaming hot in *Happy Days*. Our stories were highly moral. A little child could read them, and grown-up children too. We crammed them full, a little light Falstaff, a hunk of heavy Hamlet, a great deal of Dickens.

Friday was pay day, and after seeing Ned Hastings we went one at a time to the office of Lou Senaren, Tousey's chief editor, to receive our weekly hand-out of a very bad moving-picture scenario to rewrite into a touching true story for the first motion-picture magazine. That magazine was pretty modern for the Tousey offices, and the oldsters looked down on it, considered it too new-fangled for anything.

The pay for our weekly movie rewrite was \$15, and some of us lived on it, spending a third at the bar before taking home our weekly bundle of wash. Many of us were married to sweetly patient wives who hadn't the heart to complain. In the course of years we caught glimpses of one another's mates on Fridays, come to collect the pay when one of us was on a bender. These wives came in handy too, when we were too drunk to tell the typewriter keys apart. They sometimes substituted at the machine and got the weekly wash done on time. Nobody knew the difference. There wasn't any difference.

Our dean was an amateur archeologist. At seventy-six he still spent his spare time digging pits in the Palisades and up in the Revolutionary War trenches at Fort

Washington. He found pewter uniform buttons, stone emblems of phallic worship, Indian arrow-heads, and petrified little-toe joints of Neanderthal Man. But he was no fossil himself. He never bored anybody for a minute, either talking or writing. His words were worth very much more than the half cent apiece that Tousey paid him.

He told fascinating true tales and wrote breathless fiction. Once he found a gold idol in an ancient strata of earth thrown up by excavators preparing the path for the first Manhattan subway. A friend of his had found the twin to it in the Republic of Colombia. That went to show, he said, that the same Indians swept over both North and South America and came originally from the Orient, gold idols and all.

He could drink whiskey splendidly; lifting the glass with his little finger crooked under the weight of an enormous amethyst ring, pushing back his yellow-white mustache with the other little finger and thumb. A flash of light in the bar mirror, a swish of whisker, and the drink was down. He never removed the chew of tobacco except when he went to bed.

Another was a seventy-year-old daddy who dashed up and down Fifth avenue in a purple wig and a flowered pink vest. He was outstanding because he was the father of one of the most beautiful girls in New York. A good father too. He supported the gal by writing a hair-breath, hair-trigger, sharp-shooting series of Old King Brady's. He supported his own spirit with clothes of passion and breast-pockets full of Parisian Art Nudes, post-card size. The lily-fair bodies of these pasteboard ladies got all smudged and grimy from his constant fingering, but his inspiration was never sullied.

Our editor was a joy. He had graduated from the hard-smiting school of life,

but still retained a few teeth. He drank too. So, indeed, did Mr. Tousey. Our editor laughed a lot and thought that the niceties of grammar were all a lot of hooley. We agreed that probably they were.

When he got good and drunk he always bought a bouquet for his wife, to cover up the scent of himself when he opened the door of his Brooklyn home. As an editor in receipt of steady pay, he was a notch above us, but he never showed it. He treated us as equals. He had been a free-lance himself. He knew how it was.

Once, after one of our Friday night gatherings, our editor started home too late to buy the bouquet for his wife. With ready resourcefulness, he looked for wild flowers in a vacant lot across the street from his house. He gathered a great armful of something fresh and green and staggered up the front porch with it, poking it through the door, expecting the usual acceptance of his peace offering.

Unaccountably, his wife slammed the door in his face. After pounding on it awhile he gave up, sneaked around to the back yard, lay down on the cellar door and went to sleep beside his bouquet. When he awoke next day he noticed a bad smell and found that it came from the heap of green stuff he had plucked in the dark. Slowly he realized that he had picked a bunch of skunk cabbage. He always laughed and laughed when he told that story. It was a good one on him.

III

A simpler, nicer man never lived. He was our kind, and we always felt snug in the saloon with him alongside. But not so with Mr. Tousey. Sometimes he stopped in our hang-out, stood aloof, bought us a drink and waved it toward us, or came over to our table to ask the dean how his symp-

toms were. But he never sat down. He was always in a hell of a hurry. To the older men he was the romantic man-about-town, the irrepressible playboy they had pictured as the hero or villain of a thousand thrillers.

He kept us in our place, eating out of his hand. We were all in the same boat, under his captainship. All of us vassals of Tousey, timid story-tellers, twitching our whiskers up at him, cats looking at a king. In fact, we seldom saw him. He was too fast for us. He glinted through the office like a Gillette blade. Always fast, and sometimes furious. He stopped in his shop only long enough to get some cash from the cashier, and then beat it back to his yacht. He kept rigidly in character, a publisher of the old school, as resplendent as Bloomer, as formal as Munsey, as nautical as Scripps.

While we did his work for him, we pictured him lolling in his yacht amidst a rainbow of beauties, drinking magnums of champagne and smoking quarter cigars half way through. He piqued our fancy, spurred our imagination. He owned race horses and patted newsboys on the head. The office boy picked up the snipes he left around, smoked them, and got seasick.

When Mr. Tousey came into our corner saloon we hushed our rosy stories and attempted to talk about literature while he gulped down his red-eye and made for the door with his airy salute. He kept up the manners of a wealthy publisher until at last he went flat broke. As soon as he left the saloon we scudded back to the tall timber of our tales. Most of us had fought Indians with brass knuckles, and all of us had fought booze bare-handed. We were qualified to point out the evils of drink to our antiseptic juveniles, albeit with a shaky finger.

It was a swell saloon. The bar was solid mahogany, the color of whiskey. The drinks slipped down, smooth as velvet, whilst we told of our better days and drank forward to many more of them. We had written memoirs for Buffalo Bill, signed confessions for Mary Pickford, original Laura Jean Libby stuff, and genuine Nick Carters. We were associated with the grand tradition in the literature of America, from Edgar Allan Poe to Petroleum V. Nasby. We were part of the inky pulse, our beards were blue from wiping Spencerian steel nibs on them.

Big boy Scouts, we were, humping over ink-wells, Olivers and Blickensdorfers, picking with swollen-knuckled forefingers at our daily dish of writing. The older among us couldn't punch a typewriter, and in consequence our editor, from reading long-hand manuscripts for forty years, had so weakened his eyes that he couldn't tell wild roses from skunk cabbages. A million ink-smudged words more or less made little difference to him. In reading manuscripts he let his eyes amble at will through the pages, catching a typographical error here, a whole line left out there, and finding the villain's name carelessly used in place of the hero's more than occasionally.

Rapid free-hand writers gorgeously got-up in Stetsons and braided watch chains, with walrus teeth dangling from them, could not bother with such inconsequentialities. That's why Mr. Tousey kept an editor; two editors, in fact. We were the tattered remnants of the old school of American penny-a-liners, valiantly making our last stand there in Twenty-third street. Munsey to the right of us, Street & Smith behind us, onward we blood-and-thundered. We went down at last before Bernarr Macfadden and six hundred *Hooley* and *Blooley* magazines.

There was about us a resounding smack of words, as strong as the salt smack of sailors. We were stern old leather-necked land-turtles, hawk-eyed he-men who simply couldn't write a sex story. Not even our ancient dandy in the purple wig could get the hang of the Robert W. Chambers tale, which was coming into vogue then. Love stories, yes; but only up to a decent limit. We couldn't imagine leaving our heroines too long away from the watchful eyes of their chaperones. They were as much angels on the last page as they were on the first. Yet we wrote robustly. We needed no monkey-glands to keep us at it.

IV

The bar was haunted with ghosts of all the heroines and villains that almost did them wrong. Indian scalps hung down from the gilded picture-frames. Prairie schooners and covered wagons trekked across the saw-dusted floor, and prairie dogs ducked out of sight in the roomy holes of the brass cuspidors when we spat out our stinging tobacco-juice. Coyotes skulked along the foot-rail. Newsboys who later became millionaires snatched at the free-lunch counter. Little Nells shivered in threadbare shawls outside the swinging doors, waiting for fathers who never came home. Wraiths of murdered men floated in our cigar smoke. Red-thumbbed detectives strolled through in search of escaped zebra-striped convicts. Cops lurked in corners with lengths of rubber hose.

All of romance and fiction popped up for us at the beckon of a gnarled finger, and the bartender, always impressed and respectful, served our drinks with a special air. He had been brought up on our stories, a willing acolyte consecrated to the service of the everlasting fires of romance.

The bar radiated plots. Kit Carson and Dan Boone were there. Annie Oakley shot out the flaming gas jets of the chandelier. Sheriffs swaggered through, their metallic eyes punched out like nickeled stars.

Sitting Bull fought nine white men with brass knuckles, to a finish, there on the bar-room floor. Deep-sea divers popped up in their wrinkly elephantine suits. In one hour you could see the ghost of Jean Valjean swiping hunks of rye bread and *Leberwurst*, Little Dorrit dragging her father to the Jefferson Market Police-court, Hogarth's Hell and Blake's Heaven in action.

Cow-girls swung their wicked hips through the place, on the way to the guilty back room. Carry Nation hacked up the joint with her hatchet. Comedy characters cut their comical capers even whilst Little Eliza crossed the ice to the blood-curdling barks of the nickel melodeon.

We were never without a drink at hand. Somebody always ordered a round. There was nothing stingy about us on payday. We were no gaudy actors out of work, decorating a bar beside an agency. We were no aspiring high-brow writers sitting around Seth Moyle's office, gobbling up pearls of story-selling wisdom from the master.

Caressing the thin waists of whiskey glasses we stood staunch along the rail, chanting the Song of Bacchus. Rabelais came in, arm in arm with François Villon. Boccaccio and Casanova showed up sometimes, to our old dandy's dear delight. We bought Poe many a drink and discussed with him the latest murder in the Rue Morgue. Sam Johnson shuffled through in his greasy bathrobe. Salvation Army lasses and austere George Eliots gave us the wink. Gaboriau and Gautier rubbed elbows with us.

Those were swell days for literary guys.

MY AUNT DAISY

BY ALBERT HALPER

IN THE late Spring, just before the hot weather set in, my mother began receiving letters from Boston, and started to wear a frown. She put the letters in the upper right-hand drawer of the old, scratched-up bureau, because the upper right-hand drawer had had no knob for some time now, and if you wanted to open it you had to pry it from side to side with the ice-pick, or the little screw-driver she kept locked up in the sewing-machine.

Finally, after five or six letters had arrived, my mother began to show her agitation, and to drop, here and there, a hint that her youngest sister Daisy wanted to come to Chicago for a few weeks during the summer. We had heard so much about our Aunt Daisy that everybody got excited in the flat and began asking questions—everybody except my father, who sat down to the supper table, chewed his food thoughtfully, and didn't say a word all through the meal. My mother watched him quietly.

"Well," he said at last, "is she as crazy as she used to be?"

He received no answer and went on eating. Later, clearing his throat, reaching over for the sugar-bowl with his short fat arm, he asked the question again, this time scowling a bit.

"She's thirty now," my mother said submissively. "She's no girl any longer. She knows how to act."

"She should get married," said my father, finishing his tea, still frowning.

"What she needs is a man!" and he put on his hat and went back to the store, leaving a gloomy feeling in the flat.

He knew my mother's youngest sister, and he did not like her. When he spoke of her he called her a *fitchkhe*, which means a skittish little horse. No, he didn't like her. Before he had come to Chicago to settle down he had lived for a time in Boston, and he knew Aunt Daisy very well. It was evident, as he left the flat, that he had no strong desire to see her again.

Later on in the evening, when he came back from the store, he took his shoes off and sat for a while in the old rocker in the front room, his heavy face half-cupped in his fist, rocking there for a long time. Finally he yawned, got up tiredly, scratched his head, and went to bed. In the kitchen my mother was putting washing to soak, and her hands fluttered above the tubs.

During the next few weeks the flat was like a powder magazine—everything was tense and silent in the house as soon as my father would come home from the store. If we had been playing in the front room or wrestling on the floor we stopped as soon as we heard that well known heavy tread on the stairs, so that when our father opened the door he came into a quiet flat. He'd take his hat off, pull up a chair and start eating right away, while my mother began serving him.

She was a large woman, almost a full head taller than my father, but it was he

who was boss around the house. When he complained about the bad business in his little grocery, when he wailed that the hot weather was spoiling the few slabs of meat in his dinky ice-box and that the chain-stores, which had begun to expand rapidly, had already reached Madison street, half a mile away, my mother had to contract her face with sympathetic suffering, as if she had a toothache. And if she didn't, he'd holler out that of course it made no difference to her where the money came from just as long as she had a place to eat and sleep in. But right after he'd say this, he'd feel sorry, and would sit there frowning, with a low grumble rumbling deep down in his throat. Then he would go back to the store. My mother would take the dishes from the table after he was gone and would stand at the sink for a long while before turning on the hot water.

Sometimes, late at night, from the dark of their bedroom, I could hear my mother and father talking in low tones.

"But we haven't got room for her," my father would argue. "And besides, it costs something to board her."

But my mother who had not seen her youngest sister for many years kept at it. The letters piled up.

II

Toward the end of June my father, worn away, gave in. My mother wrote to Boston telling her sister to come and when the train arrived my oldest brother met Aunt Daisy at the station. He brought her home. My oldest brother, about twenty at the time, was somewhat of a dandy, wore a wide straw sailor with a colored ribbon, and was thus delegated to be the family's reception committee. I remember we watched him going up the street toward

the trolley on his way to the station, and when he reached the corner he waved back at us because he knew that we were looking, though he really could not see us.

He brought Aunt Daisy home. It was late dusk when they came. The street lamps had not yet lit up and from the windows we could see Milt struggling with two heavy bags while a little woman walked jauntily at his side. In the fading light we couldn't see her face and when they got closer to the flat we went away from the front windows because she might look up and see us, so when at last the bell rang we were all excited and her entrance was something of a dramatic event. I could hear the bags bumping as my brother struggled with them up the stairs.

Then we opened the door, Milt set the bags down in the hall and Aunt Daisy, with a little cry, rushed forward into my mother's arms. My mother couldn't talk for a while; she hadn't seen her sister for over fifteen years.

Milt came inside, shut the door and dumped the bags in the parlor. "It's dark here!" he shouted. "What's the matter?" and he struck matches and lit the gas-lamps in all the rooms of the flat.

In the sudden light we looked at our mother's sister—we stood there gaping, the whole crew of us, six kids. We saw a small, dark, vivacious woman who looked to be about twenty, flashing us a smile. There was something vibrant about her, about her nostrils, her eyes and hair, and we fell in love with her at once. On her head she wore a small hat with grey and brown feathers, and she had a way of tilting her chin, of flashing her smile, of looking pertly alert that made me think of a bird. Yes, she was a warm little bird.

She took her hat off right away and

stared brightly at us in friendship. My mother's eyes were misty as she saw her sister counting us briskly by placing her forefinger saucily against our foreheads, one by one, and trilling "Tra-la-la-lal"

"I'm your Aunt Daisy," she said, then bent down and kissed every one of us while our mother stood by choking and happy. When she came to my oldest brother she stopped, flashing us all another smile. "I kissed Milt at the train, but I guess I can kiss him again," and she gave him a real loud smack on the lips. My kid brother, who was about six at the time, jumped up in the air and clapped his hands, so my aunt had to kiss him again also.

Then she breezed through the flat, through the six large gloomy rooms, her heels rapping against the floor, while my mother, middle-aged, grey, tired out by child-bearing and household drudgery, walked behind her.

When we reached the front room we all stood at the windows looking down the darkening street, and at that moment the arc lamps lit up with a sudden burst of light. "Seel!" she cried as glare and shadow cut the pavement below, and she raised my kid brother in her arms and kissed his cheek again. She was in love with him right away.

On the outskirts my sister, thirteen and lonely in a house of many brothers, edged silently away, and with a sad, lost look stared down at the shining asphalt. She had been dreaming and thinking of our aunt for weeks and wanted so much to have someone to talk to. She stood there with her soft yellow hair in two long plaits hanging down her back, and by the set of her small jaw I knew she was hating her little brother. But Aunt Daisy suddenly turned to her, cuddled her hand and brought her over. My sister was awk-

ward at first, but it was evident that she liked Aunt Daisy.

Finally Aunt Daisy said: "Where's Isak?" and the flat went quiet.

"He's at the store," my oldest brother answered after a while. "He'll be home pretty soon."

"Maybe you ought to go down and tell him, Milton," my mother put in, pleading.

"He'll be home," Milt said shortly and stared at his straw hat on a hook.

While we waited for our father our mother showed Aunt Daisy to her room and I started dragging the heavy bags across the floor, kicking at the brothers who sprang for the handles. I was about nine years old at the time, and puffed from the exertion. My mother told Aunt Daisy that she could have the whole room to herself. "Can you manage it?" said our aunt, knowing we were crowded, then changed the subject.

We were to sleep three in a bed and our sister was to sleep on the sofa. "On the sofa?" Aunt Daisy said in alarm. "No, she's to sleep with me!" This made my sister so very happy that she started crying; she looked at Aunt Daisy as though at that moment she would have kissed her feet.

Then we heard that well known heavy tread on the bottom stairs. All of us stood crowded in Aunt Daisy's bedroom, waiting. The door slammed.

"Is there a show going on?" shouted our father when he saw all the lights in the flat burning. "What's the meaning of this?" and he strode through the house, turning off all the gas except the parlor jet. He was grumbling to himself, a short, stocky, testy man.

At the threshold of the bedroom he stopped. "Oh . . ." he said, taken slightly aback, and stood looking at my mother's sister, at the trembling smile she flashed at

him. What fine teeth she had! They greeted each other quietly, and he asked if the train ride had been hot and dusty. Then he went into his bedroom.

After he went to bed all of us sat in the parlor with the gas turned low while Aunt Daisy told our mother about the family in Boston. Milt had a date with the daughter of one of the neighbors down the street, but he ran outside and broke it, and then came back. He didn't want to miss the news. Aunt Daisy, speaking low so as not to disturb our father, gave our hungry mother all of it. At that time my grandmother was still alive and also all five of my mother's sisters, all living in Boston or nearby New England cities. My mother was the oldest and had been the first to leave the little village near the Baltic for America; then all had followed. My father, also from the same town, had sent her passage money.

"And how is Mama? How is she?" asked my mother for the fifth time, and Aunt Daisy said our grandmother was well. Our grandmother ran a little dry-goods store in East Boston and was getting along all right, Aunt Daisy said. Then came talk about relatives we had never seen, strange names and little stories connected with everyone of them, with my mother happy and excited and breaking out in her native tongue every so often. We sat up late until all of us began yawning, and then went to bed.

III

In the days that followed Aunt Daisy and my mother were always talking together in the kitchen, in the bedroom or on the back porch, reminding each other of various happenings of many years ago. They spoke all day long about relatives in Europe, about the little village near Memel on

the Baltic, and my mother suddenly remembered old folk tales, and for the first time in my life I saw her face was beautiful as she talked about the things she knew. My father grew a trifle less grouchy, but did not unbend all the way. He still went to bed as soon as he came back from the store at night.

It was now July and the mid-Summer heat was upon us. It blew in from the plains in huge hot waves which rolled up the streets, stifling the town. In the evenings we sat on the back porch, which overlooked a wide yard below, where all the children of the tenement played ball until full darkness came on, throwing the ball up and back until it looked like a grey streak and you wondered how they caught it. Closer to the wall of the next building the men pitched horse-shoes in pairs, the big shoes ringing hard against the iron stakes, and the losing side had to fork up ten cents for a can of beer, which was drunk slowly, going from mouth to mouth, with the kids begging for a chance to blow off the foam.

After the men got tired of playing horse-shoes in the dark they sat on the stairs below and sang, slowly at first—sad love songs and ballads of the day. Someone would pull out a mouth-organ and the men would sing softly. They were laborers and mechanics mostly, with a sprinkling of single railroad men who boarded with the families in the building. They all liked to sing.

The mid-Western twang of their songs was new to Aunt Daisy and she started calling us Westerners. She herself spoke with a Bostonian accent which sounded brittle and odd at first, until we grew accustomed to it.

For the first week or so the entire life of the flat was keyed up and my mother's thoughtful face lost some of its quiet look.

We stayed up later than usual and Milt went down to the drug-store for a quart of ice-cream almost every night. Aunt Daisy had come with five or six new Summer dresses and wore a different one each night, though she did not go out. I believe that she finally spoke to my mother about it, because at the end of the first week my mother had a talk with Milt and a day later Milt started taking Aunt Daisy out.

She was ten years his senior, but on the street she looked so girlish that people took her for Milt's sweetheart. Milt took her downtown to a couple of shows, introduced her to a few of his friends, and then began to worry because he had heard that his girl in the block had started going with another fellow. He grew nervous, dropped Aunt Daisy right away, and tried to straighten things out with his girl.

But the little sip of Loop night life, the lights and music of the downtown restaurants made Aunt Daisy restless and she began to quarrel with Milt. At first he was polite in his answers, but later on, when she grew quick tempered and told him he owed her a duty as a nephew to take her around, he flew off the handle and answered sharply. My mother tried to smooth things over, but Milt stalked out of the flat and went striding up the street. Daisy locked herself in her bedroom and cried there a long time.

From then on, her visit was not a happy one. Ben, who was the next to the oldest and eighteen at the time, volunteered to take her out, but he was a quiet fellow and had a youngish face, and lacked the poise and easy manner that Milt possessed.

So the evenings passed, the hot Summer nights, and Aunt Daisy remained in the flat. Two weeks went by and she said nothing about leaving. My father spoke to my mother, but my mother said to wait

another week. Now that all the news had been exchanged, now that the first flush of meeting had worn off, there was a sharp letdown. We had grown accustomed to Aunt Daisy's Eastern accent and had heard some of her Boston stories for the second and third time. In the daytime we went swimming in the city ponds or in the playgrounds, and only my sister stayed behind. Aunt Daisy, in her loneliness, would read aloud to her from "Ramona" or "Ivanhoe," and sometimes she liked to braid my sister's heavy yellow hair.

And all the while my father grew grouchier and grouchier. "When is she going?" he would ask my mother. "We're crowded here, the boys have to sleep three in a bed in such hot weather, and you're setting a better table now, a cake or fruit almost every evening. I can't afford it."

My mother would stand there without answering him until my father went back to the store.

At last, during the middle of the third week, my mother must have spoken to her sister about it, for when I came into the flat one hot afternoon I could hear Aunt Daisy crying in her room. My mother stood there, looking helpless. Daisy sobbed out that she had no friends, that she was tired of being unmarried, and she said she had thought she would meet somebody here. "I was looking forward to it so much," she sobbed.

"But the boys are so young," my mother said. "Milton is only twenty. His friends are boys, too."

Aunt Daisy kept on crying. "Besides, I haven't got the railroad fare back," she confessed. "Every penny I could scrape together went into the dresses I brought with me."

My mother stood aghast. Then she saw me.

"God knows, God knows! . . ." she said

and Daisy, looking up, also saw me and began smiling through her tears, to show me she had not been crying. She called me over, laughing softly, and when I came she strained me to her and kissed my face all over. Her arms were trembling. She kept whispering to me and in the end she mussed my hair, laughing nervously. "What did you see? Was I crying?"

I shook my head.

"There!" she cried and flung her arms out happily. "Tra-la-la-la, tra-la-la-la!" and she went singing through the rooms of the flat. In the kitchen my mother, standing over the stove, stirred the heavy soup slowly with a big ladle.

Another week went by and still my mother was afraid to ask my father for Aunt Daisy's return railroad fare. She put the matter off from day to day. But out of her own meager savings she gave her sister a few dollars for stockings, face-powder and other things. Aunt Daisy took the money, drew the new hose snug against her shapely little legs, and tousled our heads harder than ever.

"Tra-la-la-la! Tra-la-la-la!"

Milt went out every night now and on Sundays stayed away all day. He bought a pair of flannels and a blue jacket, and went out sporting. The daughter of the neighbor was more gone on him than ever, and just before he used to leave the flat Aunt Daisy would find something to do in her room until he had gone.

Later on, when she was sure that Milt had left the house and when my father had gone to bed, Aunt Daisy would sit on the back porch and wait for a breeze with the rest of us, while a hundred yards to the south the Lake street elevated roared and crashed along, hurtling its racket through the Summer night like long-range artillery. And to the north, a block behind us, were the Northwestern tracks, with

freights that passed all night long, their whistles wailing over the town and the black soot of the soft coal they burned floating down upon the people in a thin, sifted ash. The heat brought out the perspiration, and if you rubbed your face with your hand it came away dirty from the train soot.

In the hot night, looking to left and right, you could see all the porches of the building loaded with families, the men sitting in their socks, the women in thin cotton house-dresses. Some of the families hauled out mattresses and slept on the porches all night; and in the morning you could see them sprawled out, wearily, and if they were awake they'd pull the sheets over them quickly, wait for you to look away, and then duck inside the house.

No rain fell. In the evenings, when the sun rolled down in the west over the piano factory in Walnut street, clouds of grey dust rose in the air as the men pitched the horse-shoes. Their trousers bottoms would be powdered and they'd have to step back and wait awhile to let the dust settle before looking at the iron shoes. They rushed the can harder than ever and the kids kept fighting to see who would be chosen to blow off the foam.

IV

Then came the tragedy of the Summer. One of the young unmarried railroaders had seen Aunt Daisy sitting on the porch and had fallen for her. He was a big, honest, bashful fellow named Harry O'Callahan, and he had the shoulders of a coal-heaver. He had a fine voice, too, and could play the harmonica.

He spied Aunt Daisy one evening as he was pitching horse-shoes, glancing up at our porch on the second floor. He saw she was small and dark and was dressed in a

yellow Summer frock. He fell in love right away. Small as I was, I noticed it at once. He played horse-shoes very badly all evening and the men bawled him out and none would pair off with him, so he had to play against two of them, walking up and back across the dusty ground, and losing every game.

"What's come over you?" the men asked. "You used to beat us all."

Harry shook his head, forked up another dime and dropped out of the game. And later on, in the hot dark when the men had grouped themselves on the stairs, someone struck up an old railroad song, a ballad about the sweat of the road and the Iron Horse and the whistles of the round-house early in the morning. I had never heard that song before. Harry O'Callahan was singing it. The men grew quiet while his fine baritone floated toward us. When he finished, handclapping and foot-stamping thundered at him from all the porches. They called out to him to sing on.

He sang a few more songs and in the choruses the men hummed bass for him. Then he took out his harmonica and played, "Down By The Old Mill Stream," and "By The Light Of The Silvery Moon," fluttering his cupped hands over the mouth-organ so that quivering notes issued forth.

"Who is that fellow?" Aunt Daisy whispered, asking me in the dark.

I told her.

"Oh, he works on the railroad?" she said and seemed to lose interest, though the music continued to move her. "Is he the big fellow who threw the horse-shoes so badly?"

I nodded.

She said nothing more.

The next evening, when the men pitched the shoes again, Harry seemed to have

found his former stride and tossed with his old form; he threw like a champion, twirling the heavy iron shoes unerringly so that they rang angrily around the metal stakes with a burst of sparks. He stared hard ahead through the dust to see the ringers he had made, smiled, then looked up toward our porch. My mother sat quietly, but her hands were clenched in her lap.

Later on, when the men played singles, I went down in the yard and watched. Harry was playing against another rail-roader, a big fellow, too, his best friend; the fellow's name was Frank.

Harry and Frank played three games while the families leaned from the porches, watching. Harry won them all. Someone was sent for the beer and when it came the kids stood around in a pushing circle. As he was the winner, Harry got the first drink. He pointed at me with a grin, held the full can aloft, so I worked myself proudly through the group, gripped the can in my fists and, filling my lungs to the bottom, blew all the foam cleanly from the top. It was a neat job, Harry said, and he slipped me a nickel when the other kids weren't looking.

After that, when full darkness came on, the singing started up again and Harry gave an entire concert with his harmonica. The neighbors seemed to sense that something was up, for they kept looking toward our porch where Aunt Daisy sat in the gloom, only her Summer dress showing, a pink one this time. My father had long since gone to bed and Milt was out sparking, but the rest of the family sat on the porch. In one of the pauses my mother called out softly to me, saying it was getting late, but I pretended I didn't hear.

An hour later, after the can had made many trips to the saloon in Lake street,

the men grew boastful and started bragging about their strength. There would be singing, then shouting, then bragging, then singing again. Things grew noisy.

"I can swing the sixteen-pound hammer harder than any man here," a road man shouted. "I drive stakes in with two blows!"

"Well, where's the hammer, where's the hammer to prove it?" the men shouted back.

"That's your affair!" came the answer and the porches howled with laughter.

But pretty soon, because there was so much bragging and counter-bragging, it was decided that weight-lifting was the best all-around test of strength, and someone went down into the basement for two big buckets, crossed the alley where the foundation work of a factory was under way, and came back with the pails loaded to the top with heavy mixing sand. The janitor of the building, sitting in his socks and smoking on his porch, came forward hollering that the pails belonged to the owner of the building, but the men pacified him with a long drink of beer. He wiped his mustache and went back to his porch again. Someone got hold of an old broom, broke off the stout handle and tied the two pails to the ends of it with stout cord. Now they had a weight, all right.

The first fellow to step up couldn't lift the two pails higher than his chest. He grunted and strained, but he had to give up. All the smaller men came forward, also the men over forty, but none of them could lift the heavy buckets over their heads. The pails were very big.

Then the day laborers tried. Three of them were able to lift the twin buckets high over their heads, but couldn't hold the pails up there very long. From the porches the families started calling for

Harry O'Callahan to try. He sat back in darkness and did not answer.

Finally his best friend Frank got up and, gripping the wooden handle, raised the weight slowly and gracefully up to his chest, his chin, the top of his head, then high above it, straightening out his arms. Cheering broke out from the porches.

"Anybody can lift the weight up quickly, but the real test is lifting it slowly," Frank said blowing, looking at the day laborers. He sat down, heaving.

"Well, we know who's the strongest now," came from the porches.

Harry stepped from the shadow. Once, twice, three times he lifted the buckets up to his chin and over his head, as slowly as Frank had done and just as gracefully. Then he sat down. Now the cheering was greater than ever and the kids pressed forward to feel Harry's biceps. On the porches the women were impressed and leaned over more from the railings. In the dark I saw a pink blur on our porch move forward, too, and, turning, I noticed that Harry had also seen.

"That was nothing," he said quietly, but he couldn't keep the triumphant ring from his voice.

Frank got up and began thinking of new ways of lifting the weight, of gripping your hands the other way, knuckles up. He and Harry tried it. It was harder, but both managed it.

"Do it with one hand!" someone shouted from the porches, a short fat man sitting in his underwear who was married to a pretty young woman rumored to be carrying on an affair with the neighborhood ice-man.

Everybody laughed. Mr. Moser, besides being short and flabby, was bald and couldn't lift an egg from the floor—because he couldn't stoop to pick it up.

At first Frank tried it with one hand. He gripped the wooden bar with his right hand, strained, grunted and wrenched, but couldn't lift it higher than his waist. He tried his left hand.

The kids started yelling, "Harry, Harry!"

Harry came up. He tried first with his left hand, testing to see how much energy he'd have to use with his right, not straining himself. You could see he had been thinking it out. With his left hand he brought the buckets up to his thigh, a little higher, then lowered them.

"You can't do it!" fat little Mr. Moser shouted, fanning his face excitedly. The families laughed.

Then the yard grew quiet. Bending over, gripping the wooden handle firmly with his right hand, winding his fingers hard around the smooth wood until his fist went white, Harry started lifting. He had a wrist as thick as my leg around the calf. The buckets, ascending slowly, swayed from side to side, went up, up, up, as high as his waist, his chest, his chin, then came down with a plop against the ground. Toward the end of the hoist Harry's whole frame had started to quiver from the strain.

"Take some of the sand from the pails," Moser taunted from his porch, but his wife, leaning away over, had her eyes glued on Harry O'Callahan. Harry smiled at the sally. He looked up, heaving like a spent swimmer, and as he turned toward our porch I saw the sweat break out on his forehead. He wiped it away, then bent once more to the buckets. His friend Frank advised him not to try again. "Don't try it," said Frank. "You're tired out, it isn't worth it."

But already Harry had his fingers wound around the smooth wooden broom handle and now his jaw was like a block of con-

crete, and his whole fine, young, Irish face was grimly set as if he were about to rush into a burning building to save his heroine.

Slowly, using his strength carefully, he raised the buckets from the ground to his shins, his knees, his thigh, bracing himself, curving his spinal column as the pails rose to his chest. Up, up, up they went, his whole frame quivering like a leaf in the wind, until he had the pails of sand level with his chin, his nose, his eyes. Then with a hoarse, shouting grunt, with a tremendous distortion of facial muscles and baring of teeth, he heaved the weight aloft, grinning like a maniac, his frame quivering so violently you could count the great pitiful shivers of the fellow's big body. A hush fell upon the whole yard. From the rear windows of the flats the gas-light from the kitchens fell upon the scene in long slanting bright blocks of yellow glare.

But as soon as the buckets shot up after that last tremendous wrench of back and shoulder and leg muscles something seemed to snap inside of Harry and he went limp all of a sudden. The buckets thudded to the ground and Harry followed. He lay there writhing, holding his right side.

On one of the porches some one screamed, then fainted. The men rushed from the stairs and picked Harry up. He seemed to be all right again and smiled weakly in shame as they carried him into one of the flats. The men felt him all over.

"It's nothing," he said and got up a little later. "It's nothing, I tell you."

But the next day, when he went to a doctor, he learned he had ruptured himself. The doctor advised an operation, but Harry didn't have the money, so he bought himself a truss and said that it

didn't bother him. The whole building talked about it the next day. People started looking toward our porch and Aunt Daisy came inside the flat. There was something hostile in their glances and her being an outsider did not help much.

In the evening, when the men started playing horse-shoes, Harry sat on the stairs watching. He had been warned against any form of exercise, and of course lungeing forward as you tossed the shoes was out of the question for him. He sat there while the men tossed the shoes in silence and watched the dust clouds settling to the yard. Once he looked up toward our porch, but he saw that Aunt Daisy was not there.

She was crying in her room, with my mother sitting on the bed soothing her. It had been Aunt Daisy who had screamed and fainted. She sobbed out to my mother that now she couldn't sit out on the porch on account of the neighbors, that Milt never took her out or spoke to her any more and she couldn't be expected to sit in the hot flat in the evening when the only place for a breeze was on the porch. My mother didn't answer, but she understood.

V

So two days later, screwing up her courage, my mother spoke to my father about money for her sister's return fare. She was prepared for rumbling and thunder, she was all set for my father to start shouting and hollering and waited for him to bubble and boil under the collar before his heavy cheeks began quivering in wrath. But nothing of the sort happened.

He went quietly into his bedroom and locked the door behind him. When we heard a ripping of cloth we knew he was slitting the stitches of the mattress to get

at his wallet. In a few minutes he came out, handed my mother the money, asked for a needle and thread, and went back into the bedroom, closing the door again. Aunt Daisy, sitting in her own room, was given the money after my father left for the store.

The next day the flat was quiet. Aunt Daisy was going home. My mother made a fine supper, but little was eaten. Before my father returned to the store he said good-bye to his sister-in-law and walked out as she was in the middle of thanking him for the railroad fare. She sat at the table, her eyes red, staring over our heads at the windows.

When the time came for her to go she started putting on her hat, the hat with the grey and brown feathers. She looked into the mirror and saw her reddened face, then put more powder on. In the kitchen my mother was drying and re-drying her hands on a towel, standing there helplessly. Finally she came into the front room. They said good-bye, kissing, and as the two heads bent together, my mother's head of grey touching the black vibrant hair half hidden in the little hat of feathers, my nose began tickling and I stared hard at the shiny doorknob.

Aunt Daisy kissed us all, trying to choke back her sobs. In a corner of the room my sister started crying. Daisy went over and when she kissed Rose both of them began sobbing and hugging each other. My mother blew her nose softly, then put her handkerchief into the pocket of her apron. Finally she said, her voice urging, "The train is leaving right away, you'll miss it."

So Aunt Daisy broke away. She wiped her cheeks with a fine lace handkerchief purchased from the money my mother had given her.

At the door Milt stood waiting. Then Ben put his hat and jacket on and said he

was going to the station too. "The bags are heavy, I'll handle one of them."

They swung the door open and carried the grips out into the hall, with Aunt Daisy following, when suddenly she came back into the front room and stood sobbing against my mother's breast. My mother, crying herself, stroked her back soothingly.

Then Aunt Daisy was all set. She wiped her eyes, looked pertly alert and poked her finger at me.

"What did you see? Was I crying?"

I shook my head vigorously.

"There!" she cried happily and strode out after my brothers, who began going down the stairs. We could hear her singing gaily in the hallway, "Tra-la-la-la, tra-la-la-la!" until the door banged.

Then we went to stand at the front windows where we could watch her going up

the street, walking between Ben and Milt, stepping jauntily, turning to one then the other, gossiping light-heartedly. It was evident from her stride that she liked to be walking between two big fellows. They went up the grey dusk of the street.

At the corner my brother Milt must have said something to her, for she turned suddenly and waved at us. We waved back, though we knew she could not see us. My sister kept on waving, moving her hand vaguely even after they had turned the corner, while my kid brother pressed his forehead against the glass. The street lamps lit up, and down the block we could hear a splashing sound as a neighbor played his hose against the walk.

"God knows, God knows! . . ." said my mother in the silence, while my sister came forward crying, to feel under the apron for my mother's hand.

THE SOAP-BOX

THE WICKED VETERANS

APROPOS of the present bitter agitation regarding the cost of veteran relief, why has nobody suggested that the veterans themselves plotted American intervention in the War as a sinister move against the financial and economic security of this country? And that they, the veterans themselves, were also responsible for the Versailles Treaty, the interallied debts, the inflation of credit, the kiting of securities, the rise in mass-production, the failure of the League of Nations, and the Manchurian war? The idea can be expanded *ad infinitum*. Properly utilized, it ought to be good for some anti-veteran rioting and the burning of all the Veterans Bureau hospitals, with the wholesale massacre of the maimed and lazy patients. Why can't public opinion force Congress to pass a law disfranchising all veterans, seizing their property and making them ineligible, like the Japs, to acquire any more? Some exemption scheme might be worked out, of course, whereby Mills, Byrd, Archie Roosevelt and some of the rest of us might be permitted to abjure our personal participation in the conflict. Do you think I could cash in on this idea? It's all my own and I think I ought to get something out of it.

Du Quoin, Ill. HARLEY K. CROESSMANN

GASOLINE ON THE FIRE

A FARMER in this vicinity publishes the following advertisement: "Who will take all my crops, including good grape and apple crops, and pay taxes on a twelve-acre farm?"

We are hearing a lot from economists and near-economists in their attempt to diagnose the present Depression. Differ as they may on other points, they are unanimous in identifying over-production as a big factor, and over-production by the farm—his failure to curtail his acreage of wheat, potatoes, cotton, tobacco or what not—as having thrown his operations into the red to a deplorable degree. Over-production of agricultural products, as everybody knows, is nothing new. The farmer has had it dinned into his ears ever since the war.

Why, then, should the government continue to pour millions of dollars into huge irrigation projects like the Roosevelt and Hoover dams, where immense areas of arid land are thus made available for farming operations?

I do not claim to be an economist, and know little of the science in a technical way, but this seems to be just a horse-sense proposition. And yet I cannot recall mention of it in any discussion of the remedies for our present ills. If any economist can disprove that these continued big-scale irrigation projects are not in the nature of pouring oil upon the existing conflagration, I wish he would do so. If they do add to the hardships of over-production, then one of the first steps in the governmental retrenchment we so badly need should be to stop the expenditure of any more of the taxpayer's money to push the poor farmer's head farther beneath the waters of over-production; at least until the Malthusian theory begins to work.

North Cohocton, N. Y. ROSCOE PEACOCK

YELLOW FEVER

FOR several months past I have been travelling in Central America, mainly along the coast. When I first came down into these latitudes, nearly forty years ago, yellow fever was common, and how I managed to escape it I don't know. But now it is almost as rare along the Gulf coast as it is in Boston. The common belief in the United States seems to be that exterminating the mosquito has been responsible for this improvement, but no one who knows Central America has any such idea. In fact, it seems to me that mosquitoes are just as numerous in most of the ports as ever before. Yet there is no yellow fever, or next to none. I suggest that it would be interesting if you print an article on the subject. No doubt one of your medical contributors will be able to elucidate it. The doctors I have met down here all seem to be pretty vague.

Vera Cruz

R. T. MONK

RELIGIOUS TOLERANCE

IN YOUR October issue, Isaac Goldberg, Ph.D. (Harvard), in his article on Sousa, referring to the late Charles Klein, author and dramatist, says:

At the pinnacle of his career, in Sousa's devout words, "God called him home". He sank with the *Lusitania*. But Klein, born an English Jew, *had sunk long before his death*; he had joined with fervor the Church of Christ Scientist.

Evidently, the Gentile university, Harvard, failed signally to teach Dr. Goldberg the all-important attribute (particularly to Jews) of religious tolerance. If he had specialized in philosophy he doubtless would have attached less importance to his purely inherited creed and remembered the words of Lucretius, also a non-Christian:

All religions are equally sublime to the ignorant, useful to the politician, and ridiculous to the philosopher.

Washington CHARLES WICKHAM JONES

WAGNER AND HIS MUSIC

IN THE October Soap-Box Mr. M. L. Hoffman, of St. Louis, speaks of Richard Wagner as "a most vulgar musician". Though I am inclined to agree with much that Mr. Hoffman says, I still think that his paragraph is a little unjust to both the "vulgar" and to Wagner. It must be remembered that every operatic composer from Monteverde to Debussy has written for the "vulgar".

Mozart and Meyerbeer both had to give consideration to the popular taste. In that sense they were both "vulgar musicians". I cannot see that that detracts a bit from "Figaro" or "Don Giovanni" or adds a bit to "Les Huguenots". The influence, both direct and indirect, of "vulgar" taste on serious music has always been tremendous, and there is no reason to suppose that it is lessening.

Many people forget the names of the various composers of Italian opera, and think of them only as a group, but Wagner's name is remembered both by his worshipers and by those who are bored by his music. That most of it has survived is surely due to something in his work beside mere craftsmanship. Mr. Hoffman says that he is over-rated, and there is some justice in the charge; but that his music is considered worthy of dissection and study by a great many of the musically informed, and that it is still popular with the "vulgar", though it is fifty years since his death, are, to me at least, indications that Wagner was a very remarkable "vulgar musician", indeed.

Stamford, Conn. FREDERIC M. CRANE

THE SINGLE TAX IN 263 WORDS

THE only value of land is its variable value for use; its price is due only to someone who claims what no one created.

This value does not reside in the land. It arises from the presence of the people, goes with the people, belongs to the people. The land of a permanently abandoned city or farm would have no value.

The community alone creates this value, and morally and even legally owns it, so that the annual collection of land value by the community is not in the nature of taxation.

Buying and selling the privilege of appropriating this value by individuals is wrong and anti-social because

1. It robs the community of its one just revenue.
2. It destroys equality of opportunity by forcing the people to pay the landholders for the privilege of working or living at all anywhere.

This vicious plan is the sole cause of our having to levy taxes. Abandon this planless plan and we need not have them.
New York

BOLTON HALL

* * It was announced in October that the first Single Taxer who, in writing to THE AMERICAN MERCURY, managed to keep his argument within 300 words, would be awarded "a box of sound five-cent cigars". Mr. Hall having achieved this unprecedented feat, with 37 words to spare, a box of such cigars awaits his order.

THE DIVISION OF WORDS

READING the July number of THE AMERICAN MERCURY, I was pulled up and caused to rub my eyes by the division "he got the req-uisite consent" on p. 263a. My first re-

action was "Surely that isn't right!" Which is as much as to say, I unconsciously referred it to some standard, and had I found it in a student's exercise of English I should undoubtedly have put a big blue pencil mark under it.

And against other things which I noticed as I read on, with my attention to the ends of lines thus awakened: *noth-ing*, pp. 284a, 360a; *knowl-edge*, 382b; *catas-trophe*, 303b. I began to see that the type-setter was not guided by the same rules as I, an Englishman, had unthinkingly assumed.

What rules? I picked up some American and English magazines and books and began to look for the difference, if any. Up to a certain point, I soon found, we are agreed. Syllables are divided between two vowels: *audi-ence*, *Am. Merc.*, p. 259a, and between two consonants: *inten-sive*, 258a; *mis-sions*, 258b; or after a long vowel or diphthong: *na-ture*, 273b; *thou-sand*; except before certain common terminations: *independ-ence*, 295a; *mak-ing*, 259b. But the *signif-icance*, 280b, of *Pres-ident*, 261a, and *gov-ernment*, 264a and *passim* struck me as it were in the *stom-ach*, 374b, most painfully. Words should be divided, I thought, before a single consonant, except in cases like *inter-est*, 328b. Was this practice of dividing them after it a peculiarity of the American language which I had failed to observe before? Let me look further and compare.

But *Liberty* for July 16, with *noth-ing*, p. 4a; *wom-an*, 7a; *gov-ernors*, 16a; *mag-azine*, 44c, soon convinced me that it was general, and perusal of the first hundred pages of Stuart Chase's American-printed "Mexico" confirmed this: *lav-enders*, p. 3; *prob-ably*, 28; *mech-anisms*, 40; *dec-orat-ing*, 109. On the other hand, the London *Strand* for July furnished me with *pro-bably*, pp. 60a, 82a, and the only examples

of gratuitous division after a single consonant which I could cull in its hundred pages were *char-acters*, 30a, and *dim-inish-ing*, 44a, balanced by *exami-nations*, 58a. It seemed indeed that the magazine was chary of dividing at such a position at all, and in general it was found that whereas in fifty pages of *Liberty* there were 601 divided words, in fifty pages of the *Strand* there were only 220: an average of between 4 and 5 a page as against 12. Finally, a hundred pages of a new English-printed book, J. C. Curry's "The Indian Police," gave me only *organ-ized*, p. 35; contrasting with *stabi-lize* in "Mexico," p. 77; *peas-antry*, 41; *admin-istration*, 43; *exam-ination*, 57; and *gen-eral*, 63; i.e., five divided after one consonant, as against twenty-two in a hundred pages of "Mexico." In general, "Mexico" had 454 divided words in the course of these pages, and "The Indian Police" 327.

It may indeed be of small moment that American typesetters prefer to divide *prob-ably*, and their English colleagues *pro-bably*. But *Liberty's* *proj-ect* and *noth-ing* are another matter. Where words are compounded of independent elements, whether Greek, Latin, French, or English, they should surely be divided etymologically and the present writer cannot but regret that THE AMERICAN MERCURY should print *econ-omists*, p. 318, or *catas-trophe*, 302, whereas the *Strand* goes right with *photo-grapher*, p. 56b, and *manu-scripts*, 6a; or that "Mexico" should show *astron-omers*, p. 35, or *an-alyzing*, 108, while "The Indian Police" has *demo-cracy*, p. 106, and *decapit-ating*, 230. The practice in both countries varies, to be sure; thus THE AMERICAN MERCURY has *Catho-lic* on p. 284, but *Cath-olic* on p. 354; "Mexico" prints *econ-omy*, p. 90, but *eco-nomic*, 107; "The Indian Police" has *des-cribed*, p. 195, and *equiv-alent*, 200.

In general, we may conclude that American typesetters divide words more freely and with less nicety than their English confrères: *pres-ident* occurs in the July number of THE AMERICAN MERCURY twice, *presi-dent* eight times, *Ameri-can* is found alongside of *Amer-icans*, *mech-anisms* ("Mexico," p. 40) may be contrasted with *me-chanics* (THE AMERICAN MERCURY, p. 316); and if etymological considerations are made of no account, and it is all one that the Greeks had a word for it, this is doubtless due to the practice of English accentuation, whereby we have domesticated and made our own so many exotic words introduced, sometimes, from the farthest ends of the earth.

The English Seminar, B. W. A. MASSEY
The University,
Ponzań, Poland.

GERMAN FARMERS

I HAVE been deaf to all the urging of my friends that this Depression has been visited upon us because we have forgotten God. But Mr. Terpenning in his "Two Kinds of Country People" (THE AMERICAN MERCURY, August, 1932) gives a new cause for our present woes. He says:

The slaughter of German farmers in the World War was a loss to the world as well as to their own country, and our part in that slaughter, like our part in the economic conspiracy to crush Germany since, can be attributed only to our appalling ignorance of the true qualities of the German people. If ignorance ever deserved punishment, the United States surely deserves the strafing it is now receiving as a result of that savage mistake.

What a pity the German farmers could not have been labeled in some way (for despite their general purity I don't suppose they radiate any holy light, and their unusual intelligence is not, I take it, visible

to the naked eye) so that the poor American soldiers would have known, at least when they got near enough, whether they were killing farmers, or merely Socialists. Or, better still, had these farmers formed separate regiments, the opposing army, on hearing of their approach, could have run, thus saving us from this Depression. But these are vain regrets; we are supposed to have been able to distinguish without such aids and are suffering for our appalling ignorance.

Now that the cause has been found, it should be easier to find the "novel and persuasive programme for getting rid of . . . the Depression."

Minneapolis

E. C. HOWARD

THE IRISH IN AMERICA

MR. HOWARD BARKER's remarks about the racial elements in our urban population, printed in the October issue of *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*, are sound in method and valuable in result. It is therefore deplorable that he repeats certain errors which are today hardly to be excused. For example:

(1) That the old American stock included many North Irish but few Celtic Irish. This hoary *ipse dixit* is antipodal to the facts. They are found in the Irish names on old records—birth, marriage, death, probate, property transfer, and land grant records, freeholders' lists, and muster-rolls of the Revolutionary Armies. Celtic Irish names predominate heavily; and the records of entry of ships from Ireland show many more from Dublin, Cork, Waterford, Youghall, etc., than from ports in Northern Ireland.

(2) That there was any validity in the distinction between North Irish and Celtic Irish. The native Irish were not exterminated in the Plantations of Ulster. Many remained, submerged but gradually rising; many expropriated drifted back, and

were in Ulster in great numbers by the time of the Revolution; many of the settlers were Highland Scots, one in blood and language with the old Irish; all Ulstermen, by 1780, of whatever stock, considered themselves Irish, and were the leaders of Irish nationalist movements.

Until recently, historians wholly ignored the presence of the Irish in this country before 1800 or even before 1840. Mr. Barker is on the road to sounder history. If he will examine the *Journal of the American Irish Historical Society* (132 East 16th street, New York), and the writings of that society's historiographer, Michael J. O'Brien, especially "A Hidden Phase of American History," probably the best-documented historical work ever issued in America, he will free himself from the last remnants of errors which originated in a species of bigotry which he, assuredly, does not share.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

SHAEMAS O'SHEEL

MORE TROUBLE AHEAD

I HAVE always believed in Second Advents and resurrections. I now note that Lazarus is about to have a second resurrection. He will be called back to life this time by the miraculous hand of Saint Lenin, who is full of the Holy Ghost, the Proletariat.

I believe that castes are biological. Levels of consciousness never vary in their distances from one another. There will always be a submerged tenth, a half-witted eighth, a moronic half and a mediocre seven-eighths, and there will always be a small margin of civilized, artistic, intellectual individuals, the natural aristocracy of the race.

What is coming upon us is the complete wiping out of the quality fringe of humanity by the rise of the submerged tenth, the half-wits, the morons, the incompetent and the mediocre.

This caste system—to which we must always return in spite of social Houdinis like Jesus, Lenin, Karl Marx, Emma Goldman or Gene Debs—is founded on the immutable pre-ordained fact that some human beings are one-eighth alive, some one-quarter alive, some one-half alive, some three-quarters alive, and a few wholly alive. These divisions exist everywhere—among savages, in Congress, in scientific meetings or in the subway.

The average man is only one-half alive, as there are vast areas of awareness that are forever sealed in his brain. It is the degree of *awareness* that fixes these degrees of aliveness. The man who possesses metaphysical-poetical-mystical-scientific awareness (Goethe, Shakespeare, Da Vinci) is wholly alive. The vast anonymous masses of humans are only one-eighth alive (or aware); the average business man is one-quarter alive; Bryan, Roosevelt, Hoover and Al Smith are half-alive; Edison, Heywood Broun, Einstein and Jim Tully are three-quarters alive, and men like Buddha, Spinoza, Dostoevsky, Nietzsche, Shelley, D'Annunzio and myself are wholly alive (that is one-hundred per cent *aware*).

Now, when Lazarus gets through yawning after his second pop out of the grave he and those who are only one-eighth, one-quarter and one-half alive are going to try to level to their own circle those who are three-quarters and wholly alive.

And it will be Science that will become the god of these morons and their mob-masters. Science will be Pope and Transcendental Aesthetic—Science with rack, bolt and screw for the dissenters—Science, the new Platonic Idea in the murderous hands of the anonymous Proletarian Holy Ghost. For war between biological facts and deforming human ideals is eternal.

When the Nile overflows it fertilizes. But when Dante's River of Dung heaves it will drown and blast every fair thing that exists on earth.

New York

BENJAMIN DECASSERES

A SURE CURE AT LAST!

GOVERNMENT by the people requires abolition of Electoral College, of U. S. Senate and of all State assemblies. Congress to consist of 24 workers, 24 farmers or dairy-men, 24 teachers or educators, 24 builders or engineers, 24 business men or lawyers, and 24 manufacturers or privateers.

12 State groups to be formed: 1. California and Nevada; 2. Oregon, Washington and Idaho; 3. Montana, Wyoming, North and South Dakota; 4. Utah, Colorado, Arizona and New Mexico; 5. Texas; 6. Louisiana, Arkansas and Mississippi; 7. Missouri, Kansas, Iowa and Nebraska; 8. Minnesota, Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and Michigan; 9. Kentucky, Tennessee, Virginia, West Virginia and North Carolina; 10. South Carolina, Florida, Georgia and Alabama; 11. Maryland, Delaware, New Jersey and Pennsylvania; 12. New York, Connecticut, Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Maine.

Each State group to send 12 Representatives to Congress, which makes all laws needed, one code of law being sufficient for a people. State machinery of all States belonging to a group to be combined, and the people vote a straight ticket only. All councils to be filled on a 3-2-1 plan, so that no party can become a ruling one. The 3-2-1 plan is a three-party plan, the party with most votes furnishing President, Governor, Vice-Governor, six Congressmen, six State councilmen, a County Clerk and six County councilmen in a county, one Mayor and six city councilmen in a city (the persons sent to each

council to be one worker, farmer, teacher, builder, business man and manufacturer).

Second best party fills one Vice-President, four Congressmen, one Chairman and four State Councilmen, one Chairman and four County Councilmen, and one Chairman and four City Councilmen (which can be chosen from six economic groups).

Third party fills one each of Federal, State-, County- and City-Auditors, and 2 members of Congress, State, County and City Council, who must supplement the four selected by second party so that each council consists of 2 of each of six economic groups. Sheriff and Judge's office become Civil Service and Ward Aldermen become Deputy Sheriffs.

New York JACOB HOLT

MR. MASTERS' POEM

MANY of the ink-black verses which uncoil across the pages of Edgar Lee Masters' poem, "Beethoven's Ninth Symphony and the King Cobra" in the October issue of *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*, lag like an over-stuffed cobra drawling along in the sun; but, happily, the effect of lagging for once seems to be a heightening of the reader's mood at the time. I refer particularly to the stanzas beginning with:

Nature is a sleeping spirit.

Nature is a trance, a mass drugged by eternity,

A petrification, a solid jelly, a self-containment.

Mr. Masters has for the moment left the cobra on the rocks of empty space in order to philosophize on nature, but the venomous reptile continues to wriggle along in our minds, even while his image is not actually before our eyes.

Incidentally, Mr. Masters has dipped his pen into vast, untouched literary wells which have stagnated too long beneath the

thick glades of time and ignorance of the two sciences, biology and geology. In spite of a rather strong discoloring of the printer's ink by philosophical hemlock, often poisonous in large doses to poetry, Mr. Masters' latest poem is, in my humble opinion, an outstanding contribution to American literature, with a certain quiet strength and sureness of touch which quite surpasses Edgar Arlington Robinson's recent long historical poem, "Ponce De Leon". Strangely enough, Mr. Robinson, in dealing with Ponce De Leon, a real historical character of comparatively recent times, gives more the impression of being a lotus eater, groping with the dim past, than does Mr. Masters, who has united pre-historical times with the present day through a series of amazing links in a vivid manner, almost alive.

Providence, R. I. HARRY PAUL TAYLOR

NORMAN THOMAS, LITT.D., (PRINCETON)

Mr. J. M. KARIN makes an interesting point in the October issue of *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* about the appalling spectacle of Liberals behaving like jitney aristocrats, but I was surprised that he did not mention the most appalling spectacle of all, that of the Rev. Norman Thomas, late Socialist candidate for President, receiving an honorary Litt.D., from Princeton in June, 1932. And the Liberal press praised Princeton for bestowing it upon him! They praised Princeton, and did not say a word about the strangeness of the rev. candidate accepting it! Am I the only man who laughed?

Chicago SYLVESTER M. BOORSTEIN

DOGS, RELIGION, AND PATRIOTISM

IN REPLY to Ex-Humanist's query under the heading "Dogism" in the October issue

of THE AMERICAN MERCURY, whether dogs have any religion or politics, let me refer to David Starr Jordan's poignant observation:

When a dog barks at the moon, then it is religion,

But when he barks at strangers, it is patriotism!

JOHN RICHARD MEZ

McKenzie Bridge, Oregon

CONFEDERATE THOMAS II

TELL Mr. Carter Brooke Jones that the ancient Confederate who appears in his "Down South in Georgia" in THE AMERICAN MERCURY for September was not quite such a "hero in the dark" as Mr. Jones makes him out. There were at least two Generals Thomas in the Confederate Army. General Bryan M. Thomas led a brigade of Alabamans, and General Allan Thomas led a brigade from Louisiana in the Army of Northern Virginia.

New York

EDWIN HUGHES

DEFINITION OF LOVE

Love is the mutual recognition of common weaknesses.

Washington, D. C.

R. W. H.

QUERIES

12. LIFE OF THE VIRGIN MARY.—I don't know how many biographies of Jesus there are, but what about His mother? Is there a good biography of her in English or in any other language? She must have been a remarkable woman, and I want to know something more about her than the bare mention that is given her in the New Testament.

New Orleans

G. P. L.

13. BREACH OF PROMISE.—As far as I know there are not, and there never have been, such things as breach of promise suits in

China, India, or any of the other great Oriental nations. To the best of my knowledge no mention is made of them in the Talmud or in any of the Egyptian or Babylonian law books. Where, then, did this form of female blackmail originate? Does Blackstone say anything about it? Or did some English judge sanction it? If so, who is he? Surely he deserves a statue of some sort. Another thing: have the suffragettes ever indulged in agitation to abolish the breach of promise suit? I want light, gentlemen, and lots of it.

Los Angeles

T. L. SEYMOUR

14. AMERICAN DOCUMENTS.—Can any of your readers tell me if there is a book which brings together in one or two volumes all the basic American public documents? I mean such things as the Declaration of Independence, the Dred Scott decision, Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, President Monroe's message of 1823, the decision in the case of Marbury vs. Madison, and so on? What I have in mind is something on the order of Henderson's "Select Historical Documents of the Middle Ages".

Cleveland

ARTHUR UNDERWOOD

15. BUTCHER PAPER.—When I was a boy a great deal was heard about what was then called butcher paper. It was a coarse paper, apparently made of straw, and commonly used by butchers and green-grocers. I haven't seen any of it for years. In those days a popular remedy for headache was a piece of such butcher paper soaked in vinegar. This was clapped on the head. Why is this paper no longer manufactured?

Urbana, Ill.

H. F. S.

16. CAPITAL H FOR GOD.—What is the origin of the custom of spelling pronouns referring to God with a capital initial letter? In the Bible, in both the King James version and the American Standard edition, *he* and *whom* are in lower case when they refer to the Deity, except, of course, when they begin a sentence. The same is true in the Book of Common Prayer and in the Catholic Catechism and Last Sacraments and Prayers for the Dying. In the last there is this strange variation: "When thou shalt have paid the

debt of human nature by thy dying, thou mayest return to *Him who* formed and fashioned thee from dust." I quote from the edition of Father C. C. Martindale, which I stole in the vestibule of St. Patrick's Cathedral, the cathedral church of Cardinal Hayes. The early Puritan divines were very careless with their spellings, but a careful reading of all their chief works reveals that they preferred lower case in pronouns standing for God. Nowadays there is not a newspaper editor in the country who would dare to do so. Has the spread of agnosticism had anything to do with this new politeness?

New York City

T. J. O'D.

17. THE FOURTEENTH AMENDMENT.—Is there any good book or monograph on the Fourteenth Amendment? The strange and contradictory opinions of the United States Supreme Court with regard to its meaning have lately aroused my interest, and I have sought for light in what pass for histories of our land, but everywhere I have found nothing but the scantiest (and often very stupid) reporting.

Pasadena, Calif. MORTON L. V. GROUSE

18. WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?—The late Warren G. Harding and the late Nick Longworth were called gentlemen, but, to the best of my knowledge, Senators Thomas J. Walsh and George W. Norris have never been. Thomas Jefferson was a gentleman, but not Thomas Paine, though, to my way of thinking, Paine was a far greater and more honest man. If to call a man a gentleman is to honor him, then the use of the word, and the failure to use it, in the above cases seem to me to be preposterous. Must one be platitudinous, and "discreet" to be called a gentleman? Do honesty, ability, and courage bar one from being so called? I am a plasterer by trade, and perhaps I am dumb, but I'd like an answer to my question.

Philadelphia

M. H. G.

REPLIES

I. THE MORON.—The poem about the moron, which A Charter Subscriber says was lately credited by the London *New Statesman* to "an American magazine", is to be found on page 644 of *Harper's Magazine* for

May, 1932. It appears in an article called "The Great Economic Paradox", by Henry Pratt Fairchild, and is referred to by him as a "salutary bit of doggerel". He gives it thus:

I don't know what a moron is,
And I don't give a damn.
I'm thankful that I am not one—
My God! Perhaps I am.

Winston-Salem, N. C. WINGATE M. JOHNSON

3. FLY-PAPER.—Mr. W. J. Burns is wrong, and so is the Ohio Wesleyan professor, in ascribing the invention of fly-paper to Spinoza. Fly-paper was known as early as the Age of Pericles (see Mommsen, iv., p. 8). Grotius ascribes its invention to Sappho (Grotius, II., p. 3).

New York

WINFIELD S. DA COSTA

4. DRUNK AS A FIDDLER'S BITCH.—In response to C. C. C., of Denver, who asks in the October issue of *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* about the origin of "the quaint old simile: 'drunk as a fiddler's bitch,'" allow me to call attention to an interesting analogy in the Fourteenth Century poem, "Piers Plowman" (V, 196-9):

He [Gluttony] hedde no strengthe to stonde til
he his staf hedde;
Then gon he for to go lyk a gleo-monnes bicche,
Sum tyme asyde and sum tyme arere
As hose leith lynes to lacche with foules.

As modernized by Neilson and Webster this runs:

He had no strength to stand, till he his staff had;
Then 'gan he to go like a gleeman's bitch,
Sometimes to the side, sometimes to the rear,
Like a man laying lines to catch birds with.

Skeat, following Ritson's note on a very similar passage of the same general period, says the reference is to the erratic course of the dog which led a blind ballad-singer, following its own sweet will. I suggest that facetious bystanders may have made the dog's route still more devious by means of whistles and kicks. We have all seen a lost pup on a football field, bewildered by ten thousand calls. It seems less likely that on some classic occasion, the origin of the phrase, the dog was made drunk.

Chapel Hill, N. C.

R. B. S.

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

The Spanish Idea of a Good Time

DEATH IN THE AFTERNOON, by Ernest Hemingway. \$3.50. 9½ x 6¼; 517 pp. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

MR. HEMINGWAY has been before the public for ten years and in that time he has published seven books. He has been praised very lavishly, but has somehow failed to make his way into the first rank of living American authors. Nevertheless, he has made some progress in that direction, and his last novel, "A Farewell to Arms", was unquestionably his best. In the present book, which is not fiction but fact, his characteristic merits and defects are clearly revealed. It is, on the one hand, an extraordinarily fine piece of expository writing, but on the other hand it often descends to a gross and irritating cheapness. So long as the author confines himself to his proper business, which is that of describing the art and science of bullfighting, he is unfailingly clear, colorful and interesting. Unfortunately, he apparently finds it hard to so confine himself. Only too often he turns aside from his theme to prove fatuously that he is a naughty fellow, and when he does so he almost invariably falls into banality and worse. The reader he seems to keep in his mind's eye is a sort of common denominator of all the Ladies' Aid Societies of his native Oak Park, Ill. The way to shock this innocent grandam, obviously, is to have at her with the ancient four-letter words. Mr. Hemingway does so with moral industry; he even drags her into the story as a character, to gloat over her

horror. But she is quite as much an intruder in that story as King George V would be, or Dr. Irving Babbitt, or the Holy Ghost, and the four-letter words are as idiotically incongruous as so many boosters' slogans or college yells.

Mr. Hemingway's main purpose in "Death in the Afternoon" is to describe bullfighting as he has observed it in Spain. He admits frankly that he enjoys it, and he conveys a good deal of that enjoyment to the reader. The sport is brutal, but there is no evidence that it is any more brutal than football. The common American idea, I suppose, is that the bull is a senile and sclerotic beast with no chance against the matador, but Mr. Hemingway shows that this is very far from the truth. The bull, in fact, is always a youngster, and he is selected for his stamina and warlike enterprise. If he shows no pugnacity the fight is a flop, and the fans indicate their discontent by bombarding the matador with empty bottles. Moreover, the matador is not permitted to kill his antagonist in the safest way possible, which would probably also be the easiest. On the contrary, he must expose himself deliberately to the maximum of risk, and his rank in his profession is determined very largely by his ingenuity in devising new hazards, and his courage in facing them. When the formal jousting prescribed by the canon is over and he prepares to kill, he must approach the bull so closely and so openly that a miscalculation of half an inch may well cost him his life.

Mr. Hemingway has seen hundreds of

fight, and no less than 3,000 bulls have been dispatched before his eyes. He has cultivated bullfighters and studied the immense literature of their mystery, and at one time he even ventured into the ring himself. Thus he knows everything about bullfighting that anyone save an actual matador can hope to learn, and this large and particular knowledge is visible on every page of his book. No better treatise on the sport has ever been written in English, and there is not much probability that better ones are to be had in Spanish. The narrative is full of the vividness of something really seen, felt, experienced. It is done simply, in English that is often bald and graceless, but it is done nevertheless with great skill. Take out the interludes behind the barn, for the pained astonishment of the Oak Park *Damenverein*, and it would be a really first-rate book. Even with the interludes it is well worth reading. Not many current books unearth so much unfamiliar stuff, or present it so effectively. I emerge cherishing a hope that bullfighting will be introduced at Harvard and Yale, or, if not at Harvard and Yale, then at least in the Lynching Belt of the South, where it would offer stiff and perhaps ruinous competition to the frying of poor blackamoors. Years ago I proposed that brass bands be set up down there for that purpose, but bullfights would be better. Imagine the moral stimulation in rural Georgia if an evangelist came to town offering to fight the local bulls by day and baptize the local damned by night!

Mr. Hemingway's main text fills about half of his book. There follows a series of excellent full-page photographs of bullfighters in action, including several which show the bull getting the better of it. There is also an elaborate and amusing glossary of bullfighting terms, running to nearly a hundred pages, and at the end

is a calendar of the principal bullfights of Spain and Latin-America, for the convenience of tourists. A four-page note on Sidney Franklin, the Brooklyn matador, completes the book. Señor Franklin first came to fame in Mexico, but of late he has been enjoying great success in Spain. Mr. Hemingway says that "he kills easily and well. He does not give the importance to killing that it merits, since it is easy for him and because he ignores the danger." But ignoring it has not enabled him to avoid it, for he has been gored twice, once very badly. Mr. Hemingway describes his principal wounds in plain English. They will give the Oak Park W.C.T.U. another connoisseur fit. The Hemingway boy is really a case.

John the Baptist (Secular)

GOD'S GOLD: *The Story of Rockefeller & His Times*, by John T. Flynn. \$3.50. 8½ x 5¾; 520 pp. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company.

IN THIS stout volume Mr. Flynn tries to do for John D. Rockefeller, Sr., what Henry F. Pringle was lately doing for the elder Roosevelt. That is to say, he tries to disentangle the man's story from a great accretion of fable and fury, and to tell it in a dispassionate and equitable manner, avoiding on the one hand the exaggerations of a philippic and on the other the evasions of an apologia. It may be said at once that he achieves this aim in a very competent manner. The Rockefeller who emerges is somewhat complicated, but the breath of life is in him. There is not much left of the story-book villain we used to hear about from the muckrakers. Old John always grabbed what he could, whether his own or another's, but Mr. Flynn's examination of the evidence shows that he was no more hoggish than his rivals—indeed, that he commonly kept a

cut or two above them. For many years he got the blame for everything that went wrong in Zion. If a railroad blew up it was his fault, and if a Federal judge was caught with the goods he got the blame. But that was simply the facile generalization that always goes on in republics. The truth is that, compared to his associate, John D. Archbold, Rockefeller was almost an angel, and that, compared to most of the politicians and publicists who made their livings denouncing him, he was at least fit to be at large. A good half of his money he got perfectly honestly, judged by any standard. He got it by inventing the oil business, and he made a very good job. The rest came in easily and pleasantly by the hand of Yahweh, Whose politeness in providing the faithful with plenty of suckers is well known.

I suspect that when old John dies at last—if he ever does—and the tale of his days is summed up, it will turn out that his career in business was really the least interesting part of him. His era saw many more picturesque ornaments of that great art, and not a few of them were his partners—Archbold, H. H. Rogers, Henry M. Flagler, and so on. Any one of these would make a better book than Mr. Flynn's—in fact, they are largely responsible for the goodness of his book as it stands. Some of them were pirates and some of them were poets. There was a vast saltiness in all of them; they gave a pungent flavor to their times. But Rockefeller, as Mr. Flynn well says, was only a sort of sublimated bookkeeper. While the others were out in the highways and byways, bellowing and brawling, he remained at home casting accounts. It was his natural gift for that science which brought him his billion. He knew how to arrange things neatly, and how to do them cheaply. He made the oil business a going concern by

introducing economy into it, and neatness, and honest arithmetic, and all the other kinds of virtue that certified public accountants esteem. He converted its enormous wastes into enormous profits, and most of those profits stayed where they belonged, which is to say, in his own pocket. The rest got lots of money too, but he always got the most. After thirty years hard study of moral theology I can only say that I believe he deserved it.

Far more interesting than the story of his acquisitions is the story of his spendings. There is no evidence that he has, or ever had, a genuine sense of humor, but in days of his first grandeurs he developed a very good substitute for it, and that substitute sufficed to save him from the follies which usually consume American millionaires. When he moved to New York in the early 80's he was already quite rich enough to bust into what then passed for fashionable society there. He had at least as much money as the Astors and probably considerably more than the Vanderbilts. There was no reason why he should not have bought a yacht for himself, and begun to train his children for polo and polygamy. But he did nothing of the sort. Instead, he kept himself and his house steadfast to the austere Baptist theology of his youth, and had no truck whatever with Ward McAllister's fleshpots. On Sunday mornings he got into a long-tailed coat, put on a plug hat, and went to church. If Mrs. Rockefeller happened to be detained at home by household business he made notes of the sermon, and on his return, re-preached it to her, with pauses for applause. The children were brought up on the strictest Baptist principles, and knew little of luxury. There was one tricycle for the four of them: "if they have just one they will learn to give up to one another."

Nor was old John an easy mark for the

chisellers who always beset rich Americans, flattering them and seeking to rook them. Upon all of their customary rackets he cast a fishy eye, for he had notions of his own about the disposition of his money. The chief of them was to the effect that it was wasteful and foolish to pay out hard dollars for mere ameliorations. Thus he did not relieve the concrete poor; he tried to devise schemes that would work against poverty in general. He put up no hospitals for the sick: instead, he staked medical research with millions, and so tried to make sickness less likely. Even in the religious field he was a hard nut for touring missionaries and other such racketeers to crack. Sometimes, to be sure, he gave them money, but always he added a plan for the reorganization and delousing of their business. In brief, he did not cease to be a bookkeeper when he shut his actual books, and retired to fight (and conquer) the ulcers that adorned his gastric mucosa, and filled him with sadness. On the contrary, he simply took on more and wider book-keeping, and in the course of a few years he had pretty well revolutionized American philanthropy.

Whether or not his scheme was a good one is not yet demonstrated with any certainty. His chief enterprise, the Rockefeller Foundation, has unquestionably made some useful contributions to medical science, but the cost, in all probability, has gone beyond the net return. Perhaps it would have been more sensible, instead of trying to set up a sort of Standard Research Company, to have spread the money among a multitude of smaller units, searching always for the genuine genius and giving him the equipment he so often lacks. But that plan would have presented enormous difficulties, and perhaps Rockefeller did the best thing possible, considering the circumstances of the time and

his own lack of special knowledge. His chief almoner was always the Rev. Frederick Taylor Gates, a go-getting Baptist clergyman. No doubt an adviser less dependent upon the Holy Spirit for light would have done better, but it must be said for Pastor Gates that, taking one thing with another, he did pretty well.

There is no evidence that Rockefeller has ever been beset by any doubts about the simple theology of his youth. He is still a sound Baptist, and as such will drink *Brüderschaft* in Heaven with the devout Ku Kluxers, Prohibitionists and lynchers of the Southern Bible country. His innocent faith, for many years, made him a heavy contributor to the Anti-Saloon League, and hence one of the chief promoters of the pestilence of snooping, spying, slugging and blackmail that so long demoralized the Republic. When, in the end, he began to have doubts about the matter he quietly withdrew his support and went into prayer, and in due course there emanated from him, through his son, a blast so devastating that what was left of Prohibition collapsed overnight. The Baptist clergy were flabbergasted, and their indignation was immense. But not many of them gave voice to it, for it was beyond their daring to flout a Rockefeller. The two Johns, indeed, remain the most eminent and authoritative Baptists extant, though the younger one has also upset the *Geistliche* by patronizing a tabernacle which subscribes to open communion and is thus full of suspicious characters, Baptistically speaking.

Perhaps the most interesting thing about the Rockefellers, in the last analysis, is their fidelity to this rustic and preposterous faith. Most Americans, when they accumulate money, climb the golden rainspout of the nearest Episcopal Church, wherein the crude Yahweh of the backwoods is

polished and perfumed, and speaks the vulgate with an English *a*. But the Rockefellers cling to the primeval rain-god of the American hinterland, and show no sign of being ashamed of Him. The old Hell of the Bible is Hell enough for them. I am inclined to think that their steadfastness is rather to their credit than otherwise. It takes a considerable fortitude to go against the social currents in any such gross and conspicuous way. Very few rich Americans have the stomach for it: they constitute, in fact, the most scarey and cowardly *noblesse* ever seen on earth. But the Rockefellers stick to their principles, as to their money, at least so far. In the fourth generation, I suppose, they will come to the inevitable Armageddon. That is to say, new gangs of racketeers, fresh from the Baptist and Methodist reservoirs, will begin to take their accumulations away from them, and they will forsake the society of theologians for that of poloponies, fox-hounds, opera singers and other such heathen carnivora.

Mr. Flynn has done an excellent book. It shows a hard industry, for the materials which enter into it were widely scattered, and some of them were concealed. Woven into it are the answers to forty-two questions submitted to Ivy Lee, the Rockefeller confidential agent, who replied to them "quite fully and frankly." The completed MS. was exposed to the critical eye of William O. Inglis, who has spent ten years upon an official biography, still unfinished. Mr. Inglis filed a hundred and eighty caveats, and convinced Mr. Flynn of their soundness in sixty-four cases. The result is a record that is probably accurate enough for every practical purpose. It doesn't say all that might be said about John D., but it says enough, and with sufficient insight and sympathy, to make him move and breathe.

The Charlatans' Paradise

FADS & QUACKERY IN HEALING,
by Morris Fishbein. \$3.50. 8½ x 5½; 384
pp. New York: Covici-Friede.

Most scientific journals are as dull as a meeting of the Lake Mohonk Conference, but not the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. It prints every week a comic column, "Tonics and Sedatives", that is full of grand and gorgeous humors. These humors reflect the skeptical and pawky spirit of the editor, Dr. Morris Fishbein, and he carries them over into the present book. It consists of a collection of his occasional papers on quackery, some of them from two previous volumes, "The Medical Follies" and "The New Medical Follies", and others from the magazines, including THE AMERICAN MERCURY. There is no indignation in them. They do not storm at quackery; they simply make fun of it. But that fun is very good fun, for the material is so grotesque as to be almost incredible, and Dr. Fishbein knows how to make the most of it.

It is hard, indeed, reading this record, to believe that the United States can offer any sound claim to being a civilized country. Certainly not many tribes in the African jungle believe in any more preposterous magic than that which appears to be cherished by millions of Americans. Such things as chiropractic and naturopathy, it should be remembered, are not the exclusive possession of the lower orders; they are accepted gravely by enough persons of influence to induce many of the State Legislatures to recognize them officially. It is precisely as if the madstone were recognized officially. For they are wholly and unutterably idiotic, and Dr. Fishbein proves it by the simple but devastating device of letting their own spokesmen describe and defend them.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

BOB BROWN's latest book, *"Let There Be Beer!"* was published recently.

MICHAEL HERMOND COCHRAN, Ph.D. (Harvard), was born in Pennsylvania and comes of a Scotch-Irish family. His specialty is history. He has taught at Bowdoin, the Massachusetts Tech, and Hunter College, and is now at the University of Missouri. He is the author of *"Germany Not Guilty in 1914,"* published in 1931, and of many historical papers.

THOMAS CRAVEN is the author of *"Men of Art,"* and is now engaged on a book dealing with Modern Art from 1900 to date. His *"Have Painters Minds?"* in THE AMERICAN MERCURY for March, 1927, will be remembered.

GEORGE W. FITCH was born in Wisconsin and grew up in South Dakota, where he was educated at Yankton College. For fifteen years past he has been engaged in the insurance business, either as special agent or district manager. He is now living in Madison, Wis.

FRANCES FROST is the author of three books of verse, *"Hemlock Wall,"* *"Blue Harvest,"* and *"These Acres."*

ALBERT GUÉRARD is professor of general and comparative literature at Stanford. A more detailed account of him appears in *Editorial Notes*.

LOUIS M. HACKER is co-author, with Benjamin B. Hendrick, of *"The United States Since 1865."*

ALBERT HALPER's first novel will be published in a few months. He is a native of Chicago, and is at present living in New York.

VICTOR FOLKE NELSON was born in Sweden in 1898. His parents brought him to

America when he was three years old. On the death of his mother, when he was seven, he was put in an orphanage. At thirteen he was sent to a reformatory, and thereafter he put in twelve-and-a-half years in correctional institutions of various kinds, mainly for larceny, robbery and assault. Last Summer he was paroled from the Dedham, Mass., jail in the custody of Dr. Abraham Myerson, the Boston alienist. It was at Dr. Myerson's suggestion that he wrote *"Ethics and Etiquette in Prison."* It will constitute a chapter in a book, *"Prison Days and Nights,"* to be published by Little, Brown & Company next March.

ERNEST NEWMAN, universally considered the greatest living authority on Wagner, is music critic for the London Sunday Times. He is the author of nearly a dozen books of musical criticism and biography.

ALBERT JAY NOCK was the editor of the old Freeman. His most recent book is *"The Theory of Education in the United States."*

PAT O'MARA is a taxi driver in active practice. He was brought up in Liverpool, but came to the United States immediately after the World War, in which he had served in the British merchant marine. He has recently published a novel, *"Taxi Heaven."*

LOUIS ZARA ROSENFELD was born in New York City and educated in Chicago. He attended Crane Junior College there and entered the University of Chicago, but left before his senior year. His parents intended him for a rabbinical career, but he abandoned theology for printing, and is still occasionally employed in a printing office. *"Travail"* is his first work to appear in a general magazine.

JAMES STEVENS's most recent book is *"The Saginaw Paul Bunyan."*

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